



By G. S. R.

droop THE eyelids close. The head gently forward and rests upon the chest. The careless observer might jump to the conclu-sion that the owner of that

that Mr. Turner lost, or seemed nods to lose, Mr. Hryhorczuk, the Attorney General, who was gradually settling himself into a profoundly Holmesean position

muskrats. With a sickening thud the droshky struck a great gold race that lay across its path and there was

in the national con-

ossible because the return only a minor-delegates who cast-rival candidates with-

vention halls. ally, there were no s. The choice of dele-as the responsibility of caucus or executive. considered undemond the function passed everywhere to state

this change produced so real improvement that, ie time of the Populist ge at the turn of the cen-both methods had fallen disrepute. Professionals colling the political machcommonly bought, sold, arranged nominations. At the step had their way by bring conventions; at others holding them without due

these circumstances a emand arose for sweeping leasures of electoral reform ices nsuring popular control of the

reat political parties. At first, hopes were placed in strict state regulation of the method of nominating candidates for the various offices. But more and more states rerimary elections

Primary laws in the differ dent Wilson 1913 to enact a setting up a nati primary system sage fell on deas theless more delegates attent al conventions

method failed hopes of its more enthusiasu sponsors. After the war years no more states adopted the primary plan; instead eight of them discarded primaries as extravagant and unrewarding

Today, therefore, a very con-fusing situation exists in the United States. In four south-united states, and south-western states ern and south-western states innovations. there are not even state con-ventions; delegates are chosen by the state executive commit tees. In 27 others they are e

ected by state conventions. This leaves 17 states in which some or all of the dele-water are directly returned in gates are directly returned in so on this count ... 1955 the ed vitality. Then in 1955 the

make a candidate of delegates to national party varies accoming to state invisfrom Minnesota are required support their candidate at ast on the first ballot. But

with him.

It was an impressive panorama that met the mind's eyes of his passengers. High above them as they set out towered the Gross National Product

rising to the "unprecedented" height \$26.6 bill one it yet the lesse. G.N.P.

And when, with the devo

people would mai

And fish; five million dollars closed his scaled of the worth of fish. And furs. with the "latter" my are harvest loud approval on the design of the design n the history

The Case for Lowering Grain Rates of Case Vest on the Defensive These comparisons irked the railways. Th

Railways to explain them. The case is an attempt to the hullding, or if By Grant Dexter gave th the competition

Transport Bo

a new direction.

Shepard reg ways simply ca Mr. with pipelines icular rate warmodity rate li n grain. The rails simply, to arrive at a just and them other Mr. Stimpson, reasonable freight n domestic grain? traffic man, sun as a wit-

Mr. Turner in his well cut sin-

gle-breasted suit, turning a page in his bright red book

the plan known as Tax Rental Minimum II, no province would

ceive less than under the old

under

"BOOKSHELF" Free Press

A collection of a few editorial "pieces" and essays, which appeared in the Winnipeg Free Press during the period 1955-56, by such writers as:

Grant Dexter

Wilfrid Eggleston

Gerard Fay

Max Freedman

Bruce Hutchison

Tom Kent

V. J. Mackie

Peter McLintock

Frank Morriss

G. S. Roberton

F. B. Walker

Norman Ward

Maurice Western

And others, together with a few typical "pieces" from earlier editions of the Free Press, by such former Free Press personalities as:

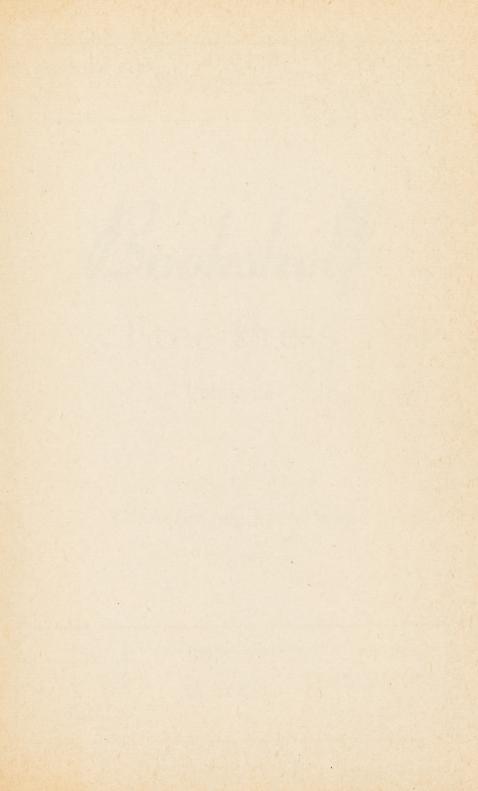
John W. Dafoe

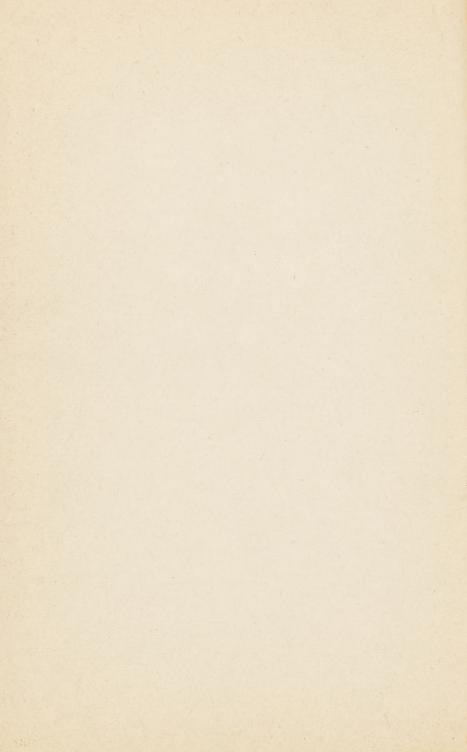
W. J. Healy

E. Cora Hind

D. B. MacRae

Thomas B. Roberton





Bookshelf Free Press

Volume 1

A SELECTION FROM

The Winnipeg Free Press 1955-56

Published by the Winnipeg Free Press Company Limited, 300 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

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Foreword

When searching for some half-remembered article, through the massive bound volumes of old newspapers, one is inevitably struck with the realization of how perishable are the writings of the daily press. Day after day thousands of words from the four corners of the earth, from our legislatures, the law courts, the sports arenas, the financial markets, and all the drama of our city streets are raced into print to meet the deadline for some edition. Minutes later the printed columns are rushed by truck, train and bus to the hundreds of carrier boys and news vendors so that the news will reach the reader almost before the ink is dry.

To bring about this daily phenomena, every agency of speed is employed. Teleprinters, radio, long distance telephone, wire photo, automobile and aircraft—all vie with each other to race the vital words to the news desk. The demand for quicker delivery of the news never ends. How strange it is that these same words and paragraphs which were so terribly urgent and important, suddenly, within a few short hours, are largely dead and cremated in the newspaper library to gather dust.

It is true that many of the events which are recorded each day can have little value or effect in the years to come. Much of the hurried writing, to satisfy modern demands, also must be bare statement of facts. There can be little room for literary essays.

Despite this, it is our belief that over the months there is much in a daily newspaper that deserves a better fate than the waste basket or incinerator.

It is for this reason that the Free Press has arranged the publication of this small volume of selected pieces taken from our issues of the past twelve months. This is not an attempt to condense or review the news events of the past year, nor does it necessarily represent the best writing. It is simply a

selection of articles on a variety of subjects by a number of Free Press writers which are reproduced in book form for more permanence and leisure reading.

The selection of these few articles from the hundreds of columns published throughout the year, has not been easy. A governing factor in the selection has been to decide what might be of interest a year or two years later. For this reason emphasis has necessarily been on the feature or essay-type of writing as well as editorial page pieces. Understandably, therefore, little recognition is given to the many competent writers of the Free Press news staff whose duties lie chiefly in the speedy accurate recording of the immediate daily events.

Again it would be impossible to have everyone agree as to which particular pieces should be included in a volume such as this. Also in selecting articles for the "Bookshelf Free Press," some consideration has been given to the varied interests of our daily subscribers. For these reasons some balance of fare has been attempted between such assorted topics as history, sports, politics, literature and light-hearted whimsey.

Since its earliest days, the Winnipeg Free Press has been particularly noted in Canada for the number of colorful and gifted writers who have been members of its editorial staff. As a small tribute to Free Press writers of other years we have included in this volume a small selection of articles — "from the past." Such names as John W. Dafoe, D. B. MacRae E. Cora Hind, Thomas B. Roberton and W. J. Healy will require no introduction to our older readers and it is hoped these few pieces will also provide pleasure for many of our newer friends.

It is our hope, that in future volumes, we will be able to include more of these pieces from the past and so create a more enduring pleasure.

R. S. Malone

On Opening Day

OTTAWA: In Tuesday's opening ceremonies, the senate, chamber shone, under the glare of T.V. lights, like a gorgeous cameo. And the chief figure on the cameo was His Excellency, Mr. Vincent Massey, the governor-general. He fairly glittered in his dark blue uniform, heavily trimmed with white and gold braid and over all a hat topped with a plume of white feathers.

Mr. Massey sat on the throne with his staff about him. Mr. St. Laurent, in striped pants and morning coat, was at one side. The Supreme Court judges in their scarlet and ermine sat before him. Time was when these judges sat on a proper woolsack, imported for their service. Now the woolsack has been discarded in favor of arm chairs. The senators, distinguished persons and their wives filled the Senate chamber and the galleries. And down upon all beat hundreds of powerful lights.

Mr. Massey having sent to the House of Commons for the commoners, awaited their arrival, tapping a toe rather nervously.

Over in the Commons, there were no special preparations, no glaring lights and no cameras. The messenger from the Senate announced his arrival by three thunderous whacks on the door. The black rod is always tumultuously applauded in the Commons. He is a gallant soldier as his decorations testify. His lameness is the result of war wounds.

In pre-television times, few members of the House of Commons responded to the governor's invitation to come to the Senate and listen to the Speech from the Throne. Members preferred to sit quietly in the Commons and read the speech in their newspapers.

But since last year, when the opening was first televised, nearly the whole 265 members of the Commons fall in behind Mr. Speaker and his clerks and walk to the Senate chambers in the glare of bright lights and under the eyes of cameras.

Mr. Speaker, his three-cornered hat firmly on his head, as befits the first commoner in the presence of the throne

(and his clerks likewise) strode into the Senate chamber and took his place at the great brass bar, looking up the stretch of red carpet at His Excellency.

Right on the heels of Mr. Speaker, came Mr. Howe and Mr. Gardiner smiling broadly as if the world price of wheat was well above \$2 per bushel and we had a big surplus to sell. The members in their scores followed after.

Thereupon Mr. Massey began to read the Speech from the Throne — he read it first in English and later in French. But by the time all the members had straggled in no one could hear a word that Mr. Massey uttered. The members had not seen each other for six months and at every turn familiar faces were encountered, outstretched hands had to be shaken and old friendships heartily renewed. The buzz of all this completely drowned Mr. Massey.

It was interesting to catch snatches of greetings. Members, apparently, were not greatly interested in the speech. They were interested in farm prices and the weather.

Back in the House of Commons, the most moving events of the day took place.

Mr. St. Laurent introduced his son Jean-Paul, newly-elected member for Temiscouata. This is a rare event in any parliament. The house, deeply sensitive to the occasion, watched the two come down the great centre aisle, arm in arm. Applause was slow to begin but once begun rolled on and on. The sight of the prime minister and his son, standing before the golden mace, facing Mr. Speaker, caught at the heart.

An earlier ovation was given by the house to "Chubby" Power, recently summoned from the Commons to the Senate and now seated in the Senate gallery of the Commons. "Chubby" had been the dean of the house, having been a member continuously since 1917. He had been the only remaining member who had sat in the Commons with Laurier and Borden.

"Chubby" Power had come to the gallery not merely to see old friends on the floor below but to watch his son Frank, who won Quebec South in succession to his father, being introduced by Mr. St. Laurent. Here again was a moment in which every member rose. "Chubby" had succeeded his own father. This new member was the third generation to sit in the House of Commons for the same seat — an unbroken tenancy since 1911, nearly half a century. There was deafening desk-thumpings and the eyes were not on the son but the father.

Thereafter there were the tributes to those who died during the recess, followed by the routine business of a first session. There was the bill respecting the administration of oaths of office which, since Charles I's days, has been the method by which the House of Commons asserts its independence of the crown. It was read a first time and will not be heard of again until 1957.

The session was under way. . .

GRANT DEXTER

The Heart Has Its Reasons

There is much about Christmas that could strike an open-minded visitor from outer space as absurd. People at this time of year, he would observe, give presents that they cannot afford to friends who do not need them and who, not to be out-done, retaliate with equally impractical and unexpected gifts. The end result is that both parties to this curious exchange, by denying themselves some longed-for luxury, have acquired what looks like excess baggage merely. But both of them, the visitor could hardly help observing, seem strangely pleased with the result.

Nor could he fail to notice that the complexion of this loveliest of all the Christian holy days has been cosmetically heightened with the hectic touch of pagan beauty. Here, for example, are parents kneeling down to lay their gifts of love beneath a little fir tree, whose antecedents reach back not to Bethlehem but to the hoary woods of Britain and the magic

rituals of the ancient Druids. And here, beneath a sprig of mistletoe a young man makes obeisance to the Viking goddess, Freyja, whose pearly teardrops, shed for her murdered son, remain as proof that love can conquer death.

These would be first reactions: it would take a little while for the traveller from space to get his bearings.

But once he did, he would see that there is really nothing inappropriate or frivolous about the gaudy tissue paper, the strings of colored lights and tinsel garlands, the foolish, pagan myths and rituals, the fairy tales of bearded elves and airborne reindeer, the nervous hurly-burly of high pressure sales campaigns and all the childish antics with which men and women give body and expression to the Christmas spirit.

If men and women are naive and child-like in their Christmas celebrations, that is quite appropriate: it is to a Child that they do honor. If, in the expression of their deepest longings, they are a bit obscure and inarticulate, that is a natural reaction to the supernatural. There is a logic about Christmas, but it is the logic of the heart, not of the head.

The mind tells us that the more we give the less we will have left. The heart says otherwise, and at Christmas time it is the heart we listen to. The mind tells us that pagan myths and legends have no place in the celebration of the Christian world's most sacred name day. The heart tells us that we must listen to the message, God is Love, in whatever language we can comprehend.

The Christmas message is at once so simple that a child can understand it and so difficult that wise men have been trying to decipher it for more than nineteen hundred years. But on Christmas Day men give up puzzling over it; they just relax and live it. And they never fail to be delighted, and a bit surprised, to find that it works.

G. S. ROBERTON

"Fatigue" Of Destroying Canada

WASHINGTON: It is much easier for Canadians to admire Benjamin Franklin as a man than as a statesman. He was born 250 years ago, this last Tuesday, and the American people have kept the anniversary with all the pomp and piety of a national festival. So they should. For no other American, in the long scroll of the nation's achievement, has ever subdued the critical judgment of Europe with such ease or won its unforced applause with such distinction.

He stands alone, challenged not even by Jefferson, for the dazzling endowment which united a passion for statecraft to the versatility of genius. But Canadians can be excused a certain rueful detachment as they contemplate Franklin's heroic career. For there would be no Canada, as an independent and free nation, if his policies had prevailed.

Franklin moved reluctantly and with a divided mind to an acceptance of the quarrel which delivered the thirteen colonies from British rule. Once he accepted this necessity, however, no one showed more dexterity in opposition, more fortitude under insult, more resourcefulness in ideas. It was more than a playful sally which led him to suggest that the conflict could be ended by having England transfer Canada to the American rebels as the fourteenth colony.

Writing to James Hutton in February 1778, Franklin, in outlining the terms on which the war could be ended, said:

"In proposing terms, you should not only grant such as the necessity of your affairs, may evidently oblige you to grant, but such additional ones as may show your generosity, and thereby demonstrate your good will. For instance, perhaps you might, by your treaty, retain all Canada, Nova Scotia and the Floridas.

"But if you would have a real friendly as well as able ally in America, and avoid all occasion of future discord, which will otherwise be continually arising on your American frontiers, you should throw in those countries. And you may call it, if you please, an indemnification for the burning of their towns, which indemnification will otherwise be some time or other demanded.

"I know your people will not see the utility of such measures, and will never follow them, and even call it insolence and impudence in me to mention them. . . I think the advice is good, though it must be useless."

In this letter, like some angry, prophetic vision of the future, is foreshadowed the fear of American annexation which haunted Canadian thought in the last century. Franklin should have known, from his own mortifying experience, how stubborn and resolute was Canada's opposition to becoming a part of the young American nation.

In February 1776 Franklin was asked by Congress to go to Quebec, with three other agents, to persuade the French Canadians to renounce their English ties and join the insurgent colonies. The mission broke in humiliating failure on the refusal of French Canada to trade its destiny for a small and ambiguous place in the American revolt.

"I begin to apprehend," wrote Franklin under a burden of accumulated miseries, "that I have undertaken a fatigue that at my time of life may prove too much for me." Franklin lived for many years, to crown his life with his greatest achievements; but the "fatigue" of destroying Canadian freedom proved too strong for him as for his misguided successors.

These predatory ambitions belong to history. They have for many decades ceased to trouble our relations with the United States.

It is more pleasant to turn from ancient quarrels to the picture of Benjamin Franklin as the sedate statesman, the adroit diplomat, the courageous patriot, and the laughing philosopher. Yet there was more than a hint of despair behind the laughter. His conviction that life was, at best, a miserable affair sometimes exceeded in bitterness the sombre indignation of Swift and Mark Twain. But that is too sullen a theme to be pursued in a brief anniversary note.

MAX FREEDMAN

The C.P.R. Was Born In An Icy Tent

Two world figures, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Canada's High Commissioner in London, and James J. Hill, the great railway magnate of St. Paul, Minnesota, were the guests of honor at a Canadian club luncheon in Winnipeg on August 25, 1909. Key figures in bringing the first two railways to Manitoba, they had not met in many years.

It was a great occasion for Winnipeg, and Manitoba Hall was crowded to capacity. The corridors were thronged. Lord Strathcona had been in the city for some days and Mr. Hill and his son Louis — president of the Great Northern Railway — together with their automobile and chauffeur, had arrived that morning by the Northern Pacific.

The two grey-bearded gentlemen in frock coats and grey toppers attended a reception in their honor at the City Hall that morning. A tour of the city was to follow, and a carriage and pair waited for them. But like schoolboys bent on a lark they ignored the carriage, and, slipping through the crowds to Mr. Hill's automobile, they sped out to Silver Heights, Lord Strathcona's former home, for an old time chat.

At Manitoba hall the luncheon guests sat on and on, but the guests of honor did not appear. The executive fussed and fumed and the waiting crowd grew restless. At last, a full hour late, the recreants appeared without offering any explanation and were ushered to their seats at the table, with Louis Hill sitting beside his father.

Dessert over, Strathcona and Hill each made a speech of a length that would find few listeners today. The Winnipeg Free Press brought out an enlarged edition, printing page after page of their speeches. But since Winnipeg cared only for the future, not a word of the opening reminiscences appeared. Fortunately, however, the secretary of the club, the late T. R. Deacon, took them down.

Strathcona recalled his first meeting with Hill on the eve of the birth of Manitoba in March, 1870.

He was returning east by way of St. Paul to report on the turbulence attending the formation of Manitoba. Hill was traveling north to plan a steamboat service between St. Paul and Red River. In the driving blizzard they would have missed each other had not their dogs, in customary prairie fashion, stopped as they met. The men got out of their carioles and introduced themselves. Each knew of the other's work, by reputation, and to make the most of their encounter they decided to camp together for the night in the shelter of a nearby gully, sharing a single tent while their drivers occupied another.

For most of the night they talked in practical terms of the dream of a continental railway and settlement of the prairies. Their conversation, from sleeping bag to sleeping bag, in the chill of a north-western blizzard, made history.

Said Lord Strathcona: "On that bitter night of 1870, in a tent on the frozen prairie, the Canadian Pacific Railway was born."

When Mr. Hill got up to speak he referred first to his early association with Lord Strathcona, which resulted from that momentous meeting. Then he related a happening of more recent years.

"I want to tell you," he said, "of an unknown incident in my career, which occurred eight years ago. I tell it now for the first time because it sheds a light on the character of the man you are honoring today, your Canadian statesman and my valued friend, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

"You will doubtless recall reading about that Black Friday in my life in 1901 when certain financial interests tried to take the Northern Pacific from me."

He referred to the Harriman interests and the railway conflict which in that year involved all the great fortunes in the United States.

The Harrimans, he said, had done their best to ruin him. They had run the price of Northern Pacific stock from a few dollars up to \$500 a share. Then in one wild hour they pushed it to the incredible high of \$1,000 a share, and rocked the financial capitals of the world.

"In that hour I faced ruin," Hill said. "I saw the work of a lifetime evaporating. I was in New York, sitting alone in a hotel room in black despair, overcome by the tragedy of my situation, when a knock came on the door. A messenger handed me a cable ... It was from London, from a friend of earlier days, with whom I had been out of touch for many years. I met him today for the first time since our association in railroad building.

The speaker paused, reached into his pocket and took out a paper. A spellbound audience was leaning forward, eager to catch every word. "I brought that cable with me today," said Mr. Hill as he unfolded the paper. In the tense stillness he read out the cable: "Harriman's offering \$1,000 a share for the use of my Northern Pacific stock at approaching meeting to which I have replied, 'My stock in vaults of — Trust Company, New York, are at the disposal of my friend James J. Hill, to whom I am cabling my proxy.' Signed, 'Strathcona'."

"For me," said Hill, "the clouds had parted and glorious sunshine was streaming through. I was saved." Tears rolled down the cheeks of the two men concerned, and Louis Hill unashamedly put his head down on the table and into his handkerchief to hide his emotions. Tears also glistened in the eyes of the audience.

Regaining his composure Hill finished, "By the use of my friend's shares I was in complete control of the stock. The Harriman's didn't even come to the meeting. And moreover," he said, glancing down at Strathcona's intent face, "I have never been able to get a bill for that proxy."

MARGARET ARNETT MacLEOD

Advice From An Expert

That fine old pioneer neighborliness which served our grandfathers so well in the winning of the West is reincarnated in my neighbor, Mr. Milton Goodge. To be sure, we are not winning the West around here; we are not winning anything so far as I can see; we are losing all along the line. But that is not the fault of Mr. Goodge. No man could do more for his neighbor.

When, for example, I started to put a roof on my new woodland cabin where was Mr. Goodge? As you would expect, he was right there behind me, sitting on a log, with a glass of some brown-colored liquid, a cigar and the advice of an expert.

Thanks to his knowledge—he is a retired professional roofer—I removed all the shingles, threw them away and started the job over again at a cost of only fifty dollars or so, Mr. Goodge said the roof wasn't up to his standards even then, but it would do. For this assistance he asked no payment. He didn't even move from his log for five hours, three cigars and half a dozen glasses.

Meanwhile, as a thunderstorm broke upon our mountain lake, Mr. Goodge's own roof sprang a hundred leaks and he sought refuge in my cabin, remarking again that my shingles could have been laid much better. But they didn't leak.

Then, at his suggestion (he being a retired painter) we undertook to paint my ancient row boat, and again Mr. Goodge was the soul of neighborliness. Under his direction I scraped the boat right down to the naked boards, as it has never been scraped in twenty years. This required only three days' work while Mr. Goodge watched me at a distance with unruffled patience and occasional refreshment.

My job of painting, he said with typical generosity, was quite good for an amateur, though as a professional he could not approve it entirely. At that precise moment Mr. Goodge's boat, which has never felt a paint brush within living memory, lay submerged beside his wharf and he borrowed mine, forgetting to return it.

Fortunately my remarkable neighbor is also a retired plumber and all his lifelong knowledge of plumbing was promptly placed at my disposal when my pump broke down. Usually I have fixed it in half an hour with a wrench and a washer. As Mr. Goodge said, these makeshift repairs are always unsatisfactory, so we removed the pipes clear into the lake, where Mr. Goodge kindly supervised everything from my row boat.

After a week I called the village plumber and the pump worked almost as well as ever. Mr. Goodge told me privately, however, that modern plumbers were not thoroughly trained as in the stern days of his apprenticeship. My pump, he predicted, would soon collapse again, and he borrowed another pail of water because his pump collapsed the year before last.

Being a trained mechanic and an authority on internal combustion, Mr. Goodge soon detected a flaw in my outboard motor.

Deeply grateful, I took the thing to pieces and laid the parts on the beach, beside Mr. Goodge, who reclined in the shade, murmuring helpful hints, followed by snores. Despite his helpful hints I couldn't put the parts together again. But the man from the garage had the engine running a fortnight later and Mr. Goodge borrowed it.

All this time, as a retired carpenter and skilled cabinet maker, Mr. Goodge had politely disguised his contempt for my carpentry on the new cabin. I could see that my botched labors were causing him secret pain, until finally, by discreet insinuations, he conveyed the fact that my steps were almost half an inch out of plumb and the windows had been installed a degree off the vertical.

It was therefore, with some trepidation that I volunteered to re-build Mr. Goodge's steps, which had decayed and fallen down last autumn; and to reglaze his window panes, shattered by the big storm of 1951 and since then stuffed with newspapers.

Mr. Goodge is a man of tolerant and spacious mind. He accepted my offer, pretended to approve my work and uttered no word of complaint as he watched me from the ver-

andah, though his cabinet maker's eye must have been grossly offended. All he said was that his new steps were a trifle too steep, but could be built over again; and the windows would need quite a bit of refixing when he got around to it. Still, for an amateur, it wasn't such a bad job.

BRUCE HUTCHISON

A Dying Art

WHEN future generations are piecing together the facts of our civilization and reconstructing our society in the pages of history books they are going to have a wealth of material at their disposal. Amongst this mass of newspapers, books and documents of one sort and another there will unquestionably be many terse and business-like typewritten letters. But there will be few, if any, letters such as those which have come to use in such numbers from the past.

It will be apparent to those who assess our contribution to the history of the world that our generation no longer cultivated the art of letter writing.

The art of letter writing is by no means a purely literary art; still less is it merely the artistic skill of beautiful writing; it is the art of expressing one's meaning — one's own temperament and mood — in the written word. A good letter, to a greater degree than any other form of writing, speaks for the writer. It carries more than the writer's meaning with it; it carries something of the writer himself.

The letters of famous people and those concerning great events are of obvious historic interest and importance. They are not always, however, the ones which touch us most nearly. Lamb was a brilliant letter writer but many of his letters are concerned with events and people of no real importance. These events and these people would have been forgotten many years ago but for Lamb's letters. In them we come to know and love Lamb himself and also those of whom he wrote.

He is writing to his friend Crabb Robinson about the death of an old friend of his father's. "He was my friend and my father's friend all the life I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Old as I am waxing, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me. To the last he called me Charley. I have none to call me Charley now. . . Letters he knew nothing of, nor did his reading extend beyond the pages of 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Yet there was a pride of literature about him from being amongst books (he was a librarian), and from some scraps of doubtful Latin which he had picked up in his office of entering students, that gave him a very diverting air of pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which, when he had been in vain trying to make out a black-letter Chaucer in the Temple Library, he laid it down and told me that - 'in those old books, Charley, there is some times a deal of indifferent spelling?"

In sharp contrast to such homespun letters as this we have Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield (no mean letter writer himself) written when he suspected that worthy of attempting to ingratiate himself in order to win the dedication of the dictionary. We can almost see the Doctor's face as he dipped his quill for the final signature. ". . . Is not a patron, My Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? . . . I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exaltation, My Lord, Your Lordship's most humble, Most obedient servant, Sam Johnson."

Johnson and Lamb are authors. They are professionals. What of the plain folk? Their letters, the letters of our grand-parents and our great-grandparents, our aunts, uncles of ab-

sent sons and daughters, parents and of old friends lie in their tens of thousands in drawers and Bibles, in basement trunks and untidied cupboards. They are the most human of all documents — often our sole link with those who lived before us.

The art of letter writing is a dying one. Perhaps we lack the time to practice it, perhaps we lack the energy. Whatever the reason the fact is that few of us write as good letters ar our forebears wrote. In years to come all that our great-grandson may have to remember us by will be a yellowing sheet of letterhead paper with . . . well-spaced typing reading: "Dear Sir: Yours to hand of the 13th ult. . . ."

R. L. GORDON

The Noble Savage And The CBC

The other evening, through the combined courtesy of the CBC and a cigarette manufacturer, we were privileged to see, in the northeast corner of our living room, just off the edge of the carpet and beyond the crokinole board, two sweatdrenched wrestlers locked in mortal combat, more or less.

The cigarette maker, presumably on the advice of some dynamic young executive from the advertising agency, has hit upon this method of persuading us that his product was remarkable for its "mildness and good taste." And the CBC, in accordance with its own interpretation of its ideals as set forth in the Massey Report, was encouraging Canadian artists in the pursuit of their art.

One of the artists was a very large gentleman from Colorado by the name of Hard Boiled Haggerty. The pursuit of his art required that with his left hand he should seize Mr. Nick Roberts, another large gentleman, by the hair. This he did. Then, using the ringside rope as a fulcrum, he forced Mr. Roberts's head back into a convenient working position.

At this point Mr. Haggerty could quite easily have gouged out both of Mr. Roberts's eyes. We know now that he had no such thought in mind, but had we been Mr. Roberts, looking up at that ferocious face, we would certainly have feared the worst. All that happened was that Mr. Haggerty doubled up the fingers of his strong right hand, flexed his mighty biceps and ground his knuckles into Mr. Roberts's eye sockets.

But help was at hand. Wrestlers, it seems, are not supposed to fight against the ropes. The referee having reminded Mr. Haggerty of this convention, the blinded Mr. Roberts was permitted to stagger back toward the centre of the ring. He had not staggered many steps, however, before the relentless Mr. Hard Boiled Haggerty had him by the hair again and with deadly accuracy had hurled him at the corner post. This was too much for Mr. Roberts. He wilted gently to the floor. To administer the coup de grace it was only necessary for Mr. Haggerty to swing his limp opponent high into the air and whack him solidly upon the canvas.

This is what we saw. But the eye can be, indeed, we hope it was, deceived. Mr. Roberts is a very strong young man; his step was jaunty and defiant as he strode away toward his dressing room. But even a strong man's eyelids are not made of tempered steel, and pressure such as Mr. Haggerty apparently exerted would surely have exploded any human eye-ball.

But does it really matter, to anyone except the sweating giants themselves, if wrestling is or is not quite as savage as it seems? What matters is that it does in fact seem savage. Its protagonists reveal themselves, outside the ring, for what no doubt they are — kindly and well built gentlemen. They display within the wrestling ring, and must display if they would keep their jobs, an arrogant defiance of conventional morality.

Cruel, sanguinary and sadistic, the wrestler scorns the cramping code of ethics that hedges in the ordinary citizen. He turns his massive back upon the law, as represented by the referee, and with ferocious joy knees his opponent in the groin or tries to blind or strangle him or break his fingers off.

Who, then, is this prehistoric monster in the ring? He is, of course, ourselves. It is as our proxy that he puffs out his mighty chest and struts about his fallen enemy. And he is not a monster, really. He is, quite simply, man, man doing what comes naturally.

It is pleasant to be civilized, but it is not natural. Man gained more than he lost when he yielded up his beastly freedoms and submitted to the artificial edicts of society. But the beast, though it may slumber in our bosoms, is not dead, and when it wakes it howls for blood, which was its ancient diet.

It is, then, with our atavistic selves, ourselves as "noble" savages, lusty and anti-social and rejoicing in our beastliness, that the CBC confronts us on our television screens. It holds a mirror up to nature in the raw. That, surely, can be brought within any broad-minded man's definition of culture. In some way, one may be sure, it implies a proper concern for art. Perhaps, indeed, if the performers are American citizens, there is some esoteric, CBC-sense in which it is encouragement to Canadian artists. But we must admit that we, in our dull way, do not see that too clearly.

G. S. ROBERTON

The Daft Days End

Celebrations for the ushering in of the New Year are not the prerogative of any one nation or people, but they have a unique place in the annals of the Scot. When Scotsmen fare abroad they form Burns clubs and St. Andrew's societies, and the great days in the exiles' calendar are January 25 and November 30. But to the Scot on his native heath there is no day to compare with January 1.

With characteristic sobriety and a proper regard for the religious significance of the occasion, the Scot in Scotland regards Christmas as a day too sacred to be profaned by merrymaking and carousal. He carries this conviction to such extremes that he will not even schedule a fitba' game for Christmas Day. The Sassenachs may go in for such frivolity, but not he.

As a sop to the children he admits the entry of Santa Claus, and may even go so far as to send greetings (and occasionally a small gift) to his more intimate relatives and friends. Beyond that he steadfastly, and thriftily, refuses to go.

But New Year's Day, or Ne'er-day, as he prefers to call it, is another matter. There are no religious restrictions for him to scruple over then. He may rise a Christian on the morning of Hogmanay, but the likelihood is that he will become a wanton Hedonist before nightfall. After Christmas come the "daft days" — and there is no one, during this period, who can be quite so daft as the usually stolid Scot.

In the old days, so I am told (and the custom may be continued yet, for that matter), he would prime himself for the New Year with a few judicious drams during the evening and, about the witching hour of midnight, wend his way to the "cross" in his particular village or town. There, in the town square, as the bell of the town-clock struck twelve, he would say goodbye to the year that was dying, drink a toast to the year being born, and, in a rare display of abandon, smash his empty bottle on the causeway or cobble stones. He would sing his two songs, — "Auld Lang Syne" and "A Guid New Year to Yin an' A'" — and, having gone through this time-honored ritual, proceed to "first-foot" his friends. It was frequently a long night until morning.

Never having participated in this ancient bottle-smashing rite personally, it is to be understood I give it here only from hearsay. But so I understand it was done; for my elders have told me.

Of other Scottish New Year customs I can speak with greater authority. The "first-foot" to step across a Scottish threshold on Ne'er-day must be neither female nor a redheaded or blonde male. Neighbor or stranger, it is the dark, masculine form that is welcomed; and he must not come empty-handed or he will bring bad luck on the house for the year.

After his coming, whosoever will may enter, and they will be given a generous welcome. There will be singing and dancing, and the cup of good-fellowship will go round.

As the day progresses, and appetites sated by revelry become whetted for food, the company gathered in a particular house will sit down to a dinner of steak-and-kidney pie and suet-dumpling (well-steamed in a cloth), and all the traditional Scottish trimmings of oat cakes, short-bread, white and treacle and currant scones, light and dark fruit cake, and that rare if rather solid delicacy, currant bun.

They may then go to see the fitba' — after all, what would Glasgow be on Ne'er-day without the Rangers and the Celts? — and home again in the evening for more frolic and fun.

On Handsel Monday, normally the first Monday in the New Year, the tradesmen will call at the homes to receive their gifts (or their drams), and the celebrations will be over. But Handsel Monday is almost a postscript. To all intents and purposes, after the celebration of New Year itself, Scotland is her old, staid self again. But from the "daft days," through Hogmanay and Ne'er-day, she is a land of conviviality and rejoicing. Her "douce, sonsy" people will go their "douce, sonsy" way until the "daft days" return.

Here, in Canada, with our parties and dances and overdone commercialization, the New Year is scarcely such an occasion. For us, as Christmas is a festival that centres about the church and the home, so the New Year is a time for outside celebration. The pattern of our festivities perhaps is set by Times Square, New York. Yet it may be there is a place in this country for some of the old Scottish traditions I have mentioned. After all, the "first-foot" never took a Scot to an hotel, a dance-hall or a nightclub, but always to the home of a friend.

THOMAS SAUNDERS

That Saskatchewan Moon

It used to be in Saskatchewan that when October came along there was always an enormous pumpkin of a moon flooding the stooks every night.

This must have been the world's largest moon.

It was a tremendous cart-wheel of light that came bouncing up across the Manitoba border every night at supper, a great ball of orange light, so bright you could read the agate type in the classified ads by it only you had to bolt your beef and boiled potatoes and get back into that whooping 1928 harvest.

Nobody else ever had such a moon.

No sailor, no Arab, no Mohawk, no Eskimo and no city fellow ever had one of such size, constancy and integrity. This one was the farmer's friend.

This one looked like all Manitoba rolled up in a ball. It was 10 or 11 times the size of any moon ever seen in Toronto or Ottawa. Occasionally, if you twist your neck very late at night in Bay street, you may see a sliver of a wan moon, such as they have in the almanacs, but few people seem to use them.

The other evening, after Toronto's Argos had nearly dumped the front-running Alouettes, an old gentleman with a scraggly beard appeared in fashionable, crowded Bloor Street. He took a large, long brass telescope from his two wheeled cart and set up the instrument opposite Varsity stadium. He chalked a sign offering the public an improved view of the city moon at 10 cents a time.

One young man paid his dime, moodily stared at the anaemic blob that hung over Varsity stadium and muttered to himself. Then he walked eastward, for a gander at the Barbara Ann Scott wedding photos in the window of Ashley and Crippen and the wild mink coats at the Jean Courtot salon, all of which are free, so far as a window view is concerned.

The impression is that city people don't use the moon for anything much. They probably know a moon exists. Some people are said to be amateur astronomers, in secret of course, but you seldom see a telescope in the streets or anybody looking up, unless it is at a red light, and it may well be that city telescopes are used by apartment dwellers to look at other apartments or to hunt for parking spaces.

Perhaps only in Saskatchewan and other parts of the Palisser triangle do we really find Endymion moonlight across the fields these nights, and Mount Latmus never knew such a whopper.

Many an egghead will insist that moons come in quarters, after the style of the Middle East and all Arab countries and even in southern Ontario.

But this reporter recalls being up and down the Soo Line many times in the autumn of 1928. There was a great bundle of grain that year, harvest hands from Ontario and Hungary, colonist cars choking the C.P.R., harmonicas in every pocket, and a blazing strawstack on every farm from Estevan to Moose Jaw.

There were steam threshers out there and the harvest moved far into the night and over it all, every night it seemed, hung that tremendous pumpkin of a moon that came up out of Manitoba right in the middle of your supper.

Of course, October and harvest isn't quite the same in all parts, nor quite the same as in the bygones.

October is put into the calendar to ease that thing that is around the corner, to give us time, perhaps, to tidy up the crop and the fields and provide a time for Canadian Thanksgiving. The great people south of the border have a Thanksgiving in November to brighten up that moody month. In Canada we have ours smack in the middle of harvest when we're in the midst of problems and sometimes plenty.

Grateful people can give thanks for a large crop or a middle sized one or even one they can eat themselves. The man with a good, big stack of cordwood can also count his blessings and the farmer who can look out at this king-sized harvest moon, watch the geese go by and maybe take off after them, can afford to be especially thankful.

In more recent years we had a moon something like this in Manitoba and it was bright enough so you could roof a barn in the evening and hardly ever split your thumbs.

It may still be like this in Saskatchewan where they prefer just one moon in the sky but big enough to light the country from Alameda to Nipawin.

They appreciate such things out there.

J. A. M. COOK

My Remarkable Aunt Lizzie

By all the standards of her day, my Aunt Lizzie, was a little wanting in the niceties of life.

But I can thank her for my introduction to the theatre, and it is because of her that I have a dim, very distant recollection of Vaslav Nijinsky doing his incredible leaps in a London playhouse.

Aunt Lizzie died in London a number of years ago and after an interval, my Uncle Frank, who was a buccaneer in business, married again. I doubt if his second wife ever doused the memory of Aunt Lizzie.

For Aunt Lizzie was the daughter of an English barge captain, and these people who used to ply up and down the rivers, were more noted for colorful language and garment than they were for social graces.

By the rigid standards of King's Lynn, Aunt Lizzie was found wanting. She used to come from London to enliven and shock our household and our relatives.

She was one of those broad-beamed, heavy busted women who always, as far as my memory recalls, dressed in richly ornamented black. Earrings were always dangling from her ears and her language was hearty and salty.

Aunt Lizzie smoked and, I'm afraid, drank gin, which was a very bad sin in Edwardian King's Lynn. If she was

happy, Aunt Lizzie laughed. If she was unhappy, she wept copiously.

When she hugged you, she did it heartily, and there was always the odor of strong peppermint or cloves about her, mingled with the scent that she used lavishly.

In fact, everything about Aunt Lizzie was lavish, and she lived with my Uncle Frank and their children in a big villa in London's Finsbury Park area. Uncle Frank was always either dead broke or affluent, and the time that I was sent to Aunt Lizzie's for a few days his stock was rising high.

I was sent, no doubt, with great misgivings and Aunt Lizzie was enjoined to see that my entertainment for the day-time was to be most decorous, and that I was to be tucked into bed sharp at seven o'clock.

Aunt Lizzie doubtless intended to follow all these instructions, but the wide eyes of a very little boy and his enthusiasm, once he had been taken to a London matinee were too much for her.

She couldn't resist the theatre herself and she would set out at night, dressed to the nines, her hair piled atop her head, and decorated with many brilliant combs. And she took me with her.

We boarded a bus and went through the London night and I'm sure that the lights of London in the early 1900's weren't nearly so bright as the ones on Broadway I saw many years later. But to me they were enchantment, and so were the theatres I visited.

With many a conspiratorial hush, Aunt Lizzie enjoined me not to breathe a word to my mother about these forbidden expeditions when I went home to King's Lynn, and I didn't.

These shows, of course, are just a haze in my memory . . . compounded of hearty music, lights, dancing, singing. I don't think Aunt Lizzie had much taste for the classics, and I'm sure she didn't take me to see Shakespeare or Ibsen. She loved the brash show tunes of the day, and she used to belt out Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Dee-Ay with all the enthusiasm Sophie Tucker puts into Some of These Days.

However, two things do stand out. One of them was the then popular The Arcadians, which had a comedian being put down the Well of Truth and emerging in spotless garments. There was also a lugubrious gentleman who sang a song about I've Got a Motto, Always Merry and Bright.

Aunt Lizzie thought this song a scream and she roared with laughter at it. She also wept bitterly about a ballad entitled Don't Go Down the Mine, Daddy.

Apart from The Arcadians the other memory was Nijinsky. He came, I remember, between music hall turns, and he sailed onto the stage of that London theatre like a jet bomb.

That's all I remember of Vaslav Nijinsky, and I don't remember a great deal about Aunt Lizzie other than that I loved her very much and I kept her secret.

My last memory of Aunt Lizzie is on the day before we went to Canada. With characteristic gusto, Aunt Lizzie took the Morriss family to the Crystal City, where I rode on the roundabouts, watched the flip flap, ate ice cream (called hokey-pokey, then) and had a wonderful time.

Dear Aunt Lizzie!

FRANK MORRISS

Tale Of The Tonsils

NEW YORK (NYHT) — Leon Ruthenberg, the world's most accommodating cab driver, picked up a load in Baltimore bound for the Laurel race course and one of his passengers was Clifford Mooers, combat pilot, mining engineer, gold prospector, Texas rancher and oil man, raconteur, penguinfancier, yachtsman, breeder, owner and trainer of race horses. "Tell these folks," the man urged, "about your tonsil."

The tale has been told here before, but it was new to most of Leon's passengers so perhaps it can stay this course once more. "When I was a kid in San Francisco," Cliff Mooers said, "I had a paper route near the Bay Meadows track and once in a while I'd get up 50 cents to split a bet on some horse. In the last week of the meeting, a stable swipe showed me a \$20 gold piece he had hidden under some feed bags and a bale of hay.

"'I'm betting this all on our bay mare Saturday,' he told me. 'She's got to win. It's getaway day and we got no shipping money and we can't pay the feed man, but we're gonna get

well with the bay mare.'

"The next Saturday, though, I had other things on my mind. My father sent me to a doctor to have my tonsils taken out and gave me \$50, which was the standard fee. I wasn't so hot for the idea. I took a friend along, a kid named Ez Osborne, to cheer me up.

"The doctor put me in a sort of old-fashioned barber chair, tilted me back, shot in a local anesthetic and reached down with a kind of wire loop that he screwed tight around one tonsil, pinching it off. 'Now, son,' he said, 'go over there and rinse your mouth, and when the bleeding stops we'll take the other one.'

"I could feel the \$50 in my pocket, the most money I'd ever had. I didn't enjoy having this guy mess around in my throat, and I was thinking that this was the day the bay mare was going, and the more I thought of her the less I liked this tonsil business.

"'Doc,' I said, 'I'm in terrible pain and I feel awful shaky. Couldn't I pay you for half the job today and come back later when I feel better?'

"'It's highly irregular,' he said, 'but I don't want to make you suffer. You feel pretty bad, eh? Well, in that case, I guess it might be better to do it your way.'

"So I gave him \$25 and Osborne and I took out for Bay Meadows, with three tonsils and 25 bucks between us. I bet the whole roll on the bay mare.

"I remember how scared I was. She was a kind of long-backed mare and she had 112 pounds up, which was a lot for her. There was a delay at the post and I was afraid with that

weight up she would leave her race right there. I've never worried like that since, not even when I had old Rockport or Hawley or Nabesna going in the Kentucky Derby.

"Well, I don't want to make it a long story, but I could. The bay mare came in at 3 to 1 and I got back \$100, more money than I'd ever seen. I was the richest kid in California.

"That was years and years ago. I knocked around and lost touch with my friend Osborne. In fact, I had heard he was dead, so I was pleased and surprised a year or so ago when I got a letter from him asking, 'Are you the same Cliff Mooers who bet his tonsil money on a bay mare at Bay Meadows?' I wrote back, 'I'm the guy, and I'm going to need a treatment on the other tonsil pretty soon. I'll be seeing you.'

"Next time I hit San Francisco we met at the St. Francis Hotel and went out to the races together. Osborne seemed to know everybody in town. We were standing there with a foot on the rail, feeling less and less pain as the afternoon wore on, and he kept hailing friends.

"'Come over here,' he'd say, 'and meet Cliff Mooers, the only little lunatic in the world that ever parlayed his tonsil money into a stable of race horses.'

RED SMITH

Great Day In Regina

Fifty years ago on September 4, the formation of the province of Saskatchewan was celebrated in its capital, the Queen City of Regina. If one may judge by the report of the celebrations that appeared the next day in the Manitoba Free Press, it must have been quite a day — even after one has made allowance for the fierce provincial pride that burned in the breast of the paper's Regina correspondent. We are indebted to him for his account of the day's proceedings, of which the following, with the exception of the direct quotations, is but a pale paraphrased synopsis.

The great day broke sunny and cloudless. Even at sunrise the city was full of animation and gaiety. For two days people had been swarming into the city from neighboring towns and villages; at 7 o'clock in the morning, excursion trains brought hundreds more. Long before breakfast, the streets were crowded with visitors gazing at the decorations and "perusing the buildings."

Along the parade route, "there was not a surface left undecorated that could be decorated." There were "flags, festoons, graceful drapery, Venetian masts and a profusion of bright colors." The only regret expressed was "that the CPR depot was left a dark spot in the midst of such loveliness and beauty."

At nine o'clock the children's parade marched through the streets, a thousand strong, the boys in caps and sashes, the girls in white, each carrying "a Canadian flag." They arrived at the bandstand in Victoria Park to await the arrival of the vice-regal party. It came soon after, preceded by a dashing escort of the Royal North West Mounted Police.

In one carriage was the Governor General, Earl Grey, and his party. In a second came Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Gilbert Parker. The children sang "Canada, the Land of the Maple," and "The Maple Leaf Forever." The Governor General made a brief speech in which he urged his small listeners to "keep high the standard of fair play in your schools and over this city, and never allow it to be lowered except over your prostrate bodies." (Loud cheers).

Then as the vice-regal group drove through the decorated streets to the reviewing stand on South Railway Street, the general procession got under way.

First came the 90th Regiment of Winnipeg and the crowds applauded "the little black men." Behind them marched the old-timers; then a hundred feathered and painted Indians, led by Chief Piapot. Next came a fife and drum band, the Regina band and the "Dominion" float, with a pretty girl representing each of the provinces. "It was a very elegant float." More bands, the official portion of the parade (mostly

politicians in rigs), and "a large contingent of Germans who were loudly cheered," followed. And, "an effective close to the procession was the Floto circus with its camels and elephants and other curiosities."

As the end of the parade passed, the crowds rushed to the CPR depot where trains left every 15 minutes for the Exhibition Grounds (a mile away). There, "under a sky as clear as that of the south of Italy," the RNWMP and the 90th Regiment put on a display of military manoeuvres.

"To summarize the military features of the program very briefly, 'it was great;' and has never been excelled in Canada unless it were on a much larger scale."

Great as it was, however, the display apparently met with what has come to be recognized as a normal Regina welcome; which led the Free Press correspondent to explain to his readers:

"Regina does not cheer. The great silent prairies that surround the town are conducive to silence, and make men taciturn . . ."

At noon the inauguration ceremonies began, with His Excellency receiving an engrossed address from the City of Regina which boasted of the sound condition of the city's finances and its "abundant supply of beautiful clear spring water." The Honorable Amedee Emmanuel Forget was then sworn in as Saskatchewan's first Lieutenant-Governor.

"As the immense crowd began to disperse, calls for Laurier, Laurier,' became imperative. Sir Wilfrid disregarded the call as long as he could, but the demand becoming louder and the people refusing to leave their seats till Sir Wilfrid came forward, the Premier finally did so."

Sir Wilfrid refrained from making a speech, however, until the men in the party arrived at City Hall for a civic luncheon. (The ladies meanwhile had their own luncheon at Government House.)

"The hall was most artistically decorated, all the windows being darkened and the electric lights turned on." Sir

Wilfrid made a rousing speech about the banner province of Saskatchewan and about Canada's ties with Britain. These, he said, had been founded and formed on peace; and as the cords of liberty were braided and loosed, the bond of union was made stronger. (Loud cheers and roars).

Sports at the Exhibition Grounds filled the afternoon, although the visitors did not arrive until around 3.30. When they did, they saw 16 members of the RNWMP go through the 1905 edition of the Mounties' famed musical ride. After this came a three-a-side game of pushball on horseback, played with "an immense inflated sphere of leather recently sent over from England."

"Unfortunately, in the middle of what perhaps in football would be described as a scrimmage, one of the horses struck the ball with its shoe, tearing a hole in the leather and causing it to collapse and bring the game to a premature finish."

"As night came along, Regina began to show itself illuminated. The electric light works, recently established, enabled lights to outline the buildings. The result was splendid. Darkness rendered all invisible save flickering gems of many-colored lights. One is really excused for indulging in a hyperbole and saying that Castle Beautiful in a vision could not be more magnificent."

After a fireworks display, "the grand inaugural ceremonies reached an appropriate climax in the magnificent ball held in the Auditorium rink" which was "as bright as day with arc lights and incandescent globes." The ball was opened by the Lancers, and "the gowns worn by the ladies, the bright uniforms of the RNWMP and the dark ones of the 90th Regiment" made a scene of "surpassing beauty."

And there the Free Press correspondent left them on that gay night half a century ago, the first citizens of a new province, looking forward undauntedly to the great future they knew was theirs.

PETER McLINTOCK

A Causerie

Four armed uprisings in Canada have been vividly described in works published in the past few years, and by a curious turn of events, every one was by a non-Canadian. A Montana newspaper man, Joseph Kinsey Howard, told the story of Riel in 1870 and in 1885, with all the arts of the good feature writer, and still stayed close enough to the facts to win the respect of historians.

Mason Wade, a native of Vermont, included in his long book on The French Canadians a complete and graphic account of the Papineau Rebellion of 1837. To complete the record, an English novelist, a native of Yorkshire, has brought to life the Mackenzie Rebellion of the same year.

Margaret Bellasis called her book, "Rise, Canadians!", a phrase taken from one of William Lyon Mackenzie's manifestoes issued while in exile in the United States. All of these accounts are highly readable, and for me they made the persons and events of those days stand out and live in a fashion quite rare in such historical reconstructions.

Why Canadians on the whole have failed so far to exploit and utilize these stirring pages of Canadian development, and why in due course three aliens should succeed where we have, in main, failed, I am at a loss to understand.

Perhaps a close look at the art and method of "Rise, Canadians!" will disclose why Margaret Bellasis has succeeded where so many have failed. The raw materials for a living reconstruction of the Mackenzie uprising have existed now for many years.

The superiority of Margaret Bellasis's picture of "the little rebel" and his era doesn't lie in her erudition.

It is a great help for a popular historian to have written fiction, I should think. If you have a feeling for form, and some skill in the creation of atmosphere and the drawing of convincing character, you are several jumps ahead of the person rigidly enslaved to inert facts and figures and state documents.

Without inventing anything of importance — and Miss Bellasis asserts that "no detail of any consequence has been invented, nor any utterance, whether written or spoken" — a skilful hand at fiction-writing will know how to arrange and how to depict.

I think this work is the most successful compromise between the historical novel and the strict "fact" book I ever remember reading. It runs along at the pace of a novel, and yet you have the feeling at the end that you have enlarged your understanding of an important period of Canadian history.

William Lyon Mackenzie is the central figure of this book, but certainly in no sense the hero. It is pretty clear to me that the author developed a strong sense of contempt as well as of pity for some of Mackenzie's excesses. She makes him the victim of a chain of conspiring circumstances, which lash him into madness and virtually assure his destruction. As the tribune of the people against the Family Compact, he is a heroic figure: but his reactions during the uprising, and even more during his early years of exile, seem at times, as she depicts them, more appropriate for a psychopathic ward than for a constitutional leader of a democratic people.

Sir Francis Bond Head is shown up as a fool and a faker. Miss Bellasis revives the old tradition, never entirely exploded, that the wrong Head was sent to Canada. It says very little for the direction of the Colonial Office at the time, that a man of his obvious incapacities could have been chosen to intervene in the explosive situation then building up in the province of Upper Canada.

There is no partisan malice in her portrait of the swashbuckling Lieutenant Governor. But Miss Bellasis lets Sir Francis condemn himself out of his own words and actions. It is a skilful performance, and good fun all the way.

There may be a lively stage play in this book; possibly a stirring film. But so long as London and Hollywood govern our movie world, we are not likely to see this significant page of Canadian history in Cinemascope or Vistavision.

WILFRID EGGLESTON

Vandals At Work

It was only on my return home after a long absence, when I skimmed through an accumulation of old newspapers, that I learned of an appalling prospect in Ottawa. They are planning to tear down the old West Block.

You might suppose that his vandalism could be committed only over the dead body of an outraged Canadian people. But the news had caused so little stir in the backwoods of the nation that I heard nothing of it in my travels. I dare say the Government could tear down West, East and Centre Blocks and demolish Parliament Hill entirely without provoking any serious excitement a mile or two from Wellington Street.

The West Block, like all important things in life, is quite crazy. Some forgotten architect with a genius of irrelevance and wild fancy conceived a glorious botch of bastard Gothic, sprouting towers and stone protuberances in all directions to match the equally bizarre designs of the other two buildings on the hill.

The Centre Block, home of our first Parliament, was burned one night during the first World War (its outer stone being supported by combustible timbers before the days of steel). The two remaining masterpieces of Confederation remained, the East Block housing the Prime Minister, the Privy Council Chamber and the central brains of the state, the West Block providing indifferent accommodation for various other departments which no one can remember.

In our lush times a new building on the Hill may seem a minor project, costing only a few millions or so. The Fathers of Confederation thought they had gone hog-wild when they erected the home of a national Government. George Brown, the canny Scot from Toronto, wrote that the entire revenues of the states could not heat the new buildings which, he said, had been erected a century too soon.

Well, the state quickly grew up to its buildings and presently had overflowed them in all directions until gov-

ernment is spread all over Ottawa and no visitor can possibly find the office he is looking for without the guidance of a taxi driver.

Mr. Robert Winters, the minister of public works, who should know better (coming from the historic town of Lunenburg) apparently has decided to provide still more accommodation by demolishing the West Block and rebuilding it on a larger scale.

In extenuation of this crime against Canadian history it is argued that the new West Block will be a pretty exact replica of the old, with a story or two added and all the modern conveniences.

We have pitiably few historic reminders in Canada and, worse, a pitiably small sense of our teeming history. Since our ancestors perforce built of wood in most places, their works have mostly crumbled long since into dust. All the more reason why we should cling to what we have in stone.

It does not matter that some of the stone is badly designed, that modern architects could do much better. A nation is not built of stone, to be sure, but it is built essentially of memories that have more force than any statute law or public policy. The stone laid by ancient, nameless masons long ago and inhabited by the men who made Canada contains the nation's most important asset — its myth.

So far Canadians have been too busy, or say they have been too busy, to think much about these things. Unlike our American neighbors, we are not a historically-minded people.

Mr. Winters, an able young man of practical engineering experience, should remember that the most practical things in any society are completely impractical by any engineer's calculations. There is plenty of room along the Ottawa River for new buildings if they are needed and no excuse for destroying a monument which all Canadians will appreciate and reverence when the youthful nation comes of age.

Goldwin Smith, who regarded the Canadian state as an impossibility, once said that Ottawa was a sub-Arctic lumber village converted by Queen Victoria into a political

cockpit. But it has become something much more than that and will loom still larger in the Canadian mind before long. The well-meaning vandals of progress should remember that it belongs to the whole Canadian people not to the Government or the citizens of the capital.

BRUCE HUTCHISON

Post Early For Christmas

I am on the whole, a law abiding citizen. I pay my taxes on January 31, I keep to the right when driving, and while a pedestrian cross only when the light says "Walk!" (you fool). Until last year I also used to post early for Christmas. It was first week in November in sunny Italy on the blue Adriatic, when the signs first appeared, entreating the citizenry to post early for Christmas. And so, glowing with the inner satisfaction of a duty well performed, two days later I carried my Christmas parcels for Britain to the Italian post-office.

The sight of the parcel-post wicket dampened my enthusiasm more than somewhat. Thousands of Italians must have had the same idea, and it is well known that the Latins, individuals that they are, have never believed in standing in line.

Instead, they form a human replica of a grape-bunch, the inside of which ferments and explodes with the violence of Chianti gone bad. Encumbered as I was with my parcels, and quite unused to this type of combat, I was pushed aside again and again when almost within the reach of my goal. But eventually I made it. The lady behind the wicket gave me a brief venomous glare, another glare at my parcels, and said: "No good. Parcels for abroad must be sealed by customs first. Next." Whereupon I was unceremoniously shoved away by the swirling multitudes, and left to my own devices.

The people who draw those attractive posters about sunny Italy, somehow never mention the gales, sleet, and ice that

every winter make the Italians exclaim: "but this is quite unusual." It was a day like that. A gale blew at 65 m.p.h., and the streets were covered with a sheet of slippery ice.

But I was made of a sterner stuff than to give way at the first obstacle. I took my parcels, set my teeth and marched the two miles to the customs office. The customs office was quietly tucked away in the harbor, and it took me some time to find it. When I found it I beheld the same human grape-bunch. However, I improved with practice, and eventually squeezed myself and my parcels in front of the customs officer. He asked me, while busily filling in some form, whether these innocent souvenirs from the land of oranges and silk contained gold, cocaine, or suchlike, and believing my honest countenance took my word for it that they did not. He sealed the parcels, pocketed a small fee, and I turned back.

And so in due course — as long as it takes a man with parcels to cover two miles against a 65 m.p.h. gale — I was fighting tooth and nail on the parcel-post wicket front. I shoved away three old ladies, kicked a man smartly on his shins, pushed my elbow into the teeth of a hitherto pretty young girl, and in less than an hour was once again face to face with the dragon behind the wicket. She gave me the same venomous glare — customers at the post-office are not encouraged to come twice on the same day —, and the same look at my parcels, and said: "No good. Parcels for abroad must be sealed with sealing wax." Whereupon a muscular young man landed a neat uppercut in my face and I was away from the wicket.

This time, however, a kindly soul in return for a packet of English cigarets, led me to a little stall on the post-office ground floor where for 20 cents a seal a gentle lady sealed my parcels with sealing wax and a very impressive seal bearing the insignia of Mussolini's long-defunct Fascist Republic. All this took some time, since the gentle lady was also besieged by a huge throng, all clamoring for her services. But it was done, I paid \$3 for my seals — a bargain at that price — and rejoined for the third time the battle in front of the parcelpost wicket.

The dragon there tried hard to find some reason for not accepting the parcels, but so much perseverance clearly mollified her, and at last the parcels were away. It was seven hours since I first set out with my parcels, and there was not a simmer left of that early glow.

Some time around Easter I received three notes from Britain saying how the birds who just returned after a long winter enjoyed the southern fruit I sent, and which after the long transit was no longer suitable for human consumption. My otherwise kind thoughts were appreciated.

The following year I found myself in Finland. It was not yet the end of October when notices in trams, buses, and on every street corner began to prod citizens: "Post Early for Christmas." As I mentioned before, I am a law-abiding citizen, and I do as I am told.

The Finns are Nordic people to whom discipline is second nature. The orderly line outside the parcel - post wicket stretched half-way round the block, and I may add that it was an early winter with snow falling and below-zero temperatures. However, this time I reached the wicket unscathed to find myself opposite a luscious, very friendly blonde.

A very charming young lady, indeed, but the snag was that she spoke only Finnish. The mile-long queue behind me waited without a murmur while an urgent search went on for an interpreter who explained that parcels for abroad cannot be sent just like that.

But it was much easier than in Italy. The customs hall was nearby, and resembled a busy workshop. As a prospective parcel-post sender first I had to line up in a long, long queue and present to a customs officer the goods I was sending, the paper in which they were to be wrapped, the string with which it was to be tied. All were meticulously examined, and eventually I was assigned a vacant place on the assembly line among the toiling multitudes.

There we busily wrapped up our parcels, peered into each other's Christmas secrets, while a customs officer walked around hawk-like, watching us lest we slip a diamond or a

packet of hashish among the dolls and teddy bears. The Finnish Government even provided us with tools, scissors, hammers, pliers, all carefully fastened to the work-benches.

With the parcels packed under supervision, we lined up again, got them sealed by the customs, and I rejoined the parcel-post wicket line. I should have known better. There were those blessed wax seals missing. There was, however, the usual stall where a little man sealed my parcels, 30 cents a seal, five to each parcel, and I could go back to that pretty blonde at the parcel-post wicket. Including my ogling at her, it took merely six hours, forty minutes to get the parcels off.

Early in May I received three notes from Britain saying how thrilled they were with the winter things for the children, and what a pity the articles will be too small for the children to wear next winter.

Last Christmas I was in Winnipeg. And once again that appealing sign "Post Early for Christmas" pointed its accusing finger at me. But this time I was not going to be caught. I bought a long stick of sealing wax, and affixed five seals on each parcel, using George Washington from a U.S. coin as my official seal.

The wicket was distressingly empty. There was not even a pretty blonde behind it. Instead a baldish man looked at me, and asked disgustedly: "And what do you think you are doing? Sealed parcels! Whatever next. Strictly against regulations. Cannot accept them."

So I lugged them home, unsealed them again, brought them back, and posted them — early for Christmas. Around June I got the usual notes saying how pleased they were to get their Christmas presents at last, such a pity the children did not have them for Christmas.

So this year I look that "Post Early" notice squarely into the eyes. It does not mean a thing to me. A week before Christmas I am going to send three air-mail letters with cheques in them. I shall stop the cheques a week after Christmas.

FRED MANOR

A Causerie

No one in the English-speaking world is likely to escape Dickens during the Christmas season; and as the anniversary of his birthday comes around each year on February 7, our memories are again jogged by the Fellowship.

But Dickens's popularity notwithstanding, never in print have I found a good word for his Child's History of England — shabbiest volume in our shabby set of the Complete Works that is now serving a third generation.

Had I cut my teeth on Dickens's books I should have remembered the taste of the binding, which I do not. But I knew the pictures before I could read. I was almost eleven when illness kept me out of school for a time and taught me that flat on one's back one could still read and that a plaster cast made a very good book-rest. (At the same age, it will be remembered, Charles Dickens was drudging in the blacking factory.)

Children's books soon wore out, literally and figuratively, and it was then that I began to read Dickens. No one told me that he was too old for me as I found and loved Paul and Florence and Mr. Toots, David and Emily and Ham and dear Peggoty, Esther and Mrs. Jellyby, Little Dorrit, the Wilfer family, Pip and Estella, Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller.

But it was the History that opened a whole new world. Here was a story that did not need to be "made up" to be interesting; something one could read for fun, not merely a school task, all dates and battles and politics.

It has been said that Dickens lacked the true historical sense; that in looking backwards he was not able to forget the standards, the prejudices and the complacencies of his own Victorian period. Critics who take this view seem to forget that the History was written for children and that in childhood, whether of the race or of the individual, one can only grasp the unknown through the known. The intelligent child may be trusted to put away childish things when the time comes; until then it is surely best to be convinced that

Alfred was a good man and a good king, even at the risk of believing in the burned cakes; and that Henry the Eighth was bad in one category and doubtful in the other; that Charles the First loved his children as do other fathers.

Only a monster of sophistication could accept the suggestion that Henry was a misunderstood man who sacrificed his own inclinations each time he changed wives, all to secure the succession, to break the old nobility, and to release England from the temporal control of a foreign Pope. And we may at least give Dickens credit for hinting that there were two sides to the Border and that brave and loyal men fought for King Charles as well as for Cromwell.

It has also been said that the History is too didactic and that its humor is of a low order. Here again a child is less critical than the critics. Dunstan and the Devil seem to him to be really funny; and as for the lectures so freely interspersed, the bright child soon accepts as inevitable the way in which grown-ups dispense advice and information upon all occasions. He pays scant attention to the interludes that, in books as in conversation, so often hold up the course of the story.

Children do not ask where Dickens gathered the material for his History. Nor do they ask why, when he wrote little, otherwise, on historical themes he should have spent time on it that might have been given to more profitable work. Nor will they see behind the pages a little lad for whom no one planned an education.

It is the old art of narrative that holds them as it has held mankind since the days of Homer; the art that, in spite of the flaws we may find in Dickens's technique, kept all England waiting week by week to learn what had happened to Mr. Pickwick or Little Nell.

We read on and on; Britons and Romans and Saxons and Danes come and pass; Alfred and Harold and Norman William; Queen Matilda all in white as she escapes against the snow; Gilbert a Becket and his Saracen wife, and their son who defied a king; Richard the Lion-hearted and Saladin; young Prince Arthur and staunch Hubert de Burgh; Bloody

Mary and Lady Jane Grey; Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots; Raleigh, and the seamen who discovered a New World...

There is not much about the common people, except Wat Tyler and Jack Cade, nor about art or literature or the slow growth of Parliament. But into the child's mind there comes imperceptibly that sense of national continuity demanded by Esme Wingfield Stratford as the first condition of patriotism, a consciousness of roots that go down a thousand years.

The child will have plenty of time later for histories of a different sort. The older reader may go where luck or fancy leads, from Plutarch to Lytton Strachey, from Gibbon to Guedalla, from Herodotus to H. A. L. Fisher, from Tacitus to Trevelyan.

The list promises to be endless, Heaven be praised. And while both history and patriotism have their detractors in these days, surely no one could object to the patriotism that has its root in love of the storied past. It is to this natural love that Dickens appeals. As long as children demand stories there will surely be some of them to thank the man who, for them as for his own family, and perhaps in memory of the neglected lad in the blacking warehouse, wrote A Child's History of England.

ELISABETH HENDERSON

The Narrow, Closed Spaces

In one of his occasional pensive moments, P. G. Wode-house's immortal hero, Psmith, uttered these words of wisdom:

"What I like about the English rural districts (he said) is that when the authorities have finished building a place they stop. Somewhere about the reign of Henry the Eighth, I imagine that the master-mason gave the final house a pat with his trowel and said, 'Well, boys, that's Market Blandings.' To which his assistants no doubt assented with many

a hearty 'Grammercy!' and 'I' fackins!' these being expletives to which they were much addicted. And they went away and left it, and nobody has touched it since. And I, for one, thoroughly approve. I think it makes the place soothing."

Psmith would not have found much that was soothing about Winnipeg. Or about Calgary, or Edmonton, or Saskatoon, or Regina, or almost any town or city you choose to name in western, and to a considerable extent in eastern, Canada.

Here we have towns and cities which apparently do not know when to stop — which, indeed, show no desire at all to stop, but seem to make it a sort of article of faith that they must keep on growing, day after day and year after year, to all eternity, until not a blade of grass or a stretch of wood or meadow is left untenanted or unbuilt upon in all this vast Dominion.

These remarks are partly provoked by an announcement from the council of the municipality of St. James. The council, the announcement said, would set aside a day on which to meet with a syndicate of contractors which had made a verbal request to council "that the remaining lands of the municipality be turned over to them for development."

This, you must understand, is what is known in our American civilization as "progress." It seems to consist largely in removing every trace of vegetation from the face of the earth, and in its place putting structures of brick, concrete, and steel. It can reach remarkable stages of refinement, as in such megalopolae as New York, where a modern observer, Mr. Eric Sevareid, describes one of its advances as follows:

"Grand Central Station, which anchors Park Avenue and shelters it from the world of the quick lunch and the neon sign, is to lose its character . . .They will build upon its site the tallest building in the world . . . an office building, so commuters can step from air-conditioned station-wagon to air-conditioned train and be rushed underground to be whisked up to their offices in air-conditioned elevators, unblemished by a single touch of unpasteurized rain or the unconditioned sun.

"The solid stone buildings of Park Avenue, built to last for a hundred years of family-raising, dog-walking, and Sunday calling after church, are going. The trees will go one day, then the dogs and Sunday strollers; and the ulcer, the only living thing that grows on glass and metal, will move over from Madison and Lex. I can only say that if this be the future, I'm going home to the past. If this be progress, I want my decadence back."

This poignant cry, be it noted, comes from the heart of a community which might be said to exemplify "progress" in something approaching a definitive stage — a stage in which the swarming human insect has at last reduced its hive to barrenness complete and unrelieved. And this is to all appearances, the goal toward which we of St. James are to strive — this is "progress" in its highest expression. It is "success" raised to the nth power. It is the heaven to which all good towns, villages, and rural municipalities go when they arrive at the ultimate apotheosis and transfiguration.

Curious it is to think that the minds of the adventurous immigrant people of this pioneer country should in so short a time have undergone so complete a change! For even up to the turn of the century, the essential aim of the outflowing swarm of Europeans who stalked with seven-league boots across these prairies, was escape from brick and stone and crowded confining communities in the Old World. As one of them put it:

"They seemed like shabby little men
Walking in shabby streets.

I turned from Europe in my heart,
Heard plovers cry, saw wild duck start,
And loved — not Canada, but air,
The light, the life, the freedom there,
Wide air, fresh air, the long trail's groove,
The heavenly grace of room to move."

And yet, within half a century, the room-seeking immigrants have flooded back into crowded urban communities, within which they seem bent upon destroying the last vestige of fresh air with factory chimneys and diesel buses, and the

iast vestige of trail and meadow with piles of brick and sheets of concrete.

What will happen in the pleasant municipality of St. James when the "remaining lands" are turned over to the contractors for "development?" Bulldozers will sweep over the ground cutting away grass and topsoil and leaving a yellow waste behind. Trees which have taken thirty or forty years to grow will topple in an afternoon, whole groves of them.

Hundreds of little pre-planned houses, into which no individual dreams or hopes or tastes have gone, will rise in serried rows, regimented, desolate, pathetic, with no joy in the building and no richness or sweetness in the occupancy. St. James, from border to border, will become solid with man-made structures and geometrical plots, while the shy nymph Nature, defeated, cowed and slighted, will slink away into what is left of our dwindling hinterland.

Progress, gentlemen, progress!

C. E. L'AMI

Mr. Snifkin's Apple Surplus

It is unlikely, I suppose (the vital news of the nation seldom gets into the newspapers) that the statesmen of Ottawa and the troubled prairie farmers have heard how Mr. Snifkin and I overcame an agricultural surplus. Yet by following our methods the nation could soon solve its farm problem.

Last summer my neighbor and I negotiated, with a good deal of trouble and argument, our own version of the International Wheat Agreement. Faced with an alarming superfluity, not of wheat but of apples, we solemnly pledged ourselves to control the market. (I am not sure that this was legal under the Combines Act, but Mr. Garson never heard of it, and don't tell him.)

In former years, I should explain, the market in this neighborhood was reduced to chaos by the outmoded law of supply and demand. That is to say, there was always more supply than demand, and as our apple trees grew in size and productiveness, the supply continued to increase while the demand continued to drop. Even when we gave our apples away for nothing the demand still dropped. Your modern consumer will accept nothing unless it is highly priced, for he has been trained in the new economics.

Mr. Snifkin and I had always rejected the new economics, being ignorant men, but in the end we capitulated and entered into a gentlemen's apple agreement. I shall not bore you with the details of this covenant, its various escape clauses, peril points, permissible import restrictions and having - regard - to clauses, all faithfully imitated from the work of international statecraft. Suffice it to say that we promised to give away no apples this year.

Naturally we didn't expect to sell them. We have never managed to sell a box since we planted our orchards thirty years ago, but after studying the new economics we were intelligent enough to realize that a falling price is dangerous to business even when no one will pay it.

We would hold our apples in our root cellars and teach the consumers a lesson. If they wanted apples they would have to come and get them.

The price, as fixed by our cartel, was just, we thought, and highly economic — the consumer must bring his own box and take the apples away with his own labor.

All went well throughout October. The market held firm. Figures issued from time to time by our private Apple Board were uniformly encouraging. Thus having conquered the business cycle and repealed the artificial law of supply and demand, Mr. Snifkin and I wondered why the prairie farmers found themselves in difficulty. The solution was so easy and so obvious. Oddly enough, by the middle of November the surplus in our root cellars had failed to shrink. The stubborn

consumers seemed to have boycotted us; not a single customer arrived with an empty box.

It was then that I heard disturbing news through my secret agents in the market. Mr. Snifkin, so the ugly rumor went, had slipped out in the dead of night and carried a cartoon of bootleg apples to one of his friends in town.

My faith badly shaken, I charged Mr. Snifkin with the economic crime of sabotage. He broke down and confessed, pleading that it had been only a little carton and its contents only Grimes Golden, an indifferent variety, of the lowest grade.

I said I would let him escape, just this once, through the escape clauses but attacked him for subsidizing exports. This he flatly denied. He had not paid the consumer to accept his products, had taken no foreign currencies, had in fact taken nothing more than an innocent drink of something or other in his friend's kitchen.

The violation of the agreement, he argued, was purely technical, so I let it pass, especially when Mr. Snifkin was under strong pressure in domestic politics. His wife, who is ignorant of economics, had threatened to clean out the cellar forthwith if Mr. Snifkin failed to unload the surplus.

Next thing I knew he was wrapping clandestine fruit, supplying boxes and smuggling them to an old flame of his, who paid him with a smile as glittering and thin as a blocked ruble and of no more use. I lodged an appropriate protest, appealed to Mr. Snifkin's honor, invoked the new economics and threatened retaliation. However, as I had already emptied my own root cellar, used up all my boxes and delivered the entire surplus to town, my moral position was not exactly sound.

That was the end of the agreement between Mr. Snifkin and me — victims of the market. What did we get in payment from the consumers for our long summer's toil? Only a polite intimation that our current crop was below the standard of the chain stores, badly wrapped and blemished by scab and brown spots.

BRUCE HUTCHISON

Jim's Story

Recently Winnipeg's new Mynarski school was opened, named in honor of Andrew Mynarski, V.C., who died in an attempt to save a companion when their plane was shot down over France. The story of Jim Kelly, a survivor of the crew, tells some of his adventures, hiding out in occupied France.

"We didn't know what to do. We saw a pile of onions lying on the floor beside a basket. We sat down on the floor and began to sort the onions. The soldiers burst into the attic and ran to the windows and began shooting out at some imaginary enemy.

"After a few minutes we picked up the basket of onions and went down to the kitchen. When the Germans had finished playing war games upstairs they came down again, hardly glancing at us as we sat at the table drinking imitation coffee, and went outside.

"Well, we'd got away with it again, but our nerves were pretty bad. They weren't as ragged as the nerves of the poor unfortunate woman who was harboring us. She was terrified and asked us to leave.

"The priest took us to a home in another small village nearby. The food problem was acute but this family gladly shared what little it had. The grandfather was a man of 86 who had taken part in two previous wars against the Germans. Anything that helped us hindered them, so he cheerfully divided his own slices of bread into fractions and passed them around.

"While we were there the local underground leader . . . the man who interrogated us the first time and threatened us with the Luger . . . was caught by the Gestapo. We had to leave again. He mightn't talk, but we could only stay out of sight until he had been killed. Otherwise we'd run the risk of being caught by the Germans. (We learned later that this man, who was a cripple, had managed to keep silent about us

and any other of his underground activities even though the Germans filed his teeth down to the gums).

"While he was alive and in German hands, all Allied evaders in the area left shelter and rendezvoused in the fields just in case he wasn't able to hold out. In all there were six Canadians, one American, two Englishmen and one New Zealander. Food was brought to us from the village, and we passed the time by playing poker with our escape money.

"When the crippled underground leader died of his torture we went back to our various shelters.

"Not long after this a young girl called for us and led us away, using the bicycle system again. We went to Sanlisle-sec just a few miles away. Our guide, who was a school teacher, turned us over to a lady and her two daughters in a chateau who . . . thank goodness . . . could afford to deal regularly with the black market. We ate better there.

"They put us in a big room and gave us clean linen, good food and a general good time. While we were there we heard that Paris had been liberated, which explained why the traffic on the main road nearby had suddenly grown thicker.

"The Germans fled from Paris in tanks and trucks and British and American aircraft strafed them day and night. When the heavier vehicles got by then individual soldiers in buggies and on bikes began to scramble along the roads. Then they began coming along on foot. Then we began to see them limping along without shoes. There was no organization at all. The only thing that kept them moving was the fact that they knew the French peasants were waiting with pitchforks and long-hidden guns to kill any stragglers.

"The chateau where we stayed was used off and on as a temporary command post . . . at least as long as there was some organization in the retreat. The first time the Germans took over the chateau Bob and I hid in the cellar and ate once a day. Once we passed a German officer on the stairs but we simply exchanged bonjours and kept on going. He probably thought we were French workers.

"One night the school-teacher guide was over visiting. She stayed past curfew hour and had to spend the night or risk being shot on sight if she went out at night.

"That night a group of Storm Troopers moved in. They drove a tank through the front gate and over the rabbit hutch and shot in the front door. Bob and I jumped out of bed and slipped into a big cupboard in our bedroom. The schoolteacher rushed in and jumped into our bed to account for the fact that it had been used. When the SS guard looked in everything was normal.

"We lived in that cupboard for four days. We had to sit silently stark naked on a pile of high-heeled ladies' shoes. We couldn't stretch and I don't think we slept once during the entire four days. The Germans were in the next room and we could hear them as they shaved and washed.

"Somehow the women managed to smuggle food in to us once each day.

"Finally our hostess decided to move us out. She found clothing for us and we dressed, left our prison, stretched for the first time in 96 hours, and set out. It was really quite simple. We just walked down the main stairway, passed the officers' mess, out the front door, over the sleeping forms of German soldiers on the lawn, and into the family vault. Later the village gendarme moved us from the vault to his own home. While we were there we heard the BBC News again and learned that the British had taken Amiens, which was only about 20 miles away. We prayed that Jerry would move out soon.

"Early next morning we heard machine guns in the distance. The women and children were put in the air raid shelters and provided with British and American flags. The Germans began to leave. All the tank ports were shut tight.

"Soon afterwards the British arrived riding on top of their tanks and covered with flowers. Wine and champagne that had been hidden away for years suddenly began to flow and the gay abandon of the celebrations as that village was freed was something I'll never forget. Everyone was kissing and hugging everyone else. It was just half-an-hour from the time gunfire was heard in the distance that the village was free.

"The priest we had met earlier in our career as evaders turned up again that day looking rather flushed . . . doubtlessly with victory. He swept aside his robe to display a row of revolvers stuck in his belt. He gave us each a Luger and we set off in search of German stragglers.

"We found quite a few.

"We stayed around for a week of hectic celebration. We met and befriended the Allied agent who had been dropped into the area earlier in the war to lead the underground movement. As part of the celebrations he dressed up in a uniform of his own design and called himself a colonel. He told Bob and me we were majors, and during that week we were given a sloppy but sincere present-arms by young members of the village militia who stood guard at civic buildings. These youngsters left soon after to join the French army.

"When the roads began to clear a bit we hitched a ride to Paris with the agent, the priest and a young boy from a local farm who was our driver. It was full speed all the way. In short order we had reached La Bourget Airport in Paris, reported to British authorities and learned that there was no space available to take us back home. We went to the Hotel Maurice on Rue de Rivalle, which was still beautiful in spite of bullet holes. It had all the luxuries of life . . . except hot water. After three months we still couldn't have a proper bath.

"We had a big night on the town while we waited for transport home and then caught a Dakota headed for England. I can't tell you how I felt when the misty island edged into view. I'd had my doubts about ever seeing it again.

"Coming back from the dead, as Bob and I did, was a little complicated. We had to go to a large hotel in London along with about 400 other servicemen in much the same position. I was lucky, though. Some of those guys had been trying to get back to England since Rommel's time.

"I sent a telegram to my wife in Winnipeg the next day, and to my parents in Georgetown. I was pretty pleased when I found out later that my telegrams arrived before the official notification by the government."

And that's the story, just the way Jim told it to me sitting on the edge of my bunk on that R.C.A.F. flying station in England during the closing months of the war.

When I learned that Jim and his friends had got together to present the plaque in honor of Andy's memory, it brought the whole thing to life again. I think it's a story worth telling.

JACK BRICKENDEN

The Uncommon Man

"If the present Congress errs in too much talking," Thomas Jefferson once wrote, "how can it be otherwise in a body to which the people send one hundred and fifty lawyers, whose trade it is to question everything, yield nothing, and talk by the hour? That one hundred and fifty lawyers should do business together ought not to be expected."

Jefferson's contribution about lawyers in politics is the sort of utterance of which there could probably be collected a considerable literature, for it is difficult to read about the affairs of most democratic legislatures without running into lawyers fairly soon. Members of the legal profession not only comprise from one quarter to one third of most of our parliaments, but appear frequently on sundry commissions and committees as well.

Occasionally their ubiquity arouses the interest of their non-lawyer associates. In an exchange in the Senate some years ago, for example, Senator A. B. Gillis objected not only to a shower of Royal Commissions with which the Liberal Government had favored the electorate, but also to the dominance of lawyers on the commissions.

"It is strange," he said, "that the personnel of those commissions were nearly all lawyers. When an investigation

such as the grain inquiry is deemed advisable, why should we engage a battery of lawyers? I suggest that in our Civil Service we have a body of men equipped with thorough knowledge and experience of the business interests of the country and its trade and commerce. That is the reason why they are in the country's service. Yet we turn aside from them and employ at a high rate of pay a number of lawyers, who in their profession may be able men, but who cannot be considered as students and experts of the business to be investigated."

Senator Dandurand, a lawyer, would have none of this. He produced the stock reply: "Let laymen say what they will, members of the legal profession derive from their training and experience a general knowledge of things. In the course of practice they have to study thousands of questions of all kinds and to advise clients upon them.

"This does not mean," Senator Dandurand added in a generous disclaimer, "that they acquire a monopoly of knowledge about all these subjects, but, in general, laymen and men of other professions are not so well equipped to grasp the fundamentals of such matters as are dealt with by Royal Commissions."

Senator Dandurand's argument for the special capacities of lawyers might be more convincing if it had come from a non-lawyer, and if it were not so reminiscent of similar assertions made by members of other trades and professions. The New Statesman and Nation, which delights to use such statements in its column, "This England," has reprinted from a financial journal the statement that modern finance includes a "world of experience, judgment, wisdom and efficiency, which has never said much about itself but has quietly grown into the most perfect of human services."

That modest conclusion goes nicely with an impassioned outburst from a meat-packer who told his fellow-packers: "You have the opportunity of moulding the future of the meat trade to make it shine like a beacon through the ages. It will be your finest hour." Perhaps the meat-packers have subscribed to a Meat-packers' Creed, which might compare with an Engineer's Credo I once saw; it opened confidently

on the note that all human progress had been made possible by engineers of one kind or another.

The engineer's creed does not seem to have been read by a mathematician who not long ago observed in the public prints that "the modern world had been created by mathematicians."

The really comforting thing about these varied evidences of professional pride, to the poor ignorant citizen who is scraping together a bare living, is that if any one of these claims is valid, all the others are not. The safe thing for him to do is regard them all as mistaken, and conclude that the real backbone of civilization is the fellow who makes no extravagant claims — that is, people like himself.

NORMAN WARD

Fresh Light On The Truman Presidency (Part 1)

WASHINGTON: The first volume of Mr. Truman's memoirs as President serves to confirm his stature as a bold and energetic leader in a period of sustained anxiety.

It would be a good thing for Mr. Truman's ultimate place in history if he could be judged only by his great decisions. With some exceptions, it is correct to say that he was at his best in mastering the most urgent problems. His faults of temper and of phrasing were most conspicuous in dealing with personal matters of relatively minor problems.

When he succeeded Roosevelt, the war was in its last phase and the problems of peacemaking had already cast their shadow over the free world. President Truman, as this record of his first year in office shows, rose to this challenge with a sense of personal greatness of which there had been no more than a blurred hint in his earlier career. The book is written without any attempt at literary distinction. But it gives us the image of Mr. Truman's mind and character. There is nothing contrived in this protrait. His honesty speaks in every paragraph.

Mr. Truman begins by plunging into a discussion of the diverse yet converging problems which confronted him when he became President. Then he reverts to a review of his earlier life and his work in the Senate. After this fragment of autobiography, he returns to the problems of the Presidency.

At various points in the narrative there is some repetition and loss of clarity because he has found it impossible to discuss events in their strict sequence. But this method is not without its merits. It emphasises the number of decisions which engaged the President's mind at the same time. Under the American system, all important national issues must ultimately be considered by the President. Here is abundant proof to that inexorable law of politics.

At this moment in American history there is a special interest in his references to the role of the Vice-President. He begins by stating the obvious yet neglected truth that many Presidents have found it hard to like the Vice-President or to work in frank harmony with him. The very position of the Vice-President, who must turn from being the President's running mate in the national election to become the presiding officer of the Senate, illustrates his conflicting duties. Only a rare Vice-President like Mr. Barkley can maintain his influence in the Senate while remaining loyal to the White House.

Most Presidents, according to Mr. Truman, have chosen to exclude the Vice-President from any significant share in policy-making, and even to keep him uninformed of essential decisions, lest cloak-room gossip in the Senate should accidentally produce an unfortunate or ill-timed disclosure of the President's plans.

Mr. Truman served as Vice-President for only 82 days but during all that period he stood outside the circle of Roosevelt's trusted advisers. "The President, by necessity, builds his own staff, and the Vice-President remains an outsider, no matter how friendly the two may be."

Mr. Truman began the process of giving the Vice-President more authority. Vice-President Nixon has been the beneficiary of this new policy as continued and enlarged by President Eisenhower. But Mr. Truman leaves no doubt that it is impossible for any President to delegate his essential duties to anyone else.

Nor does he believe that any Vice-President can be prepared in advance for the duties of the President. The lonely eminence of ultimate power belongs to the President and Mr. Truman sees nothing but disaster in attempting to weaken or dilute that responsibility.

Throughout the book the Far East keeps dividing attention with the problems of Europe. There is little new, in fact, in Mr. Truman's account of Potsdam or the ending of the war in Europe. He is more exciting in describing events in China and Japan. His references to Churchill and Eden are invariably cordial; and he praises Mr. Attlee and Mr. Ernest Bevin for the constancy with which they maintained the continuity of British policy at Potsdam after Labour's victory in 1945.

He is very careful, of course, to emphasize his early recognition of Stalin's bad faith. With great delight, he describes his rebuke of Mr. Molotov who complained, during his visit to the White House, that he had never been talked to in that way in his life. Mr. Molotov was told in return by an angry President that if Russia kept her commitments there would be no need of such talk.

President Truman is "morally certain" that if Congress had endorsed his program for universal military training as recommended in 1945 "we would have had a pool of basically trained men which would have made the Soviets hesitate in their program of expansion in certain strategic parts of the world."

Mr. Truman describes the unfortunately abrupt ending of Lend-Lease as his "first bad experience in the problem of delegating authority." On 8 May 1945, Mr. Leo Crowley, foreign economic administrator, and Mr. Joseph Grew, acting secretary of state, told President Truman they had an important order which Roosevelt had approved but had never

signed. This order authorized the reduction of Lend-Lease supplies when Germany surrendered. "They asked me to sign it. I reached for my pen, and without reading the document, I signed it."

Mr. Crowley interpreted the order so literally that he embargoed all shipments to Russia and to other European nations even to the extent of having some ships turn around and go back to American ports for unloading. The British were "hardest hit" but the Russians "interpreted the move as especially aimed at them."

Mr. Truman admits that "if I had read the order, as I should have, the incident would not have occurred." He adds that the sudden stoppage of Lend-Lease "was clearly a case of policy-making on the part of Crowley and Grew. It was perfectly proper and right, of course, to plan for the eventual cutting off of Lend-Lease to Russia and to other countries, but it should have been done on a gradual basis which would not have made it appear as if somebody had been snubbed."

Mr. Truman's account of how the American loan was negotiated with Lord Keynes gives new details on how the American decision was reached.

On September 20, Lord Keynes said the minimum aid required by Great Britain was \$5,000 million and that \$6,000 million would be a safer amount. The American delegation was divided. Mr. Clayton, the assistant secretary of state, recommended \$4,000 million and Mr. Vinson, the secretary of the treasury, believed that \$3,100 million should be the maximum amount.

Finally the American delegation agreed on \$3,500 million as a fair minimum and \$4,000 million as the maximum. "It was in the final stages of the conference that I decided upon a figure halfway between these two positions — \$3,750 million."

Mr. Truman does his best to defend this decision but he is plainly unhappy about the whole transaction.

MAX FREEDMAN

Mr. Fraley Fumes

Patrick Fraley, a 268-pound pillar of pulverized power, has suffered indignities before.

As a professional wrestler of no small standing, he has had his head pounded repeatedly on the ground. He has been propelled on numerous occasions through the ozone. He has had his arms twisted in a most frightful way. He has been bitten. He has been jeered. He has been walked on, in fact jumped on, times without number.

"But all this," Mr. Fraley explained Thursday, "was in the interest of pure sport."

"There are some things one simply cannot endure. There are some indignities which an athlete should not have to suffer."

"I," said Mr. Fraley, "am incensed."

Why?

"Well, good heavens, don't you read the paper? Mr. Turk's wrestling card has been shifted to Thursday night at the auditorium. It should have been on Friday night, but they set it back a day. They want the symphony on Friday night. The Princess Royal is coming, you see, and . . . well they thought the Princess simply had to hear the symphony."

Mr. Fraley sighed and cleared his throat. "I have always," he said, "been a distant admirer of the Princess Royal."

He had, he confessed, keenly looked forward to an appearance before royalty. Was there some reason why the Princess Royal couldn't have been treated to an exhibition of sportsmanship? She had, after all, heard symphonies before.

"It all could have been done in a most athletic and sporting manner with a minimum of screaming and sw. . . and perspiration."

Gouging, kneeing, bunting, strangling — all that sort of thing could have been kept to the minimum. The Princess could have been given a seat just far enough away from the ringside so she could have the benefit of the groaning and grunting without actually getting caught up in the proceedings if somebody happened to get thrown out of the ring.

But no!

For the Princess, they had to have the symphony. "I'll concede culture is important," said Mr. Fraley, "but surely there is such a thing as physical culture. Surely the athlete does deserve a place in the realm."

He sighed again. "Ah well," he said wistfully, tearing a telephone book into two pieces, "perhaps in the future. Perhaps the day will come when athletics are more suitably recognized. Until then we must remain martyrs to our craft."

TED BYFIELD

The Courtroom . . .

Death strikes in the dismal basement of a building in the wholesale district late at night. The police find a body and hunt a murderer.

The court room is spacious with marble pillars reaching to the stained glass ceiling. Between the pillars the walls are marble half way up. Light curtains drape the wainscoting above. At one end, well-matched marble has fashioned the throne of judgment, and on either side, like miniature grandstands in a stadium, are the jury boxes with 12 theatre-like chairs in each.

Stretching the width of the room between the jury boxes, a long wooden table covered with green cloth, unwrinkled, tucked and tacked.

Behind the table, facing the court, another marble structure about five feet wide with a back wall six feet high, and a front wall three feet high. A neat wrought iron latching gate for privacy — Grecian splendor for the prisoner.

Over all, the garish glare of modern fluorescent lights beating down on a cork floor in checker pattern, worn thin in spots by the feet of the just and the unjust.

The prisoner — nay, the accused — "that you did unlawfully commit murder . . ." (Can murder be committed lawfully?), sits straight on his marble bench, his face frozen

into an expressionless mask, hiding his thoughts, keeping silent in his isolation the echoes of his heart.

The properties — the bloodstained weapon, blood-stained clothing, the album of police pictures starting with the exterior of the building and leading on through dark pages to the stark, realistic photographs of a blood trail and of what was found at the end of it. All set out neatly in numbered order on the green covered table.

The crown attorney, his back to the accused, "... and we expect to have evidence placed before you that will show that the accused used the weapon to ..."

Counsel for the defence, scanning the faces of the jurors, scribbling notes, thumbing over a volume of legal lore.

A distinguished jurist presiding over his court, taking his first murder trial, now faced with charging the jury in such manner that he will have to pronounce yea or nay to seal the fate for life or death of a man who looks like a boy.

The long line of witnesses — "We had some beer in the hotel"... "When I turned on the light I saw the victim on the floor"... "I treated the accused as a patient for two years, I would say definitely that he is suffering from ..."... "Our analysis showed the stains on the clothing were those of human blood ..."... "After we cautioned him, he gave us the statement"... "I don't remember"... The long line of evidence forged link by link by the testimony of witnesses and identification of exhibits.

The 99 seats — raincoats and muskrat shorties, cookees and retired merchants, ex-convicts and eccentric elderly men, bellhops and law students and out-of-works; velvet and corduroy and cashmere and cotton. Now forward, now relaxed — discerning, bewildered, skeptical . . . "Wonder what I should take home for supper tonight?" . . . "A clever lawyer could have trapped that last witness" . . . "I can't be here tomorrow, I've got a part-time job" . . . 99 seats for people who have the time to fill them.

"Yes, my lord . . ." . . "If my lord will allow . . ." . . . "Now, my learned friend says . . ." "And now, witness, do you expect us to believe . . ."

The summations, by the defence — "... this young boy must have the benefit of any doubt ..." ... by the crown ... "He denies it, but gentlemen — it is in evidence ..." ... by the judge, "You may say he is guilty, not guilty or not guilty by reason of insanity ..."

The pacing of spectators released to the marble corridor. The cigaret and cigar butts cluttering the floor. The small groups conjecturing on life and death — housewives with

the law at their fingertips.

The long wait.

The return of the jurors, and the blue-suited one standing . . . "We find the prisoner guilty as charged . . ."

The measured pace of three men along a back hallway—one with his face distorted slightly from a spasm of sobbing after hearing his fate.

The last tread sounds along the halls and the glaring lights go off in threes in the now silent courtroom. The marble walls and the stained-glass ceiling and the checker-pattern floor vanish in a depth of darkness.

BOB NOBLE

Messrs. Qwert And Yuiop

In this age nothing must be regarded as perfect, finished or incapable of improvement. Everything can be made better, cars faster, bombs bigger and life ever more alarming. I had supposed, however, that the typewriter, or at least its keys, might last out, unchanged, to the end of my time.

But no. The General Services Administration of the United States proposes to alter the standard keyboard and, by a re-arrangement of the vowels, to increase the speed of the American Government by several sentences or even paragraphs a day, as if it were not fast enough already.

This is a serious business. Any stout - hearted man can read the news from Washington about new bombs without quailing, can even get used to the speeches of Congress and the reflections of Dr. Dulles; but if Washington attempts to change the typewriter it may expect and will deserve a world revolution. The typists of the world will unite, having nothing to lose but their keys.

Now, the keyboard of a typewriter is, at first sight, a meaningless pattern. It contains only two strange words, namely "qwert" and, slightly to the eastward, "yuiop." So far no one has translated these words for they are written in the secret language and undecipherable code of the typewriter, a creature not given to self-revelation. When they are at last decodified we may be sure they will reveal a profound truth of some sort. Meanwhile we are getting along all right without knowing what they mean.

The experts who propose to reform the typewriter are experts only in the field of mechanics and thus make the mistake of supposing the typewriter to be only a machine. As any typist can tell them, it is an apparatus of thought. It is not quite a complete thinking apparatus, to be sure. It still requires a human mind, or a small portion of one, to complete its mysterious mental processes. But it is usually more competent than its operator.

At any rate, the operator's mind becomes entirely dependent on the typewriter and cannot operate at all without it. And the marvelous, the truly mystical thing about a typewriter is that it can write anything, absolutely anything, provided it is given the right man at the keyboard.

Why, it could write Shakespeare's work entire if Shakespeare were around to give it a slight push. If it had been invented in his time who can tell how many more masterpieces he would have composed when freed of the labor of scribbling with a goose quill?

The typewriter is so flexible and infinitely sensitive that, according to a British astronomer and mathematician, we need only set enough monkeys working long enough at enough keyboards, to make certain that they will finally hammer out all Shakespeare's plays by the mathematical law of accident. Yes, and perhaps even better work to boot.

Before that hopeful experiment is launched, as no doubt it will be any day now, let us take no chances of error. Let us not annoy the typewriter and set it sulking by a violent rearrangement of its brain cells. Let us remember that it is not merely an extension of the human fingers but an extension of our innermost mind and therefore entitled to its own freedom of thought.

I am persuaded, having watched many writers at work, that the machine does the better half of literary creation. It cannot be set working without the man (that will come later) but assuredly the man cannot be set working without the machine.

Any wise employer, if he had to choose between the two, would choose the machine without hesitation. You never know what a man, and especially a woman, will do. You can count on the typewriter. It has no moods or crochets, never goes out for coffee, demands no fixed working hours and utters no words but "qwert" and "yuiop" in a silent voice. That cannot be said for its operator.

But it needs a long training before it is of any real use. A new typewriter may seem to work perfectly. It will do to write business letters, auditors' reports, budget speeches and other trivia. It must have years of education before it can produce original work.

When all the alphabet of the keyboard is rubbed off by friction, sweat and tears, when all the joints are loosened, when the machine is about to fall apart, then, like any artist, it really begins to hit its stride. It takes over completely from its operator who can lie back, let his fingers wander idly over the idle keys, watch the literature pour out and hear the lost chord at last.

Nothing will flow if the keyboard is altered, the brain deranged, the nervous system severed, the spell broken. We should cling, therefore, to what we have. We should depend on our old friends, Messrs. Qwert and Yuiop, who may refuse to speak our inferior language but have never let us down.



Grandma Howe: "Now children, you're not really hungry; let me tell you a story instead."

She Has Them On Her List

A woman—she is probably in her early middle years, pleasant, stylishly dressed and with a self-assured and purposeful demeanor — moves slowly past a table-full of books in a Toronto department store. She takes a folded paper from her purse and runs her eye down the book titles listed on the paper. Yes, it is just as she thought; there is the title, and there upon the table is the awful book itself. The lady glances back across her shoulder to assure herself no one can see her list, makes a pencil mark against the title, and moves on in search of other prey.

The lady is engaged in a crusade. One of a band of dedicated women, she is out to rid the book stores in Toronto of what some authority has decreed to be bad books; she wants them out of reach before they can test and strain the moral fibre of Toronto's people beyond the breaking point.

Ah, Madam, with your good intentions and your little surreptitious list, do you appreciate the difficulties of the Herculean labor you have undertaken? It is Lethe itself you must divert to scour the fertilizer from these Augean stables.

Or would you snatch the knowledgeable apple from old Adam's lips? It is too late now, even for a stomach pump; the juice is in his blood. That folded paper in your hand-bag is an epidermic needle. Are you qualified to use it? Do you know precisely how much blood a man can lose and not become anaemic, or a corpse? Are you really all that wise?

You are doubtless quite fastidious about the company you keep. Have you checked the antecedents, Madam, of your colleagues in this undertaking?

You glanced across your shoulder when you put the finger on that book and you thought you were alone. Look again; they are crowding in about you.

That pale, ascetic ghost whose eloquent and fiery eyes follow you with grim approval was called Savonarola, he who saw the flaming sword bend down from heaven and used that flame to kindle bonfires in the streets of Florence, fueled with the books of Ovid, Dante and Boccaccio. He knew exactly how much blood a man could spare; he could spare it all and be catapulted into heaven bone dry. Does your zealous colleague make you nervous, Madam? You need not be. He is less full-blooded than he was, for he himself was hung upon a fiery cross at last and his own books and sermons scorched him into immortality.

Among the best of sympathetic ghosts that hedge you in there are not many others you will recognize. You will remember Comstock, to be sure, with his sharp, neurotic eyes; and you know these gentlemen by sight, Herr Hitler, Signor Mussolini and Comrade Stalin, book burners all, but as a sideline merely; they were really pretty busy men.

But most of your companions are poor, faceless ghosts, remembered in their anonymity only because their sickly shadows once, momentarily, blotted out the light of human genius. Here is a shadow that once fell on Shakespeare, and here are shades that once obscured the pages of Racine, Voltaire, Immanuel Kant, Mark Twain and Thomas Hardy. One can hardly blame you, Madam, if the company that presses in upon you makes your flesh creep.

That you mean well, no one doubts. But the winds of the world are germ laden and it would take a clever person to syphon out the germs without cutting off the air. A child who grew to manhood or to womanhood within a sterile cubicle would face grave danger when at last the door was opened, as it must be, and the winds blew freely through.

Yet there are wise and gentle-minded men and women who find those self-same winds refreshing and invigorating. Are you so certain there is no book on your forbidden list that would delight such men and women and from which they might draw deeper wisdom, a commodity of which the world has never been embarrassed with a surplus? Can you really, Madam, without blushing, look such people in the eye and tell them you are qualified to be their judge?

G. S. ROBERTON

Alas, the Poor Canadians

OTTAWA: Russians will form a weird and false impression of Canada and Canadians if they depend for their information upon the new edition of the "Large Soviet Encyclopaedia" which has just come off the presses in Moscow.

The official picture of Canada for Soviet readers appears in a six page article in Volume 19 of the government - sponsored publication. A summary is included in the latest Monthly Bulletin of the Canadian Department of External Affairs.

According to the Soviet Encyclopaedia, agriculture in Canada "is characterized by sharply expressed class differentiations." About two thirds of all agricultural land is said to be found in "big farms... of more than 40 hectares." This is no doubt incredible wealth to the Russian peasant but, in Canadian terms, 40 hectares or about 100 acres, considerably less than a quarter section, is a modest holding.

Canadian agriculture, in the eyes of the Soviet writers, "is in fact dominated by the banks. They seize farms under the guise of assistance via one - sided loans and then they expropriate the land and all the property of the farmers. Even by official and clearly lowered data, the sum of mortgage debts of farmers in 1951 constituted 20 per cent of all the value of the land and the buildings."

The plain implication is that official Canadian statistics are deliberately falsified. It is worth noting that no evidence is advanced to support this flat assertion.

The Soviet article deals briefly with the majority of the population of Canada and then discusses in more detail the "basic population" of Eskimos and Indians, "who are deprived of elementary civil rights, are cruelly exploited and subjected to racial discrimination . . . In the southern regions the Indians live in special centres — reservations — where they are abandoned to the arbitrary domination of bureaucrats, speculators and usurers."

Several long sections are devoted to the Canadian economy. The following sentences set the tone of the analysis:

"General characteristics of the economy: Canada belongs to the industrial - agrarian developed capitalist countries and at the same time it is a country dependent economically and politically upon the United States and to a lesser degree upon England. This dependence generates the particular instability and vulnerability of its economy, as well as malformed disproportions in the development of its individual sectors."

One gathers from the Encyclopaedia that the main theme in Canada's economy is a bitter struggle between the United States and Great Britain, which the United States is now apparently winning. In this struggle the interests of Canada itself are always sacrificed.

"The monopolies of Canada, significantly enriching themselves during the war, became in the post - war period zealous champions of the preparation of a new world war. They achieved the transformation of the country to a war footing, accompanied by an increase in taxes and the cost of living and a further impoverishment of the working masses. On the other hand it brought about a big increase in the excess profits of the monopolies."

The Soviet publication concludes that, as a result of the concentration of this industry with military significance, "the production and broad distribution of consumer goods is in a state of stagnation."

On political developments in Canada the Soviet view is that recent developments represent the desperate efforts of the older political parties and the "Right - Wing Socialist party" to frustrate the vast progressive forces in Canada which would otherwise sweep the Canadian Communist party into power. Russian readers are informed that the Progressive party, which won a large number of seats in the federal elections of 1921 "withered away after losing the elections in 1926 and the revolutionary elements of the working class and of the farmers rallied around the Communist party of Canada, which led the struggle of the working masses of the country."

The article states that the Communist party was outlawed in 1940 "while encouragement was given to the activities of the Canadian Fascists." On education the authors find that the "curricula and methods of teaching in Canadian schools are ruled by American pedagogy. Science is replaced by the propaganda of racism, chauvinism and militarism." Judging by the amount of space devoted to him, Canada's greatest literary figure is Mr. Dyson Carter.

V. J. MACKIE

Recorder Of The Early West

The tall thirty - six year old bachelor riding horseback into the Red River Settlement could not foresee that little more than a hundred years later a beautiful residential street would be named for him here, or that his son and namesake at the age of sixteen would make his home nearby.

For when Paul Kane arrived at the Red River with his paints and a portfolio full of sketches made along the rugged canoe - trip from Toronto, he observed — "This Settlement is the chief provision - depot of the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is also here that large quantities of pemmican are procured from the half - breeds."

Later he added in his diary — "The country here is not very beautiful, a dead level plain with very little timber."

Yet he remained in the district almost three weeks sketching the permican - makers, the buffalo - hunts and the little settlement. One of the paintings he titled Fort Garry, The Red River Settlement, and it shows the Roman Catholic cathedral across the river to the right and Fort Garry in the distance. The second canvas called The Windmill is less familiar and shows the stone fort in the background while prominence is given to a large windmill and little wooden footbridge over a creek. The mill was the property of Robert Logan and ground flour for the whole of Western Canada at the rate of two - hundred bushels per day — when the wind was strong—and served as place of refuge in time of serious flood until boats could move off families and even livestock!

The first painting, owned by the National Gallery, has been reproduced many times but The Windmill is one of more than two - hundred sketches by Paul Kane that have remained in near obscurity for almost a hundred years. This collection also includes a very beautiful view of Point du Bois Falls as they appeared before the Winnipeg power development of necessity changed the scenery there.

In 1907 this collection was in the hands of Paul Kane, son of the artist living at Rathwell, some sixty - odd miles west of Winnipeg where he built the first grain elevator in the district, established a drugstore and a lumber business. Mr. Kane permitted the Winnipeg Free Press in that year to print four pictures from this collection never before reproduced. Later in 1922 these Kane originals were exhibited publicly in the old Board of Trade building on Main street.

Should these remarkable sketches ever be on permanent display they would add immensely to public pleasure and knowledge since they portray a way of life gone forever, and sites of scenic grandeur unknown to us today. These are the works for which Paul Kane suffered great privation as his packsack and portfolio grew heavier and bulkier on his arduous two - year journey across Canada and down into Oregon, then Hudson's Bay Company territory.

In order that he might find the Western Indians in their primitive and natural habitat while still little touched by the whiteman's ways, Kane sought and gained from George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, consent to travel with the company boat - brigades and dog - sleds. He carried only his painting equipment and a rifle, and lived as the voyageurs and native guides.

Whenever camp was struck or on long portages he took the opportunity to sketch unusual characters or the beauties of many picturesque places. Kakabeka Falls, York Boats on Lake Winnipeg, Fort Edmonton, the Chief Factor at Norway House and hundreds more — enough to keep him busy finishing for the rest of his life or twenty - five years. He endured unbelievable hardships to set down a colorful authentic record of the habits, customs and costumes of hundreds of Indians living west of the Great Lakes.

Kane was a most observant traveler, and in addition to setting down in his diary weather conditions, vivid descriptions of the country and people he met, he entered such items as:

"While I was one evening finishing a sketch, sitting on the ground alone in my tent, with my candle stuck in the earth by my side, one of these audacious brutes (Indians' dogs) unceremoniously dashed in through the entrance, seized the burning candle in his jaws and bolted off with it leaving me in total darkness."

He describes his meeting with the missionary, Rev. Robert Terill Rundle: "He had with him a favorite cat which he had brought with him in the canoe from Edmonton, being afraid to leave her behind as there was some danger of her being eaten during his absence." When the missionary rode horseback across the prairies he carried the cat in his capote and naturally she was the object of some awe and curiosity among the Indians.

In the Fall of 1934 a trapper found at the Big Bend of the Columbia River near Revelstoke, B.C. a tree blazed with these words — "P. Kane, Oct. 2, 1847." On this date Kane entered in his diary:

"It again rained heavily all day. Towards evening we camped. It is difficult to imagine the pleasure of an encampment round a large fire after sitting in an open boat on the Columbia River with the rain pouring down in torrents all day." While the Indian guides were making camp Kane no doubt placed his name on the tree, since the weather was too wet to permit him to make sketches. Forest - rangers cut the blaze from the tree and sent it to the Victoria, B.C. Museum for safe - keeping.

Although no Paul Kane canvas hangs in the Winnipeg art gallery there is a large showcase on the main floor of the Auditorium that contains numerous items from the artist's once very large collection of native weapons, costumes and handicrafts. Until the private collection of his original paintings are placed on permanent public display, these objects must suffice to remind us of Paul Kane's epic journey and monumental work to record for posterity early Western life.

NAN SHIPLEY

Without The Hand Of Eisenhower

WASHINGTON: Everything has been changed by President Eisenhower's heart attack. Almost never in the history of public life has there been so swift and shattering a reminder of what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue. Mr. Eisenhower seemed invulnerable as a man. In the process all the old calculations have suddenly been revised by the intimations of mortality.

It now is clear, in the light of the latest medical reports, that President Eisenhower's illness will keep him away from serious or strenuous duties until the beginning of next year.

Senator Lyndon Johnston, the Democratic leader, could make a swifter recovery from a more severe heart attack; but he is a Texas giant who is only 46 years old. President Eisenhower will be 65 next month.

We sometimes forget the long years of obscurity which preceded Mr. Eisenhower's rise to greatness. In March 1941 he was still a lieutenant-colonel. For nearly 15 years he has carried an almost crushing burden of military and political responsibility. His one quiet period, in fact, was during his brief presidency of Columbia University, an appointment which he obviously regarded as an interim duty. All these cumulative anxieties have now exacted their toll.

It is being said in Washington that we must prepare ourselves for three phases of the President's illness. During the next two weeks he will be passing through the critical period of recovery when he will be able to do no work. Then will come a slow period of convalescence when he can resume some of his duties with restraint and moderation. By about February it should be possible to measure his recovery with some precision.

One of the most carefully guarded secrets in American politics was that President Franklin Roosevelt suffered two minor heart attacks before he ran for his fourth term in 1944. There is some doubt whether even his prestige would have

sufficed to win him the nomination if it had been generally known that he was a sick man.

Today's situation is completely different. News of President Eisenhower's illness has gone round the world; Roosevelt would have withered away from politics; Mr. Eisenhower regards his presidency as another form of the public service in which he has been trained all his life. With unstained honor and complete integrity he can now yield to the entreaties of his wife and family, refuse a second term, and leave the White House as the most popular President in American history.

Almost the only people who think the President will be able to take the Republican nomination next year are his doctors. Nearly all the political leaders of both parties are agreed that the Republicans must find another candidate.

It is a curious deficit of the American constitution that it is deliberately obscure about the procedure for filling a presidential vacancy when the president suffers from "inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office."

"What is the extent of the term 'disability,' and who is to be the judge of it?" asked John Dickenson in the Federal Convention. There has never yet been a completely satisfactory answer.

The most conspicuous failure of the system occurred in the last phase of Woodrow Wilson's career when he was broken by a stroke and was unable, except at fitful intervals, to meet the duties of his office.

His wife, a formidable woman, assumed responsibilities for which there was no warrant in the constitution. Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State, tried to lead the nation during the interregnum. This usurpation of power roused Wilson's fury and he was able to break through his torpor long enough to dismiss Lansing contemptuously from the cabinet.

Nothing like this will happen now. There will be an orderly transition of power to Mr. Nixon as vice-president but it is confidently hoped that President Eisenhower will be strong enough to discharge the essential duties of his office.

A stern price, however, will be paid for the President's illness even under the best conditions. Mr. Dulles will resume his ascendancy in foreign affairs. Mr. Humphrey as Secre-

tary of the Treasury will increase his control over domestic policy.

Most of all, there will be rough passages with Congress. It would have been difficult even for President Eisenhower to maintain a steady initiative in his relations with Congress in an election year. That task will be all the harder when there is inevitable weakness in the White House over which the shadow of Mr. Nixon has so abruptly fallen.

The political consequences of Mr. Eisenhower's illness are too obvious to require much comment. Republican leaders had no alternative but to regard him as their inevitable candidate. Now they are stricken by their own strategy. Their exaltation of Mr. Eisenhower has suddenly revealed the bleakness of alternative candidates. Governor Harriman and Senator Kefauver have emerged as definite challengers to Mr. Stevenson for the Democratic nomination which now is a prize well worth having.

But all these political speculations, while necessary and indeed inevitable, can be deferred until there is better news about President Eisenhower.

MAX FREEDMAN

Indian Harvest

Moon of Wild Rice — that's the name the Indians call September, the month when they gather on the shores of shallow lakes and marshes to set up their camps in preparation for harvesting their traditional crop of "mahnomen" or wild rice. For Mother Nature has provided these wandering Indian tribes with this wild aquatic crop ideally suited to their nomadic way of life, a crop that requires no sowing or cultivating but lies waiting for their harvesting.

Two Indians to each canoe, they push off. The one in the bow slowly pushes the canoe through the towering rice stalks while the second kneels amidships and deftly bends the tall slender grass-like stems over the side of the canoe with an eighteen inch long "picking stick" while with a second "picking stick," held in the other hand, he gently taps off the rice heads into the bottom of the boat.

Back and forth across the lake the canoes glide making each new swath as close as possible to the last. Finally the rice-laden canoes, riding low in the water, are slowly poled to shore.

Over their slow fires, leathery-faced squaws now parch this green rice in battered basins and old pots to loosen the hulls. Then the men and young boys "dance the rice" in a hole dug in the ground, holding onto a bucking beam and chanting a monotonous rhythmic tune while jiggling up and down on the rice in moccasined feet to remove the hulls. The rice is ready for cooking after small quantities of it have been scooped up in birch bark winnowing trays and tossed and caught in the air to let the chaff blow off.

Already Indian families have set up their nondescript camps in the Whiteshell area on the shores of Horseshoe, Little Whiteshell, Echo and Lone Island Lakes and at Lac du Bois near Pointe du Bois, as well as at Lac du Bonnet, Fisher Branch, Pine Falls and Great Falls in readiness for this year's harvest which promises to be a good one.

But the bulk of the wild rice crop will not be processed by primitive Indian methods and stored in birch bark rogans for their winter's sustenance; it will be bought from the Indian pickers at 25 cents per lb. by the white trader who has laid his commercial hand on this age-old Indian crop and has devised mechanical ways of harvesting and finishing wild rice to such a degree of perfection that this unique Canadian cereal finds a ready demand on the Chicago market retailing at approximately \$110 per bushel.

It was Bill Williams of Pointe du Bois who had the faith and foresight to invent and build modern machinery to harvest wild rice and who since 1917 has pioneered the processing and marketing of this little known Canadian cereal. Williams, who leases 500 acres of marsh land from the Manitoba government, has studied and experimented in the rice field for more than a quarter of a century.

"The level of water in the lake or marsh is all important to the rice plant," says Williams, "from four inches to four feet — no more, no less," he emphasizes, "for this plant is an annual which sends up from the seed in the spring a floating leaf which lies on the surface of the water and which is the plant's contact with the life-giving sun. If the floating leaf becomes submerged by high water, then the crop for that year is a failure. However, many seeds lie dormant and do not germinate in the spring but are ready to begin life the following spring. This is the plant's insurance scheme, and so wild rice continues to grow in our marshes in spite of flooding," he concluded.

Williams decided that if he were going to harvest wild rice on a commercial scale he must (a) have some measure of control over the water level of the lake to prevent his crop from being drowned and (b) evolve a cleaner and more efficient method of parching, threshing and grading his product. At the north-east end of Lac du Bois, Williams has built a control dam with removal stop logs by which he can adjust the water level within certain limits. As the finest grade of rice is obtained by the Indian pickers gathering the rice in the way they have used for centuries, so this primitive method of picking rice continues. Also there is an understanding that Indians should be permitted to add to their incomes by harvesting their traditional crop. But when an Indian suddenly feels rich with his first earnings and wanders off before the harvest is complete the white man's harvester swings into action.

Williams' submarine harvester looks rather gaunt and unwieldly in appearance, a sort of surrealist binder mounted on a 32 foot scow on either side of which are revolving beater arms which gently tap the rice heads knocking the kernels onto the tin tables below. The kernels are carried by rakers to the boat where a helper shovels them into jute sacks. The scow is propelled and steered by two large paddle wheels operating independently and powered by an 85-horsepower engine. These paddle wheels by stirring up the mucky bottom of the marsh, cultivate the rice beds in the same way that a plow prepares the grain fields.

Conservationists, who had denounced wholesale harvesting of wild rice believing that the wasteful Indian pickers were actually sowing the next year's crop, were now convinced that though the mechanical harvester took off about 90 per cent of the crop compared with 50 per cent by the Indian method, yet stands of rice were greatly improved by this underwater method of cultivation.

Parching the rice is now done by a system of engine driven drums rotating over a low fire, hulling by modern machinery replaces the old Indian method of "dancing the rice."

Manitoba's wild rice fields, which are the finest in the world, are located between the 49th and 54th parallel, but to the east side of Lake Winnipeg where conditions suit this fussy plant.

Rice fields are administered by the Lands Branch and the Forestry Branch of the Manitoba Government and are at present leased to these rice farmers: Ivan Casselman of Fisher Branch, J. W. Wade and Merrick (Shorty) Holden of Lac du Bonnet, Bill Williams of Pointe du Bois, John Mc-Intyre of Pine Falls and Gus Carlson of Great Falls.

The government collects 15 per cent of the cash value of the rice when the rice fields are located in accessible areas and $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of cash value when the rice is located in an inaccessible area where planes must be used to freight it out. Also the Forestry Branch auctions off large wild rice areas in the Whiteshell area to the highest bidder for harvesting.

Why is this cereal little used by the Canadian housewife? First of all she doesn't know too much about it. She continues to use imported white polished rice for puddings and soups and with meat dishes although it has a much lower nutritional value than wild rice. Besides being just the right stuffing for wild duck, wild rice can be served with venison or any wild game or as a stuffing for peppers or combined with tuna fish or chow mein or baked in alternate layers with oysters as well as for a variety of desserts.

But the deciding factor with the housewife is the price of wild rice. Retailing at \$2.35 per pound (compared with white rice at 25 cents per pound) wild rice is almost pro-

hibitive to the average Canadian income. Pete Lazarenko, rice dealer and processor has offered quick frozen wild rice to consumers but again because of price, it has a very limited scale. "Mahnomen" from our marsh lands has truly become a luxury dish — the most expensive cereal in the world!

ANNA TILLENIUS

The Honoring Of Mencken

Mr. H. L. Mencken's 75th birthday, on Monday, September 12, has been made a proud day for American letters. The papers and magazines have been running over with tributes to an incomparable newspaperman. On Broadway the play about the famous "monkey trial" down South revives the faded glory of Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan and of Mencken too; but only of his brassy tongue; no glint of Mencken's shining mind falls upon that stage.

Mr. Alistair Cooke, who first came to the United States long years ago to study the American language under the inspiration of Mencken's example, has just edited an anthology of Mencken's best pieces as a birthday tribute to his hero. For Mencken there is a rich afterglow in the twilight.

Yet he will see and hear very little of it. For some seven years he has been trying in vain to shake off the effects of a stroke. His body is strong but he can no longer write, and he can read only with pain.

Can there be a greater affliction to such a man? His friend and biographer, Mr. William Manchester, has been trying to read to him in the morning: old familiar things from Mark Twain and Conrad and Dreiser that once lived in Mencken's mind; but now there are patches of oblivion and the slow reluctant grasp of an idea. It is a sad sight, and his friends stay away unless specially invited to Baltimore.

I want to write first about Mencken the newspaperman. He composed a paragraph at a time, as did Gibbon, waiting for the cadence of the final phrase and the crackle of the vindictive adjective. I have seen his copy as written from the floor of political conventions or as editorials flung to a printer a few moments before the deadline. Scarcely a word blotted; signed in every phrase with his genius: even a casual essay a coin minted in his native fancy; in everything the master craftsman, knowing no peer in his time and having no successor today.

I now read his political essays for entertainment. He had no judgment about public life. Almost always his political forecasts were grotesque. He not only wanted Landon to win in 1936; he actually believed that Roosevelt would lose. This exceeds the permissible margin of error.

As an oracle he was eccentric and stupid; it was only as an artist that he came into his own. I know of nothing except the essays of Hazlitt and A. G. Gardiner to equal Mencken's political writing when considered as triumphs of literature and masterpieces of portraiture.

As an editor he was the friend of neglected truth, the patron of style, the enemy of prejudice, the warrior against cruelty, the herald of the future sitting in brutal but brilliant judgment on the past.

He never asked whether a contributor was Communist or Fascist. All he wanted to know was whether the man could write.

Prejudice was never a member of his staff; but literature never had to knock twice to be admitted with honor. And he was no brave man in a tower; he thought under fire; and when bigots set themselves up as judges of books he took the offending volume with him to Boston and dared the authorities to arrest him. Milton would have known a kindred spirit in Mencken though he would have scorned Mencken's opinions.

Before dismissing Mencken as a scoffer and cynic, remember the age which he judged. It was an age of great events and little men: "the avenging march of the mediocrities," in Churchill's phrase. Why, we looked up to Coolidge and even thought Andrew Mellon was an inspired Secretary of the Treasury. When Mencken hooted that Washington was full of boobs he certainly was rude but he was not completely wrong. It was an age whose fever chart was the sickness of the

stock market. Mencken knew the age was sick and said so long before the crack.

Turn back his forgotten pages and you will find, times beyond calculation, that even amid the clash of yesterday's battles he pronounced the judgments which we now are ready to ratify. His voice sounded above an age of echoes; in a world of shams he moved with the cruel precision of truth.

What am I saying? One must remember the stains on his splendor. He was a Bible-smasher of primitive force whose arrogance hid his lack of wisdom. His prolonged sneer at Congress brought a measure of defilement on democracy. He scared good men out of public life as well as gibbetting the bad. When the depression came, and then the war he had no word of life in him. Men turned elsewhere for guidance. They could no longer be stayed with cynicisms nor comforted with epigrams. He was the east wind, swift and probing, yet cold and empty.

What of that? Think on Carlyle and gain perspective. When I was young I used to say that I would never marry anyone unless she loved Carlyle. Now I am willing to marry any girl who has heard of him. Thus far I am safe. (Editor's note: And the girls). "We did all very well together," said Carlyle, "and Stirling and I walked westward in company, choosing whatever lanes or quietest streets there were, as far as Knightsbridge where our roads parted; talking on moralities, theological philosophies; arguing copiously, but except in opinion, not disagreeing." So is it between Mencken and me.

Mencken for once would have agreed with Mr. Justice Holmes when he said that "our system of morality is a body of imperfect social generalizations expressed in terms of emotion." How his heart would have rejoiced if he had been able to judge the pomps and plausibilities of our disconsolate little age.

Think of the essay he would have written on McCarthy, and how he would have made the platitudes skip in the White House! Mencken, America "hath need of thee." But I must resist the beguiling dream.

Old, stripped of creative power, an alien name to the young, unable even to feel the rapture of this postponed tri-

bute, Mencken moves among us now in his fallen grandeur with only a reminiscence of his lost greatness hanging loosely about him. Soon all will be gone, swallowed in the last silence. No, not everything. For a few, something will be saved from oblivion. There will be his words, to fortify and illuminate, and the memory of the stricken giant who once walked among us and touched us with his power.

MAX FREEDMAN

Great Shakespeare's Ghost?

With the publication of "The Murder of the Man Who Was Shakespeare," Mr. Calvin Hoffman adds one more name to the list of literati who insist that Shakespeare did not write the plays credited to him.

His candidate for the Hall of Fame has never before been nominated. He is Christopher Marlowe, brilliant dramatist and poet who was born in the same year as Shakespeare.

One great obstacle confronted Mr. Hoffman: how to account for the fact that biographers, without exception, state that "Kit" Marlowe was slain in a drunken brawl at Deptford on May 30th, 1593. If so how could he possibly have fathered plays written years after his death and published under the name of William Shakespeare?

To this query Mr. Hoffman has an answer of amazing simplicity. The grave in which Marlowe is supposed to have been buried actually contains the bones of some unfortunate nonentity stabbed by a ruffian named Ingram Frizer. The victim was falsely identified as Marlowe and after a perfunctory inquest, presided over by a coroner bribed or intimidated by higher-ups, the corpse was hastily buried. Meanwhile Marlowe was smuggled across the Channel, holed up on the Continent until the heat died down and then was spirited back to England. There, hidden on the estate of Sir Thomas

Walsingham, an ardent admirer of the young poet's talents and person, "Kit" completed the Shakespearean works known to have been written subsequent to his "death!" Such, in capsule form, is Mr. Hoffman's colorful account of "The Murder of the Man Who Was Shakespeare."

But why was all this cloak-and-dagger stuff necessary? Hoffman has made ingenious use of facts regarding Marlowe's life discovered during the last 25 years. Dovetailing them neatly together he comes up with an answer.

A charge of heresy had been laid against Marlowe and his trial was to be held in June of 1593. Heresy in those days was a crime almost as serious as that of high treason. It is certain that Marlowe would have been tortured, perhaps burned at the stake.

He was arrested and released in custody of Walsingham. At any moment the date of his trial might be announced. Things looked grim indeed for the young playwright. Sir Thomas, Mr. Hoffman asserts, took immediate action to save his protege; with the highly satisfactory results outlined above.

Before accepting this theory readers are entitled to clarification on several points in Mr. Hoffman's book. To begin with, his belief in the power wielded by Walsingham is not borne out by any known facts.

What is known of Thomas Walsingham? He was, according to his biographers, "a country gentleman . . . a courtier . . . a Justice of the Peace . . . a patron of the arts . . ." That is all.

What little is recorded of his character gives no reason to believe that he would have risked his position, his estates, his very life, to effect the escape of the poet he patronized. Such an action would argue a love surpassing that of Jonathan for David . . . of Damon for Pythias.

There is another version of the affair, by all odds the most probable. It is that Marlowe was killed in the manner described by every one of his biographers. He was a lover of the wine cup and a brawler. He had not so long before taken part in a duel. A friend of his intervened, was wounded and slew Marlowe's opponent. Kit spent 13 days in jail as a material witness.

His comrades on the 30th May, 1593 are described as "a sharper and spy by the name of Ingram Frizer, Nicholas Skeres, a decoy for Frizer, and Robert Poley by reputation unsavoury . . ." "There was nothing in common between these bully boys and the intellectual Marlowe," Hoffman asserts. It is suggested that they had more than one thing in common.

Marlowe, it is known, had been a spy. It is more than probable that he had taken part in assignments with one or more of these sinister characters. And it seems pretty certain that all four tipped a flagon with equal relish. Marlowe, like many another "intellectual," would find nothing distasteful about passing a day in the company of three cronies with a plump landlady to administer to their wants.

Hoffman will have no part of this second version, for his whole case is based on the first. Yet the second version is the only one with documentary evidence to support it. One thing at least emerges from the coroner's report — a man was killed at Deptford on that night. The record of the coroner's inquest contains some very puzzling features and Mr. Hoffman makes the most of them. However, every argument he uses in support of his own theory can be used with equal effectiveness if applied to version number two.

In his "The Murder of the Man who was Shakespeare," what "evidence" does Mr. Calvin Hoffman present to support his thesis that Christopher Marlowe wrote the plays for which we now give Shakespeare credit? Shakespeare, he points out, was of humble parentage. How, then, could he have gained so intimate a knowledge of Court manners and customs? This is a common springboard from which all members of the anti-Shakespeare school dive into a sea of conjecture.

The same objection can be applied with equal truth to all leading dramatists of the Elizabethan period, with the exception of Beaumont and Fletcher. Many of Shakespeare's rivals had attended the University of Oxford or of Cambridge. Shakespeare, it is generally agreed, was not enrolled at either. Indeed, Hoffman will have it that he did not even receive a primary education at the grammar school of Stratford-on-Avon. What Marlowe's champion fails to realize is that

genius is no respecter of birth or education. The old school tie is not the hallmark of genius.

A section of Mr. Hoffman's book is devoted to a comparison of passages in prose and poetry which occur in the writings of both Shakespeare and Marlowe. Over 1,000 instances of Shakespearean similes and metaphors resembling those of Marlowe have been assembled by Mr. Hoffman. Among them is a complete stanza from Marlowe's "Passionate Shepherd to His Love" which appears, almost verbatim, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Other passages are quoted from Shakespeare which resemble those of Marlowe to a striking degree.

There is a simple explanation for these resemblances. It is that Shakespeare was not above purloining the jewels of others to reset them to his own taste. Lovers of Shakespeare may be shocked at the suggestion that the Swan of Avon was guilty of plagiarism. Let them take comfort from Walter Savage Landor. When the charge of making use of other authors was levelled against Shakespeare he replied: "He was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them to life."

It must also be remembered that in the days of Elizabeth I and James I, copyright laws were unknown. It was a case of every dramatist for himself. Shorthand writers were employed by rival playwrights to jot down a synopsis of a new play and as much of the dialogue as they could transcribe.

There is another way of accounting for some of the "parallel passages." These might well have been introduced by the players themselves to "fatten" their parts. It must have been a common practice at the time, for Hamlet warns the strolling players "to speak no more than is set down for them" and then coolly arranges for lines of his own to be inserted in the play they are to perform!

Finally there is the well known fact that many of the plays written during the Elizabethan era were the joint efforts of two or more dramatists. A fragment of a play of that period, "Sir Thomas More," bears the handwriting of six different people. Collaborators in Shakespearean plays may have introduced many Marlovian phrases listed by Hoffman.

One thing seems pretty certain. Until Hoffman substitutes positive proof for wishful thinking "Shakespeareans" are not likely to desert the colors of such outstanding scholars and critics as Dryden, Pope, Lamb, Hazlett, De Quincy, Arnold, Wordsworth, Macaulay, Ruskin, Voltaire, Goethe, Taine and those of a later generation.

These men differed widely in their assessment of Shakespeare's works. But all agreed that no English author ever equalled the towering genius of Mr. William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, in the County of Warwickshire, England.

H. B. CHIPMAN

What The Thames Means

LONDON: Some time next year the chief town air terminal of London—on the South Bank—will close and be removed to Kensington to a place which for the moment has no more precise name than Cromwell Curve.

This move is a pity because it means that about threequarters of our air visitors miss the magnificent view of London which is their privilege when they arrive at Waterloo. The glimpse of the North Bank is enough to put out of mind the subtopian sprawl around the airport of the seediness of some inner suburbs on the route. But most important is that it lets the visitor see quickly the river which more than anything else explains London's existence.

The Thames, which winds like a serpent through the centre of London, from Hammersmith, past Chelsea and Westminster to the Tower Bridge where the docks begin, is not a wide, handsome river lined with splendid buildings, spanned by beautiful bridges. The Seine or the Arno can offer finer sights as they flow through Paris and Florence.

Only one stretch of the embankment, from Westminster to Blackfriars, can display any continuity of large buildings, and only on one side of the river. On the other is one of

London's most neglected and decayed quarters, though a part made more seemly by the building of a new embankment and concert hall has become what we now refer to as the South Bank.

Upstream at Richmond, Kew and Hampton Court there are some stretches of almost rural pleasantness, but the Thames as it runs through the centre of London is not an immediately impressive sight.

Yet it does impress anyone who cares to walk to its banks and watch for half an hour or so, and it impresses even more anybody who cares to find out how much the Thames means to the life of London.

There could have been no great city of eight million people if it had not been for the deep river, widening as it flows through Kent and Essex, until at its estuary it seems to face the mainland of Europe with wide open arms, inviting ships to sail up carrying trade to London, carrying visitors, and (at one early part of history) carrying invaders.

This is no history lesson and I am not trying to tempt you into a study of geography either, but let me just say that the shape of the river attracted the Romans who sailed up it till they found some dominating land suitable for defence.

Perhaps it would have been better if it had not been so. Perhaps England might have been better served by a smaller capital further inland, because we all know now that London is too big, has grown grotesque as a place to live in and is almost choking itself with the daily traffic of people moving to and fro like ants in their heap. But it is so.

As other rivers have irrigated the land to grow crops, the Thames irrigated it to grow houses and shops and factories, centres of government, commerce and art, palaces and cathedrals, hotels and cinemas and theatres—till they have spread for twenty miles or more on either side of the river bank and fused themselves together into London.

I live five miles north of the river, yet at night when the traffic is quiet for a few hours I can hear the ships' sirens as they hoot their way up or down the river on the tide. You must be very unconscious of what London is, as a city, if you do not grow to know and love the Thames.

The river will not let you forget it, for even if you cannot see it you can hear it. But it is better to see it — to stand on Waterloo Bridge at night and see the embankment curving away from you towards the Houses of Parliament, wearing its street lights like a necklace.

Or further downstream to stand in one of the galleried public houses — like the Grapes in Limehouse — and watch the ships gliding past in the dusk, looking larger than they really are, and reminding you, if you have a taste for the past, that men had stood on that same gallery and watched ships pass by long before they were driven by steam. Or to remember that Charles Dickens probably sat on that gallery, for he used the house for a scene in one of his novels, just as he used the Prospect of Whitby, further up the river, in another.

It is often said that Londoners do not appreciate their river and this, I think, is true. But when the airlines adopted the South Bank at Waterloo as their home it meant that the strangers at least would have their eyes opened quickly — not only to the staggering panorama of the North Bank but to the magnificence of the river itself.

GERARD FAY

Distorted Image

This is the fifth life of Mackenzie King to be written in the past thirty years. It is the first to be dedicated to proving Mr. King to be a fraud, a deceiver alike of friends and foes, a man who was false to the memory of his grandfather, William Lyon Mackenzie, the rebel of 1837, and, indeed, a person totally unworthy of public trust and office. In a word, this is a job of unqualified, denigration. Jobs of this sort are quite rare in any country. This is the first of its kind to be done on Mr. King or, for that matter, on any Canadian public man.

Of the earlier lives, the first two, by John Lewis and Norman Rogers, were frankly partizan appreciations. The Lewis book tells nothing new. But the Rogers life, despite electioneering overtones (it was written on the eve of the 1935 general election) is in most ways the best book yet written on the earlier Mr. King. Reginald Hardy's life is a panegyric. Bruce Hutchison's book is more of an impression than a definitive life but especially on the later years, including the 1944 conscription crisis, it is easily the best.

The Ferns-Ostry life covers the period from Mr. King's birth in 1874 until August 1919 — 45 years. It closes with the cheers of the great national Liberal convention ringing for the new leader — Mackenzie King.

It is doubtful if this book will have any wide audience in this country. It will be plain to every reader and to everyone who lived through all or part of the Mackenzie King era that the authors are so obsessed by their antagonism to King that they cannot be objective. Yet, as everyone will agree, no small, conniving, selfish man could ever be the prime minister of this country for more than 20 years — including many stormy years of depression and war. No one could fool the people so long.

The probabilities are that most readers who finish the course will have parted company with their two guides fairly early in the book. For once the reader becomes aware of the hatred of King which lies just below the surface of every line, the book becomes entertaining rather than shocking or depressing. The authors, like athletes, address themselves to hurdle after hurdle — many of them quite difficult hurdles. The reader becomes interested, not so much in Mr. King as in how these biographers will explain away his achievements.

It used often to be said that Mr. King was exceedingly fortunate in his enemies. There was something about him that inflamed their hatred, causing them to become so unfair and unreasonable as to forfeit public attention. They destroyed themselves. Mr. Ferns' and Mr. Ostry's book is incontrovertible proof that the old King magic is still potent.

The method used in writing this book is to take Mr. King's achievements one after the other and attempt to prove

that they were failures — not nice clean failures but failures caused by dishonesty, insincerity, unfaithfulness, and by all baser vices which mar mankind. Even here, as will be shown, their intentness on character assassination robs them of the sense of the relative importance of the events they discuss.

The first event is the students' strike at Toronto university in 1895. Four pages are devoted to proving that King was a leader in the students' revolt but that when the going became rough he abandoned his fellows and returned to his classes. The charges are scarcely worth discussing. The chief demand of the students was for an investigation. When this was granted, it is true that King returned to his classes.

Of King's numerous reports to Sir William Mulock on sweating conditions in government contracts, it is said that he suppressed facts unfavorable to the government. The inference is that this is how King got his start in the employ of the federal government. The obvious answer here is that as a result of King's work sweating under government contracts stopped.

A great deal of space is given to decrying King's early activity as deputy minister and minister of labor. He acted as conciliator in many labor disputes and is represented by the authors as invariably selling out the workers, of being the chore boy of the bosses. The prize exhibit is the Grand Trunk strike of 1910 in which Mr. King is said to have made a clean sweep by deceiving not only the workers, but the bosses, his own chief, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and his colleagues in the cabinet.

In these labor disputes, Mr. King undoubtedly did a great deal of compromising. But it is the fact that the labor leaders, especially in the Grand Trunk dispute, were his firm supporters from then onwards. One of them, James Murdock, later entered politics and joined King's cabinet.

Of the Industrial Disputes Act of 1907, the authors say that it was never of any use in settling disputes, was found to be ultra vires by the Privy Council in 1925 and thereafter became a dead letter. This is untrue. The law was the first statutory application of the policy of compelling labor to conciliate before going on strike. The law was found ultra

vires in 1925 only so far as provincial jurisdiction is concerned. But many of the provinces thought so highly of it that they enabled the act to apply within their jurisdiction. The 1907 act, in a new dress of 1948, is in force and effect today.

A good illustration of the bias of the book is the treatment of King's Combines Investigation Act of 1910. The authors say that the statute was no good and was reappealed in 1919. In a footnote they add that Mr. King put through a second Combines Investigation Act in 1923.

What happened is this. The Liberals were defeated in 1911, a year after the law was enacted. The Conservatives, who have always been opposed to this act, did not enforce it and ultimately repealed it. King re-introduced it as soon as he gained office. Indeed, this happened all over again in 1930. The Conservatives, upon gaining office in 1930, again destroyed the 1923 Combines act and King, upon his return to power, re-enacted it in 1937. The act has given a good account of itself as the public is well aware.

The defeat of the Liberal party in 1911 is attributed by the authors to King's mishandling of the Grand Trunk strike. In this way they offload the crowning misfortune of the party — defeat — on their luckless subject. However, this theory comes rather late. The election, in 1911, was fought in the English provinces on the reciprocity agreement and in Quebec on the Laurier naval policy. It is nonsense to pretend otherwise.

Much is made of Mr. King's mission to Colorado to settle the strike in the Rockefeller mines. The "crime" here, apparently, was the formation of a "company" union. The workers wanted an independent trade union. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was opposed to any union. There was a strike accompanied by violence and bloodshed. King's settlement was a compromise.

On the outbreak of war in 1914, there was an interchange of letters with William Jennings Bryan, and a copy of King's letter to Bryan was sent to President Eliot of Harvard.

Here the authors have uncovered a very unwise letter by King. But they misuse it. On September 7, King wrote to Bryan saying among much else that the United States should remain neutral. He sent a copy to Eliot, and the authors say that President Eliot disagreed with King. They quoted from a letter by President Eliot to King dated September 16, 1914. It may be that the authors never saw all of President Eliot's letter. If so, they will be interested to know that the original, which is in Mr. King's papers, says that he (Eliot) agrees with King in the view expressed to Mr. Bryan.

President Eliot, as the authors point out, believed Germany should be punished but he did not indicate, in this letter, that he believed the United States should pitch in. Indeed, he was just as much at sea as King. He told King that King's work in advancing the cause of industrial peace was the most important work then being done in the world.

A fair criticism of King in this regard would be that, like many others at the outset of the First World War, he thought that it would be over by Christmas. Beyond that, his marked tendency toward pacificism would lead him to desire to restrict the area of conflict.

Towards the close, the book appears to fall increasingly under the influence of the Murphy papers. Hon. Charles Murphy was an Irish Catholic lawyer at Ottawa who reached the first rank of the Liberal party about the time of the defeat in 1911. He was the organizer of the 1919 convention which chose King in succession to Laurier. Extreme in his likes and dislikes, he began as King's foremost supporter and ended as his most malignant enemy. Murphy detested every Liberal who forsook Laurier in 1917 on the conscription issue. This perhaps explains why the authors of this book smear so outstanding a public man as Newton Wesley Rowell. Another great Canadian who is smeared, for no reason that is apparent, unless it be a love of smearing, is Dr. O. D. Skelton.

Much of the denigration of King is amusing. There is a critical discussion on page 177 of whether or not Laurier asked King to accompany him on a speaking tour, as if it mattered a straw one way or the other. Of greater importance is the repetition of the statement made by Sir Robert Borden in his memoirs, that he had been told that King was ready to desert Laurier and join the Union Government in 1917. No proof of this statement has ever been offered. The authors repeat this charge because it is damaging to King. What they fail to do and what in fairness they should have done is to record that King denied Sir Robert's statement. His statement of denial was made to the House of Commons in December 1944.

The book is all of a piece. In it the muck of all the Mackenzie King haters — and there have been plenty — is gathered together. Nothing has been overlooked. Yet the average reader will lay down this book much more sympathetically inclined towards Mr. King than when he picked it up.

Perhaps the very reason for Mackenzie King's success as a public man exposes him to attacks of this kind. Mr. King was not a crusader. He was not the Little Rebel reborn. He was no man for the barricades. He talked a great deal about his grandfather and he was forever denouncing "The Interests." But throughout his life, Mr. King was a coolheaded, middle-of-the-road politician. He compromised on every important issue which confronted him. He made bargains. He never out-paced public opinion and he never lagged far behind. His sense of the public mind was uncanny.

Conciliation was the magic word of his life. And in all the settlements he made — and it is astonishing how many seemingly insoluble problems he solved — his inner sympathies always were with the common folk. Never, however, did he let his sympathies get out of hand.

This kind of a public man — forever offering half-loaves in place of whole loaves — is exposed to attacks of this kind. Nothing he does is perfect; nobody ever scores a clear win. There are always two points of view as to the results.

Why would two trained historians — both graduates of Manitoba University — labor so arduously for the sole purpose of blackening the reputation of Mackenzie King?

The book affords no clue.

GRANT DEXTER

Henry Moore Exhibition

There are few pastimes less rewarding than attempting to assess the position in his field of an individual artist; and yet in the case of Henry Moore, an exhibition of whose work is now at the Winnipeg Art Gallery, there are remarkably few dissenters of importance. Moore may not be "at the head of the world's sculptors," but he is a great artist; of that there is no doubt as there is no doubt of the individual nature of his talent, its power, vision, and imagination.

It does not matter whether he is at his most literal or most abstract, the overwhelming impression he leaves is one of pride and hope in mankind. Much has been written about his imaginative vision, his preoccupation with the female figure and the mother and child unit, and his symbolic uses of both; but not enough has been said about his own strong belief in the dignity of the human being.

In an age which has subjected its own kind to the greatest indignities in history, which seems determined to submerge the individual in the mass, and which glorifies those terrifying creatures Common Man and Average Man, Moore's art convinces us that we are neither common nor average, but separate, special, and quite wonderful.

The Battersea group, which appears rather ponderous in the confines of the gallery, takes on in its own surroundings of trees and earth and sky a majesty and dignity which few contemporary artists can match. The draped, reclining figure done for the Time-Life Building in London is serene enough even in its plaster form inside the small south gallery, but it is magnificent against the noisy, bustling and transitory background of Bond Street and its occupants.

The third of the very large works in the show, one of which in its final form is carved in Darley Dale stone and the other two cast in bronze, is the reclining figure commissioned for the Festival of Britain some years ago, a very different work from the more classical Battersea group and Time-Life figure but capturing nonetheless all the Moore qualities of vitality, grace and dignity, with the additional freedom of the abstraction.

It is this quiet energy controlled by a massive calm which is Moore's most impressive quality. He himself argues that sculpture is "an art of the open air. Daylight, sunlight is necessary to it, and for me its best setting and complement is nature. I would rather have a piece of my sculpture put in a landscape, almost any landscape, than in, or on, the most beautiful building I know."

The larger pieces in their proper locations bear this out. The difference between these works imprisoned inside a building and the same works under the sky, in the rain and sunshine, is quite incredible. They appear to move with the shifting light and shadow, to change in the clouds and in the rain. They are not the same creatures.

Evidence of Moore's greatness is also apparent, however, in the small and medium sized sculptures in the show, whether they are finished works or maquettes, the little rough models from which the main works are carried out.

Even in their small size these bronzes retain the dignity and serenity of the larger pieces.

The contrast between the sculpture and the drawings is quite extraordinary. Where the former are full of life and power, the latter are stylized and pretty.

Moore's importance, of course, is not as a two-dimensional artist and there is no reason why he should be great in both mediums but the drawings nonetheless remain a disappointment unless they are treated as mere notebook sketches which provide the inspiration for the final work in the round.

In any event, they are not important. He will be remembered for his sculpture. These are the end works and the drawings no more than the first seeds that have grown into superb achievements of an artist who personally is a modest and honest person. And honesty is high in the list of virtues which adorn his work.

F. B. WALKER

The Real "Bummy" Davis

NEW YORK (NYHT) — It was ten years ago this week that Bummy Davis died. It was Thanksgiving week, like now, and if a preacher were looking for a Thanksgiving sermon all he'd have to do is tell about Bummy and wrap it up with "there, but for the grace of God." This is no sermon, though.

It's just that Bummy's name came up at a bar and a fellow who was his friend said he didn't think people generally had ever got the whole, straight picture of Bummy, not while he was alive and not even now, ten years after those guns blew off in Dudy's bar. He said that to see Bummy straight you had to know Brownsville and Beecher's Gym and pushcart business and — well, there was even the matter of Bummy's name.

His square name was Albert Abraham Davidoff, and in Jewish Abraham can become Ahvron or maybe Ahvroom. The mother leans out the tenement window to call a kid to supper. "Ahvroom," she cries, "Vroomy, Vroomy," and with the kids Vroomy can become Boomy or Bummy. In some neighborhoods there may be half a dozen kids in one school called Bummy.

Later on when the Davidoff kid got to be Al (Bummy) Davis, the fighter, the public accepted the nickname as a character sketch meaning he was a roughneck who fought dirty. Of course, he was a roughneck and at least once he did fight dirty, though not without provocation.

You don't have to be a roughneck just because you grow up in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, but the odds are you will be if one of your brothers is big Gang-Gy and the other is named Duff, or little Gang-Gy, and you run with a mob called the Cowboys and enjoy fighting even as a very small boy. You get one kind of reputation and hardly anybody ever gets to see the other side of you.

There can be another side, though. There can be a kid working very hard selling tomatoes and stuff off the pushcart and has a private collection of recordings by the better Hebrew singers. Al Davis used to sit playing his records by the hour, all alone or maybe with one friend, and he ate in a little restaurant on Amboy street near Pitkin avenue favored by the Jewish actors, whom he admired greatly. Instead of that Al Davis, the public knew about the one in the candy store.

The public heard about that after Bummy got to be a main event fighter with a left hook that had brought him storming up through the Ridgewood Grove and Dexter Park and St. Nick's and into Madison Square Garden where he had stiffened Tony Canzoneri and Tippie Larkin. There was this argument in the candy store and Bummy beat up a guy and got pinched and Mike Jacobs had to get an adjournment for him so he could fight Lou Ambers, the lightweight champion of the world.

Of course professional fighters shouldn't slug people in candy stores, and nobody ever asks how great the provocation may have been. To the crowd Bummy was a bully and a no-goodnick. The fans loved it when Ambers gave him a going-over.

That's how it was with Bummy. He was a roughneck and a bruiser and a bully. The crowds came clamoring and paid to see him whipped. That night in the Garden with Fritzie Zivic there was nobody to take his side or even pause and consider that perhaps he did have a side.

Not that Zivic didn't have a reputation of his own, well-earned and widely known. Nobody ever knew better than Fritzie what thumbs and laces were for. Another fighter might have been excused for retaliating when Zivic started giving him the business but this was Bummy Davis, the roughneck. When he lost his head and started belting Zivic low and kicked at the referee, the crowd practically rioted. Nobody stopped to ask, "Hey, wasn't it Zivic who started it?" It was Bummy they suspended, "for life."

Today, 15 years later everybody remembers the first Zivic fight and Bummy's disqualification. They forget the second one and what happened in between. In between Bummy joined the army, taking Stutz and Mousie and the rest of his mob in with him. Then he got unsuspended so they

could use him on furlough fighting Zivic back for army emergency relief.

That was great, fighting out of shape and for free. Zivic stopped Bummy in ten, putting lumps on him so that Bummy couldn't get his hat on afterwards. He stayed away from camp too long licking his wounds and when the Army had to go find him to bring him back the boxing commission got sore and re-suspended him.

That was Bummy, always in trouble right down to the day he was through with fighting and bought the bar on Rockaway Parkway. He ran it a while, unsuccessfully, and had only recently sold it when the four hoods walked in. If they hadn't been jerks from the sticks, chances are they'd have known about Bummy Davis and never tried to heist that place, even though he was only there as a customer at the time.

He looked at their guns and said why didn't they give Dudy a break, the poor guy had just bought the joint and the till was practically empty. One of the punks said something and Bummy's hook broke his jaw but another shot Bummy in the neck. Then they ran and Bummy chased them, blood coming from his neck. He was running into a fight when more bullets got him. He died on the rainy sidewalk Nov. 21, 1945.

RED SMITH

Dual Role For Lieutenant-Governor

If Manitoba's Lieutenant - Governor wishes to go fishing in Clearwater Bay, he cannot do so without first having obtained leave from the Governor General of Canada, either under the Governor General's sign manual, or through the Secretary of State. The reason is that Clearwater Bay is in Ontario and so is out of bounds to the Lieutenant - Governor of Manitoba, without permission from above.

That is one of the details made clear in a publication issued this year by the federal Department of Justice. It is a "Memorandum on the Office of Lieutenant-Governor of a Province: Its Constitutional Character and Functions (with appendices)." Those of Canada's ten Lieutenant - Governors who read it may have had a queer feeling.

A section on "Views as to the Character of the Office Prior to 1892" establishes that the interpretation of the character of the office was different before 1892 from what it is today. A majority of judges and politicians of the pre - 1892 era were in broad agreement that Lieutenant-Governors were the servants of the Government of Canada. Of the politicians' opinions, the memorandum notes:

"These opinions of high political officers at the time of Confederation clearly indicate that Lieutenant-Governors, except in a very limited way, did not directly represent the Sovereign in the province."

Most judges agreed: "These judicial pronouncements, and others, that the Lieutenant - Governor is not the Sovereign's representative in the province or, at the most, only in a limited sense, predominate the judicial opinion in the period immediately after Confederation. They illustrate that the judges were in accord with views of the statesmen."

A few judges, however, held a contrary view; and the section on "Judicial Views Since 1892 as to the Nature of the Office" reveals that their horse came in. A judgment of the judicial committee of the Privy Council removed any doubts that the Lieutenant-Governors of the provinces are, for the purposes of provincial government, representatives of the Sovereign.

But the section on the post - 1892 views does not, as might be expected, close the subject. The next section, on "The Dual Capacity of Lieutenant - Governors in Relation to Functions," submits that the Lieutenant - Governor, as head of the executive government of his province and as a constituent branch of the provincial legislature, acts in two capacities. One is as a representative of the Sovereign for all purposes of provincial government; the other is as a federal officer with respect to the discharge of certain of his functions.

Lord Haldane is quoted: "The analogy of the British Constitution is that on which the entire scheme is founded, and that analogy points to the impropriety, in the absence of clear and unmistakable language, of construing Section 92 (of the B.N.A. Act) as permitting the abrogation of any power which the Crown possesses through a person who directly represents it."

The writer of the memorandum, however, observes that Lord Haldane's statement appears to be in the nature of an obiter dictum only, and goes on to point out that the title of Lieutenant - Governor implies that the holder of this office is "nominally subordinate to the Governor General."

"In result it would appear that although the Lieutenant-Governor of a province, as such, is a representative of the Queen and is entitled to describe himself as such, the Governor General is the only direct representative of Her Majesty and the only person who is, as of right, entitled to the privileges and courtesies that are incident to that high office."

This is, in effect, summarized by an author of 150 years ago, who wrote:

"You can and you can't.
You shall and you shan't.
You will and you won't."

But it comes out all right for the Lieutenant - Governor in the end. In spite of the fact that it is his normal duty to accept the advice of ministers having the confidence of the legislature, his right to dismiss his ministers when he has ceased to have confidence in them would appear "unquestionable." And only the uncharitable would point out that a Lieutenant - Governor who did dismiss his ministers (His Honor Luc Letellier, Lieutenant - Governor of Quebec in 1878) was discharged from his office as a result.

Furthermore, although the Lieutenant - Governor normally assents to the bills of his legislature, he can "reserve" a bill for the pleasure of the Governor General. He can even "withhold assent" — although the memorandum submits that this is a "difficult and delicate" proceeding. Neverthe-

less, the memorandum points out, Lieutenant - Governors of Prince Edward Island in 1924 and in 1945 actually did withhold assent to a bill.

Appendix B of the memorandum — "The Form of Commission of the Lieutenant - Governor" — records that the Governor General "reposes special trust and confidence in the prudence, courage, loyalty, integrity and ability" of the Lieutenant - Governors. And the fact that Appendix C — "The Form of Instruction to the Lieutenant - Governors" — does not allow Mr. McDiarmid to go fishing in Ontario, without permission, in no way alters this confidence.

RALPH HEDLIN

Plodder Of The Plains

This is the age of glamor.

Even the railways have followed the trend and have blossomed out with their super passenger trains now crossing the Dominion with ever increasing speed.

But while the glamor trains, with their domed cars and plush decor, ply from one end of Canada to the other, the workhorses of Canada's two major railway lines — the lowly freights — still carry on their revenue-bearing journeys despite ever stiffening competition.

And of all the freights, the one that has endeared itself to the small communities which it serves is the steady, plodding way freight.

The giant freights of the prairies — those long drawn out cars, numbering well over 50 — carrying the western commerce to the east, may be more spectacular, but they do not carry the friendly feeling that the way freight brings to the lonely settlers living beside the railline over which it passes.

The Canadian Pacific railway way freight travelling from Winnipeg to Brandon is one of the west's typical way freights.

It journeys west on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays and returns on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The way freight is a mixed-up venture. It carries less—than—carload freight—small items—for the numerous points on its route. It carries grain cars—empty one way, full the other. It carries oil tankers, distributes railway box-cars to the points where they are needed, brings them back full. The way freight does all the jobs its bigger freight brothers do but over a smaller, fixed area.

All railway trainmen get their start on freights. This is the training ground for the men who will eventually run the sleek, new passenger trains. A youth starts as a wiper or trainman, and advances to fireman and then to engineer, or in the case of a trainman to conductor.

All railway promotion is by seniority, but many men prefer the freights to the passenger service and turn down their opportunities to remain with the load-bearing trains.

Safety is the keynote of any railway. A missed signal, a wrong order, or someone's blunder can cost thousands of dollars damage and even lives.

When the freight train is moving one man, either the rear trainman or the conductor, must sit in the cupola, a glass enclosed structure at the top of the caboose, which is always the last car in the train.

The spotter, as he is called, must keep his eyes on his own cars ahead to see that everything is alright, he must watch for the signals at points which the train passes, and he must watch for trains coming from the opposite direction on parallel tracks in order that the other man in the caboose may get out in the rear to inspect the passing train.

For one of the rules of the road is that each passing train must inspect the other for any defects. If no defects are noticed the two inspecting men give each other the "high ball," railway slang for alright. Should a defect be noticed then another signal is given.

Inspection is carried out rigidly by the train crew. Before the train leaves the yards its crew inspects it. Any sectionmen working along the tracks stand off to the side and inspect the train as it passes. Stationmasters must also carry out this survey. And as a final safety precaution the train is stopped every so many miles while the crew carries out its inspection.

The crew on the freight train is responsible for unloading and loading merchandise en route, must shunt cars off that are to be left at the different stations, and pick up others to take to other points.

The CPR way freight from Winnipeg to Brandon goes through Rosser, Meadows, Marquette, Poplar Point, High Bluff, Portage la Prairie, Burnside, Bagot, McGregor, Austin, Carberry, Hughes and Douglas, some of them just flag stations.

Train crew's day starts when the conductor picks up his orders and books his train out. All the crew are required to read the orders before the train starts.

While most freight crews operate on the pool system, first in, first out, the Brandon way freight has a steady crew. From the time they leave Winnipeg until they return the train is home to the crew. They sleep and have their meals in the caboose. All cannot eat at the same time when the train is moving, so generally each man looks after his own meal.

Trainmen love their work. They wouldn't leave it for any other job in the world. Whether they operate on a freight or a deluxe passenger train, they have never lost the small boy's fascination for trains.

FRANK CONLON

Behind The Glittering Tinsel

When the golden hot hand of July is laid on the land—it's fair time.

In both big cities and small towns the bunting is unrolled, the exhibit entries tallied, the concession space rented, the posters printed and put up on the fences and telephone poles.

Rural points feel the greatest impact from this annual session of organized excitement. For the livestock ring, the

farmers wash and comb and curl their purebred cattle. For the cooking and horticulture competitions, the country wives fuss over pies and peonies. For the magical midway, the little fair-feverish fans do extra chores to gain merry-goround-precious pennies.

Age makes no difference. Everyone loves a mid-summer carnival.

Here, miraculously sprung up on the button-blank face of the Western prairie, is an Oz-Land of color, motion and noise—a world of make-believe for young and old.

The sleepy little towns have smaller fairs, smaller midways. Winnipeg and Brandon, Calgary and Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina and many American Mid-West centres get the full tinselled treatment. Their exhibitions import, with due fanfare, the "world's largest midway"—the Royal American Shows.

Walk through the Red River gumbo sprinkled with sawdust in St. Vital. Spend a few days pacing the treed exhibition grounds at Brandon. See the mid-way under a dazzling July sun on kids' day. Go back at night when the garish lights and signals are softened.

There's the reptile show (\$100. Reward If Not Alive). There's the miniature streamliner train with its foghorning whistle voice.

The monkey speedway offers a photo-finish racing car competition between Barney Oatmeal and Mile-A-Minit Murphy. The dodge-'em cars are going lickity-split.

The side show barker is working hard to turn the tip and pull in the casually-interested who have gathered about him. Over the steady pulse of the midway noise, the grinding, clanking ride sounds, the muffled roar of the generators, the giggles and shrieks of the holiday crowds, and childhood's Pied-Piper tune the merry-go-round's calliope ... over and above everything on the popcorn-scented breeze comes the insistent drone of the fast-talking bally men—the spielers.

Each has the greatest show on earth, the greatest peanuts and franks at the juice and grab joint, the greatest tattooing expert anywhere, the best wheel of chance, the best prizes, the best girls in the best, barest, briefest costumes.

And the people come and gape and wisecrack, turn aside or pay their money and take their chance.

The farmers in over-alls, the businessmen in fair-going sportswear, the blue-jeaned teen-agers, the pint-sized Davy Crocketts half-submerged in whirls of pink candy floss, the babies, cranky with fatigue and sticky with chocolate.

Some of the crowd, too bored to yawn, have seen better shows in the East or the West or the North or anywhere. But most—having chosen to retreat, for a moment, into child-hood—forget their taste and their commonsense and their reserve and fall, knowingly and happily and with no regrets, for every gimmick and every trick.

The girly shows—Harlem in Havana and Flashes of 1955—draw a steady throng. The big canvas tents (put up the hectic night before the opening by the Show's crew and locally-recruited "roughnecks") flap in the wing. The long, backless benches inside are filled with smoking, intent men and women, caught up for a second in the grease-paint and sequin glamor of show business. And they wonder who these performers are and how they live and why they beat their brains out for four or six or twelve heavy revues a day.

Actually they're not as remote from the fair-goers as the fair-goers are led to believe. At the top are hard-working executives who book the fairs and the still dates, pray for good weather and compute the "nut"—the expense of the show.

The family is big on the six-month road circuit. In the 1200 are electricians and railroad men, roughnecks and bally workers, musicians and animal-trainers, concession operators and cooks. Many are themselves from farms and small cities. Some come from circus families. Some have professional backgrounds—exchanged, because of wanderlust

and footlight fever, for a little money, a little fun, a short period of casual employment.

The performers in Harlem in Havana, the Flashes show, the side show have their own Pullman cars to live in, part of the 87-car entourage that makes up the Royal American Shows as it sweeps across Canada and the United States.

Twenty stars and chorus girls from "Flashes" live, two to a bite-sized state-room, in Car No. 72—known as "No Man's Land." No birds of paradise they. After perhaps a half-dozen shows a day they usually head for the tracks where their car is drawn up, put their hair in pin curls, change to slacks, write letters home to husbands or children or beaux, polish shoes or play scrabble, remove eyebrow pencil marks with cold cream and alcohol.

One lies on a top bunk, writing in a green scribbler, trying to capture the atmosphere "on the inside." "Today there was a big storm and the smashed novelties lay in the mud..." "I have to borrow a jacket to put over my so-called costume as I huddle in that cold tent, waiting for my cue..." "My mother asked me the other day to describe my costume when I was out in front for the bally. I wrote about yards and yards of chiffon. If she only knew!..." "It feels somewhat useless and yet it's making a living and better and easier than another job ..." "Today it was almost fun ..." "I'm really so alone. Everyone has someone ..."

And so they play the town, contribute to the mid-summer adventure of the fair. They brew their coffee on stateroom two-burners or eat in the crowded pie-car. They dance in a thunderstorm and under the heavy summer sun. And they just keep moving. The half-packed suitcase, the half-finished drink, the lonely train whistle at night is all part of the pattern.

"Are you with it?" they shout to each other. And if they are, they keep going—another town, another fair, another midway.

BARBARA KILVERT

The Power Of Tragedy

The first four acts of Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" tell a story of a beautiful and wilful girl and a soldier who squanders a career and a good name in his infatuation for her. It is a sad tale, beautifully told, but up to this point nothing more than that. Then, right at the end of Act IV, the powerful hand of tragedy grasps our emotions.

Antony, believing Cleopatra dead, stabs himself. Too late he finds that the woman, for whom he has given all man can give, is still alive. Looking back now from the point of death he sees his wasted life ending in triumph:

Antony: Not Caesar's valor hath o'erthrown Antony, but Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

Cleopatra: So it should be that none but Antony Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

and then to Cleopatra whom he has won only to lose:

Antony: I am dying, Egypt dying; only I here importune death a while, until Of many thousand kisses the poor last I lay upon thy lips.

Nearly two thousand years have passed since Antony and Cleopatra died and 350 years have gone by since Shakespeare wrote of them, but the story has lost nothing of its pathos. Half a world away from Egypt and in an atomic age which no Elizabethan could even imagine in his wildest dreams, the tragedy still stirs us. What is its secret?

The answer to the question has little to do with Antony and Cleopatra as individuals. The answer must be found in our definition of tragedy for real tragedy to a greater extent than anything else in human affairs transcends time and place.

Just as the mountain top of genius is perilously close to the tattered cloud of madness so, it is sometimes said, are the tears of tragedy close to those of laughter. Whether or not this is true there is no doubt that tragedy and comedy have one important characteristic in common — a universal application to other men and women not immediately concerned in the events portrayed.

The moral struggles of Antony and the transformation of Cleopatra from a wayward girl to a noble woman do not belong to Roman soldiers or Egyptian queens alone. When Charlie Chaplin bit the rose stem in "City Lights" and watched the flower girl turn away from him we too felt the stem bitter between our own teeth.

One sometimes hears the questions asked: "Why do we deliberately go and see or read or listen to tragedies? Why do we wilfully make ourselves unhappy?" The answer may be found in the nature of true tragedy. We find in it not only a universal application to struggling humanity but something to the nobility of human nature. A tragic situation must contain a struggle — man's struggle against some fatal flaw in his own character or some outside force. Man loses the struggle or, if he wins it, finds his victory a hollow one. We who watch should not find the experience merely depressing, for in the fight we have seen revealed something of the strength, the nobility, the spirit of man. It is a heartening experience to be made dramatically aware of the tough fibre of man's soul.

There is an abundance of evidence these days of man's incapability of coping with his own affairs, of how puny are the swimmers in the whirlpool of events. A tragedy — a real tragedy serves not to depress us further but to restore our faith.

R. L. GORDON

A Causerie

Memory is a cheat. I used to think I had a good memory but I have been humbled by a number of misfortunes into a sense of humility.

On the eve of the Geneva conference I was asked to introduce a television program; my part could hardly have been smaller, for I was to speak only one minute. I committed my words to memory and faced the camera with the confidence which so often invites immediate chastisement. Four times in rehearsal I broke down, forgot the sequence of the words, and blundered about like an incoherent amateur.

Once I could have run my eye over a poem and without too much effort have managed to carry its splendors away with me. My experience with television was a warning, the first of several, that this power was fading; my debt to time was being demanded with imperious emphasis; and memory, that deceiving elf, was abridging her blessings.

Some men retain their memory for literature. A little while ago I sent Mr. Arthur Meighen a copy of Matthew Arnold's "Discourses in America" because I knew he had never read it. He wrote to tell me that he could reproduce large portions of it, especially the glorious essay on Emerson, from memory; and he promised to prove it when next we met. I needed no assurances, for I was only too gratefully aware of how his mind, over the years, had become a dwelling-place for all sweet sounds and harmonies.

Once, to recall a stray phrase, he recited long stretches of "Antony and Cleopatra" as if he had just met these matchless passages and had memorized them a second ago; yet he could have had no advance knowledge of my question.

I witnessed an even more remarkable display of the amplitude and precision of Mr. Meighen's memory when, having heard me quote Macaulay, he proceeded without a moment's preparation to pour out his favorite passages in a fervor of literary ecstasy. It takes a good deal to impress

me with any claim to a detailed knowledge of Macaulay but I have never yet recovered from that dazzling display.

Macaulay's own memory is one of the consecrated legends of literature. It is hardly a matter for wonder that "Paradise Lost" was as familiar to him as a sonnet; but it never has ceased to be amazing to me that the glories of "The Pilgrim's Progress," that supremely great book, could have been reproduced by Macaulay with exact fidelity to the text.

Yet even Macaulay slipped once, and I have tried to warm my hurt pride in recalling this fall of the master.

Macaulay once wrote for the Edinburgh Review that "it would be unjust to estimate Goldsmith by The Vicar of Wakefield or Scott by the Life of Napoleon." This sentence may look like a model of wise judgment to modern readers who know little about Goldsmith and nothing about Scott. But, as Macaulay's biographer knew, the punishment which overtook Macaulay was instant and terrible.

"It is difficult to conceive any calamity which Macaulay would regard with greater consternation," said Sir George Otto Trevelyan, "than that, in the opening sentences of an article which was sure to be read by everybody who read anything, he should pose before the world for three mortal months in the character of a critic who thought The Vicar of Wakefield a bad book."

Macaulay sent this letter to his editor:

"Dear Napier — I write chiefly to point out, what I dare say you have already observed, the absurd blunder in the first page of my article. I have not, I am sorry to say, the consolation of being able to blame either you or the printers; for it must have been a slip of my own pen. I have put The Vicar of Wakefield instead of the History of Greece. Pray be so kind as to correct this in the errata of the next number. I am indeed so much vexed by it that I could wish that the correction were made a little more prominent than usual, and introduced with two or three words of preface. But this I leave absolutely to your taste and judgment."

All this brings me to my own apology. The other day I read a line in the New York Times that the centenary of

George Bernard Shaw — in my heart's core I wear that revered name — would be celebrated on July 26. Without bothering to think twice, and in somewhat of a panic at missing the deadline, I filled this column with a hurried tribute to Shaw.

I had barely read the first words of the article when the paper arrived, before I realized that The Times was wrong and the centenary would only be reached in July 1956.

I was desolated by visions of my colleagues in Winnipeg being bludgeoned with protests and being too kind to tell me. I told some of my friends in Washington of my horrid deed and now it has become a favorite jest that I write my centenary tributes a year before the proper date. Shame is my portion, and I am gulping it down in overflowing measure.

I have only one consolation denied to Macaulay. After all, I can still write my centenary article on Shaw next July—if I have any memory left at all by that time.

MAX FREEDMAN

Return Visit To Canada

My wife and I have just returned from a brief visit to Canada which had a dual purpose. It was partly on business and partly to give addresses in some of the larger cities on behalf of the English-Speaking Union.

The visitor to Canada will be struck by one impression above all others: that here is a country on the march. Today, Canadians are living through a great national adventure. A land mass larger than that of the United States, rich in the natural resources of this earth, is coming into its heritage, a heritage of vast mineral wealth, timber and wheat now supplemented by oil and natural gas. And there is an awareness of what this means among all classes of people. Their eyes are set towards the future.

There is a sense of urgency everywhere. New houses are going up as fast as the builders can build them, bigger and better hospitals are being constructed, new highways are being laid down and old roads widened and straightened. New factories are springing up round the big towns and cities, the number of which has increased greatly in recent years. What were merely projects four years ago, when I lived in Canada, are now thriving industries.

To give one example from many others: In 1951, The Aluminum Company of Canada were prospecting a new site in British Columbia. Kitimat was then but a project. Today it is in full production, and one of the thriving industries of the country. It is more than this. It is one of the most remarkable engineering feats of modern times.

A river has been made to flow in the opposite direction. A tunnel as large as the tube of the London Underground has been driven through solid rock for ten miles. The dynamos and turbines have been installed a quarter of a mile inside the mountains in a vast vault about the size of the average cathedral. This is the hydro-electric plant which makes and transmits the power by cable for fifty miles over the mountains to Kitimat, where the great smelters turn the bauxite dust known as alumina into aluminium and produce a metal for which there is a greater demand than can be met by all the world producers combined.

This is typical of the work of development taking place today in Canada. There is an atmosphere of enthusiasm which left me with the impression that time is urgent and that tomorrow will be even busier than today. It is little wonder that many Europeans are drawn towards finding a new life in a country which offers such exciting and attractive possibilities.

But although the Canadian people are busily engaged developing their great natural resources, this is not to the exclusion of wider interests and the humanities. They are well aware of the importance of their strategic position in world affairs and in their obligations to their allies. Canada is a founder member of NATO and takes her military contribution to the defence of Europe very seriously. She is also well aware that her voice will be listened to in the political councils at the

Palais de Chaillot in Paris. We in the United Kingdom place great importance on Canada's membership of NATO. It is not only her contribution to the defence of Europe which is valuable, but also her huge industrial potential.

Then there is another aspect of Canadian life today which is growing with her economic development: an appreciation of the arts — and the desire to beautify her cities.

I learned with pleasure that Ottawa is to build a new Art Gallery to replace the old one which housed a very much finer collection of pictures than is generally known, but it is badly situated, ill-lighted and not fireproof. The main street connecting Rockcliffe Park with Ottawa has been greatly improved since I lived at Government House. The old narrow road which I knew, with its old-fashioned street-cars, has given place to a noble boulevard crossing the Rideau River over a fine stone bridge which was opened by the Queen Mother last year.

All this is typical of what is being done right across the country. But Canadians have been wise in not ruthlessly pulling down everything that was built at a period of doubtful architectural taste. They wish to keep some of the old landmarks which maintain a continuity in their history.

Canadians are keen amateur artists and during the summer months troupes of young students can be seen studying under a teacher round the famous beauty spots with which this country abounds. The results of their work are generally bold and vigorous and typify the character of these people. Canada is also a sportsman's paradise and offers some of the finest fishing and duck shooting in the world and Canadians are not slow to take advantage of it. Neither was I when I lived there.

Perhaps it is the mixture of races which gives Canadians an enthusiasm for such varied activities, from sketching to skiing. Many of my compatriots who have never crossed the Atlantic imagine that the great majority of Canada's population stems from the British Isles. Actually, less than 50 per cent, of the people are of British origin. Out of a population of now over 15 million, nearly four million are of French

extraction and others descendants of immigrants from other countries in Europe.

Whether it is due to their ancestry, or to the conditions of the North American continent, Canadians are very much Canadian and proud of it, too, as they have every reason to be. A kindly fate has given them a vast and beautiful land in which is stored so much of those resources of nature which make a country prosperous and self-supporting. They are also blessed with a friendly neighbour to the south whose way of life is much the same as their own. Canadians are well aware of all their blessings — and they are resolved to turn them to good account. Canada is on the march — to a great future.

FIELD MARSHAL, VISCOUNT ALEXANDER

Mysterious Gem Of Many Facets

Among the numerous exhibits of lunacy and aberration which litter the strange and swarming caravansarie where I now lodge the most surprising is a pile of women's magazines.

I am long past the age where a man peers into such things. You learn in time not to ask questions about the ways of women. You may wonder, but you do not inquire, why a woman, otherwise sensible and even literate, should waste her time on this kind of literature when she might just as well be baking a pie or painting the roof.

But sometimes, when a man is too tired at night to move from his chair, after paying his board by cruel labor all day, he may idly pick up a woman's magazine and, if he is a student of human nature, may ponder its contents. They cannot interest him intrinsically, he cannot even understand them, for they are written in the indecipherable foreign language of womankind. They will interest him, however, as an index to the female mind, a kind of talisman opening upon a universal mystery.

Woman, I conclude, is not a single entity like man. She is a many - sided, ambivalent and conflicting assortment of many different entities, loosely held together but, you suspect, likely to fall to pieces at any moment. The miracle is that she remains in chemical combination long enough to get breakfast.

To begin with, it is obvious from the women's magazines (which know their public) that the average North American woman is primarily an amorist, in love with love.

No editor publishes an issue of a woman's magazine without including a budget of young love. He knows that every female reader, however aged, homely and stout, will instantly identify herself with the heroine and fall in love with the hero.

All this is understandable. But, turning to the next page, you find that woman is also a hard-headed realist, deeply concerned with such unromantic subjects as cookery, refrigerators and the price of ground beef. So far as I can see the magazines publish the same recipes, the same refrigerators and the same ground beef in colored pictures month after month.

A man has no sooner discovered that woman is a combination of heart and appetite than he is compelled to admit that she also has intellect. No woman's magazine can go to press without some profound reflection, preferably by a well-known statesman or author, on the future of the world. The female reader fairly gobbles up the future of the world every month after she has dealt with the ground beef.

No one is able to tell her anything of significance about the future of the world, except that it lies before us, which I suspected long ago. Nevertheless, the assurance that there will be a future of some sort seems to satisfy the reader and thus full of love, cookery and future, she is pretty well equipped for the job of keeping a man's house in reasonable order.

But not quite. Before she can prepare dinner she must also have a doctor's knowledge of disease. No magazine is saleable unless it terrifies the reader out of a year's growth and convinces her that the end is near. A man can hardly master the day's dull business but a woman can make herself a femme fatale, a French chef, a geopolitician, an economist and a physician in the space of half an hour.

You may see only a familiar figure in the kitchen but in fact you are living, in strict, legal monogamy, with half a dozen assorted women, a veritable harem which few Oriental princes could afford, and all for the cost of one.

The cost, even in these days of inflation, is ridiculously low — only about eight hours' labor a day, — the best bargain yet offered by modern industry.

BRUCE HUTCHISON

Pepys And Shakespeare's Plays

What with Shakespeare getting back into the news these days through the efforts of a gentleman who declares that Marlowe wrote, not only his own, but his friend's mighty lines, and is planning to dig up Kit's dusty remains to prove it, it is diverting to note what his own times thought of Shakespeare.

Not Jonson, of course, who proclaimed "the sweet swan of Avon" as "not of an age but for all time;" nor of the others who worked beside him and warmed their hearts at the fires of his genius; but the effable Samuel Pepys.

The diary-writing Samuel's feet would turn in the direction of the theatre. There one night he saw "The Merry Wives," but it didn't roll him in the aisles. "Hamlet," it appears, got off better, for he confides; "To the Duke of York's Playhouse and saw 'Hamlet' which we have not seen this year before or more and mightily pleased with it."

But alas for Shakespeare (or is it Pepys?); at any rate Samuel took himself "to the King's Playhouse and there saw a silly play and an old one — "The Taming of the Shrew." Mr. Pepys now and again had it in for the actors. For instance, he went "to the opera there saw 'Romeo and Juliet,' the first time it was ever acted." The lovely lines glinted over Samuel's head, leaving no mark except his entry: "I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out, more or less." However, the actors had their brief moment on Pepys's stage, for he states: "So to the Duke's House and there we saw 'Hamlet' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton." Betterton, of course, was the leading man. Still, Shakespeare had given him some quite good lines.

Later Pepys went to the Duke's House "to see 'Macbeth' a pretty good play and admirably acted." Some time after, he thought better of his qualifying adverb for he writes; "To the Duke's House and there saw 'Macbeth' most excellently acted and a most excellent play for variety."

There was a time when Samuel proceeded "to Depeford by water, reading Othello, Moore of Venice' which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play but having so lately read 'The Adventures of 5 Houres' it seemed a mean thing." Where are "The Adventures?" Slipped away to join yesterday's seven thousand years, and yet the flame of the Moore's jealousy still burns the very air about its written word.

Pepys had a bad moment too, with "The Dream." "To the King's Theatre where we saw 'Midsummer Night's Dream' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Better times were ahead, however, for, says the Diary: "To the King's Playhouse and there saw Henry the Fourth and contrary to expectations, was pleased in nothing more than Cartwright's speaking of Falstaffe's speech about 'What is honor?'"

Then, "At noon resolved with Sir W. Penn to go to see "The Tempest," an old play of Shakespeare's. The play has no great wit, but yet good above ordinary plays."

Samuel, it would seem, had something there.

KENNETH M. HAIG

The 'Hit Parade' Of Yesteryear

My daughter, Penny, was memorizing a poem the other day ... moaning and groaning, as pupils have since time immemorial, over the fact that teachers insist on dinning into their heads some of the storehouses of literature.

The gnattering and chattering didn't disturb me too much, and I went on reading my book until I heard the words Penny was saying over and over and over again.

Suddenly, I was back in the church basement for one of those concerts that used to be part of my childhood. The pianist was banging out loudly, on a battered upright piano the first notes of Invictus and in came the baritone, good and loud.

"Out of the night that covers me Black as the pit from pole to pole I thank whatever gods may be For my unconquerable soul."

Sooner or later all parlor baritones used to sing Invictus. It was generally sooner. They were also partial to On The Road to Mandalay (where the flying fishes play and the dawn comes up like the thunder out of China 'cross the bay.)

The church basement generally smelled a little of the last basketball game, mingled with the odor of coffee that the ladies were preparing in the primary class room. After the concert there would be a social hour, with donated doughnuts, sandwiches and fruit cake and the inevitable ladies to titter and say ...

"Isn't the vicar a card when he's away from the pulpit?"

The vicar always used to act as master of ceremonies, introducing the ladies and gentlemen from the choir who had volunteered to be soloists on this secular occasion. He used to tell expurgated little jokes and the fat man who sat behind me always knew the original versions and laughed loudly, and out of all proportion, at the endings until his wife would poke him into sheepish silence.

Oh, those dear, dead days beyond recall, as the contralto used to sing in the choruses of "Just a Song at Twilight when the lights are low and the flickering shadows softly come and go!"

I realize, now, that the repertoire of these basement, Sunday school, concerts was pretty limited, but how much fun they were for a little boy who was always allowed up later for them!

The baritone, after he had given Invictus, or The Road to Mandalay, used to team up with the tenor for an inevitable duet which was entitled Tenor and Baritone, and used to give each singer a chance to excel at the type of number they were best in. Sometimes, if it was after St. Patrick's Day, they would unite in The Moon Has Raised Her Lamp on High from The Lily of Killarney, and this was always highclass stuff.

Fat sopranos always roused the children to violent giggles when they sang a song about how their heart was like a humming bird whose nest was in a water'd shoot. The reason these plump, middle-aged ladies sang so loud and shrilly, they announced in song, was that it was a birthday ... a birthday, that their love had come to them.

However, these were the high class moments of the concert. Another intellectual treat was the inevitable elocutionist who inevitably recited Lasca (down by the Rio Grande), or The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God, with Kipling's If as an inevitable encore.

There were lighter and deadlier moments. World War I brought a spate of songs, sung by a soubrettish type of person, who prattled on about The Rose of No Man's Land. This, however, could start the tears flowing.

Most annoying, however, were the soubrettes who gave out with ballads about little girls who were always calling central.

One innocent babe, so the song went, wanted Central to give her Heaven, because that was where her daddy was. Still another was anxious to get a good connection to No Man's Land. You guessed it. Daddy was there.

There was also the humorous song addressed to as the one about "Hello Wisconsin, can you get my own Yon Yonson," or something like that. It seems that Wisconsin was full of Yonsons, which gave long distance a heck of a problem.

However, we accepted all this in our stride, just as we accepted the humorous (?) singer who always, but always, gave by special request the prattling number about "I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more."

The hit parade at church concerts, when I was a small boy, by-passed the strident songs of an era in which youths in plus fours and a striped blazer used to announce that they had got themselves a brand new hotsy (she's my hotsy, I'm her totsy.)

We had to content ourselves with the bass singing "Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep, so beware."

What with radio, and television, and movies, these old concerts have passed me by. I like to think, though, that they are going on somewhere in the city and that there is still a market for the sweetness and the decency, and the good family ties that these concerts used to bring.

Blessings on them.

FRANK MORRISS

"Lasca"

This sentimental Western ballad poem, much in vogue with elocutionists at concerts such as that described today by Frank Morriss in the preceding article, was written by F. Desprez. We know nothing of the author except that in 1886 he published in London a volume of recitations and dialogues entitled Curtain Raisers For Amateurs And Others. And now in response to many requests, here are the original words of Lasca or Down By The Rio Grande.

It's all very well to write reviews,
And carry umbrellas and keep dry shoes,
And say what every one's saying here.
And wear what every one else must wear;
But to-night I am sick of the whole affair:
I want free life, and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle,—
The crack of the whips, like shots in a battle,—
The melee of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above.
And dash and danger, and life and love.

* * *

And Lasca! Ah! she used to ride On a mouse-grey mustang, close to my side, With blue serape and bright-belled spur; I laughed with joy as I looked at her; Little knew she of books or creeds: An Ave Maria sufficed her needs: Little she cared save to be by my side, To ride with me, and ever to ride! She was as bold as the billows that bent-She was as wild as the breezes that blow: From her little head to her little feet. She was swayed, in her suppleness, to and fro By each gust of passion; A sapling pine, That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff, And wars with the wind when the weather is rough. Is like this Lasca — this love of mine! She would hunger that I might eat; Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet: But once, when I made her jealous, for fun. At something I'd whispered, or looked, or done, She drew from her girdle a dear little dagger. And — sting of a wasp! — it made me stagger! An inch to the left, or an inch to the right, And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night:

But she sobbed and, sobbing, so swiftly bound Her torn reboso around the wound. That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count, In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

* * *

One murky night the air was hot,
I sat by her side, and forgot, forgot!
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot that the air was close opprest;
That the Texas "Norther" comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of the night or the blaze of noon;
That once let the herd at its break take fright,
Nothing on earth can stop their flight;
Then woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

* * *

Was that thunder? I grasped the cord
Of my swift mustang without a word.
I sprang to the saddle, and she clung behind;
Away! on a hot chase down the wind!
But never was fox hunt half so hard,
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall see how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

* * *

The mustang flew, and we urged him on;
There was one chance left — and you have but one —
Halt. Jump to the ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass, and take your chance;
And if the steers, in their frantic course,
Don't batter you both to pieces at once,
You may thank your stars; if not,

Good-bye to the quickening kiss, and the long-drawn sigh,

And the open air, and the open sky, In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

* * *

The cattle gained on us, and just as I felt For my old six-shooter behind my belt, Down came the mustang, and down came we. Clinging together, and what was the rest? A body that spread itself on my breast, Two arms that shielded my dizzy head, Two lips that hard on my lips were prest; Then came thunder in my ears. As over us surged the sea of steers: Blows that beat blood — into my eyes. And when I could rise — Lasca was dead!

* * *

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep. And there she is lying, and no one knows; And there, in earth's arms, I laid her to sleep; And the summer shines, and the winter snows: And, for many a day, the flowers have spread A pall of petals over her head: And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air; And the sly coyote trots here and there: And the black snake glides and glitters and slides Into a rift in a cottonwood tree: And the buzzard sails on, and comes and is gone, Stately and still like a ship at sea: And I wonder why, I do not care, For the things that are, like the things that were; Does half my heart lie buried there. In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

F. DESPREZ (1886)

A Causerie

Reading the second volume of Donald Creighton's superlative biography of Sir John A. Macdonald somehow led recently to a search for original campaign speeches by Joseph Howe; and the Nova Scotian's forthright expressions led mysteriously in turn to Joseph Grego's Parliamentary Elections in the Old Days.

A certain critical newspaper, Howe told the electors of Hants in 1867, "teemed with coarse and malignant defamation" of himself, "uttering the foulest slanders, the meanest falsehoods." One of Howe's contemporaries in a pamphlet of the same year referred familiarly to the British North America Act as "a stupendous monument of asinine stupidity and unblushing perfidy."

The robust physical condition that seems to underly such vigorous phrases does not appear to be as common in politics as it used to be. Grego's book, which was published in 1886, provides ample evidence that electioneering has changed more than a little in the past three or four centuries. Grego surveys the field in England from the Stuarts to Queen Victoria, and remarkably few of the standard devices he says most about — the caricature, the parody of well known verses, the doggerel poetry — are frequently employed today.

Grego describes a widely circulated caricature of 1831, which anticipated the Reform Act of 1832 with a re-enactment of the witches' incantation in Macbeth. Lord Brougham, wearing a red Republican cap, is given these lines:

"Freeman's votes and Grants by Charter, First-born rights in ev'ry quarter, Law and Justice, Church and King, These the glorious spoils I bring."

Lord Durham utters a verse that seems to me even lower in quality:

"Savings-banks, the Funds, and Rent, Insurances, and money lent, Orphans' claims, and widow's pittance, Throw them in, to make a quittance." Lord Russell gets off comparatively easily: "Round about the cauldron go,
In the Constitution throw."

The dozens of poems quoted by Grego suggest a hypothesis that some candidate for a Ph.D in either English or political science might well investigate with profit: that there is something about politics that brings out the worst in a poet. Andrew Marvell, who sat for Hull in the 17th century, could turn a graceful line. But reflecting on his parliamentary colleagues in A Dialogue between Two Horses (in which the two horses speak alternate couplets) he wrote:

"That traitors to the Country is a brib'd House of Commons

Should give away millions at every summons. Yet some of those givers such beggarly villains As not to be trusted for twice twenty shillings. No wonder that beggars should still be for giving, Who, out of what's given, do get a good living."

Marvell's political verses have at least an epigrammatic quality that is not general in most of the ballads and broadsides cited by Grego. But the most vivid lines in the book are not by Marvell, but by a 19th century philosopher:

"Now greeting, hooting, and abuse,
To each man's party prove of use,
And mud, and stones, and waving hats,
And broken heads, and putrid cats
Are offerings made to aid the cause
Of order, government, and laws."

The leading Canadian exponent of political poetry was probably Grip, now long defunct, but still famous for its caricatures of Sir John A. Macdonald. Grip (the kind of magazine that could be enchanted when Alexander Mackenzie appointed as his Receiver General the Honorable Mr. Coffin) published many quatrains like this report of an M.P. to his electors:

"What have we done, constituents dear? What have I of results to show?

Let's see; — you mean by way of work? I've got — why — hang me if I know!"

Grip could parody too. Its Silent Member's Soliloquy included these stirring lines:

"To speak, or not to speak, that is the question:

Whether 'tis better I should daily suffer

The stings and promptings of unspoken purpose . . .

... To rise: — to speak; —

Ha! Ha! — perchance break down! — aye there's the rub.

For who could bear the quips and scorns of fools, Constituents' disappointment, neighbors' jeers.

Opponents' scoffing, proud wife's contumely,

The fading hopes of office . . ."

It's a better speech than many of those that have actutually been uttered at last in Ottawa.

NORMAN WARD

A Sentimental Journey

To become sentimental about street cars would, of course, be quite absurd. A street car, as is well known today, is merely loosely put together bits of ironmongery, in which panes of rattling window glass and slats of creaking hardwood are embedded, and it has a motor that utilizes sudden spurts of electricity. Street cars are transportation without frills; noisy, necessary interludes between the heres and theres of life.

On Monday the last of them in Winnipeg will sway and sigh its way along the car tracks to its journey's end, to rust and fall apart at last beneath the wrecker's hammer. Which is exactly as it should be. The street car has seen its day in Winnipeg, has served its purpose and can be consigned without remorse or tears or pity to the junk heap.

And yet — who can put his finger on that subtle line where ironmongery and imagination meet? A strong man

can sit back beneath the lamp-glow in his silent study and slowly turn a tiny boot about between his fingers and think of other days and feel a strange constriction in his throat. The boot is nothing much; a bit of once-white, crumpled leather, the sole in fairly good condition but the toe-cap scuffed and soiled.

Yet, as he lays this long-since useless footwear by, a hot and prickly feeling irritates his eyelids and he catches himself up for the sentimental fool he thinks he is. The past is past and nothing can be done about it.

Which, of course, is just the point. It is precisely because nothing can be done about the past that a baby's shoe, a dried and flattened rose, an indistinct and yellowed tin-type of a gentle face, the smell of mignonette or of sawdust on a butcher's floor, the lilt of a half-remembered tune heard on an autumn evening — trifles, fancies, empty nothings of far less substance than a defunct street car shunted onto its last siding — can touch the heart of some apparently hard-headed citizen and remind him with a strangely pleasurable pain of the days that are no more.

For it is not that anyone would really wish to "undo things done, to call back yesterday." This city, for example, is a better place to live in now than when the double-headed dinkeys shunted back and forth on Bannerman, and small boys climbed aboard enroute to Tuxis and Trailranger banquets at the North End "Y". But those were good days, too, and it is pleasant now to think of them across the ruthless years.

It is a better city now than when the street cars roared beneath the train tracks through the crazy wooden tunnel on their way out to St. James, or back to Happyland, and the conductor staggered up and down between the green plush benches with his ticket box and transfer punch. But for many people who will stand along the curb of Portage avenue on Monday afternoon and watch the last car lumber into history those far-off days were the days when the heart was young. They will not come again, which is probably just as well, for after all it is today that really matters.

But here, then, is today; the alive and kicking here and now, with all its vibrant, fascinating hubbub, its ultramatic, ultra-modern, two- and three-toned motor cars, its splendid plate glass windows set in stream-lined storefronts, displaying 1955 fall fashions, its futuristic lamp-posts that dispense both light and culture, its moving myriad of self-contained, polite, anonymous neighbors with all their secret hopes and loves and fears, their jealousies and greeds, their brave dreams and their little kindlinesses. Here is today, and it is this, not just an ancient street car full of public functionaries, that will pass before our eyes on Monday and vanish, noisily but none the less inexorably for that, into yesterday, to become in due course the faded rose, the remembered melody, the quaint, archaic tin-type of tomorrow.

It would indeed be foolish to grow sentimental over street cars, for it is not they themselves but the memories they carry, as they roll past us to oblivion, that brush the heart with intimations of mortality.

G. S. ROBERTON

Tapestry Revival

The contemporary revival of tapestry weaving is unlikely to restore this fine and ancient art to general popularity. We are committed, it seems, to painting in its various forms, though the cold sterility of much modern architecture provides a unique opportunity to make use of the warmth, color and texture of these woven pictures.

Just how warm and colorful this work can be when handled with strength and certainty, Hannah Ryggen makes abundantly clear in her show at the art gallery. This is by no means difficult work. Speaking generally, her symbolism is crude and straightforward; the effect large scale and positive. We are not here searching through the intricacies of a highly sophisticated mind but watching a romantic and a primitive whose feelings are tied to earthy and basic motives.

A woman in her sixties, Mrs. Ryggen has spent much of

her life on a small farm in northern Norway. There is not much room in this kind of existence for delicacy or refinement. Instead we have the classic and traditional virtues, the rough handed kindliness, the open sympathy and the vigorous reaction which this environment often produces when the individual is sturdy and intelligent enough not to be simply toughened and coarsened by its harshness.

Technically, she is a wonderful artist with a fine sense of color and design and an ability to strike out with penetrating force at her audience. Her earlier work is, in general, rather subdued but recent tapestries are rich and glowing, such as the superb Swan, completed in 1954, which is a wonder of blues and reds with floating horizontal male and female figures drifting across its surface. Mother's Heart is another achievement in color and form, vertical this time but again cutting through the surface of existence to its essence.

She is least successful in her political commentaries such as Ethiopia, Spain, and October 1942. Technically it is almost impossible for Mrs. Ryggen to err, if one forgets the rather precious use of raw wool on the lamb in Petter Dass and Ethiopia is one of this reviewer's favorites, from the point of view of design; but judged as political commentaries these tapestries are over-simplified statements of ill-digested facts badly dated already.

This is a small flaw in a fine artist, however, and detracts nothing from her competence and achievement. The show is one of the freshest and most lively the gallery has staged in some time. It would be interesting, though perhaps difficult, if the gallery could now stage a parallel work done by the French school. French tapestry has taken on extraordinary vigor in recent years and attracted to it many of the finest contemporary artists who find in this medium new and obvious satisfaction.

Mrs. Ryggen has been pre-eminent in her field for many years but she is a lonely figure whose work has strong links with the Scandinavian tapestries of earlier centuries.

The show is a resounding success.

F. B. WALKER

Vandals In The Dictionary

A scholar for whose company I am quite unfit wrote on this page the other day, with eloquence and anguish, his lonely protest against a new word called "psephology," which he would exclude by main force from the lexicon of English.

Without knowing what "psephology" means I am ready to cast my black ball against it on sight. That word is too gaudily dressed, ill-mannered and pompous for any decent club. But worse things are afoot between the covers of the dictionary.

Has the outraged scholar observed that while a few thrusting outlanders like "psephology" have been getting about in the best circles, like Oxford, many of our more respectable words are being secretly debauched while our backs are turned?

He might consider, for example, the dismal fate of that fine old English noun, "romance." It once lived among the highest aristocracy of the language. It had a noble tradition and, what is more, a meaning. Today it has neither. It has sunk into the stews and gutters of our speech and become a tinseled jade.

"Romance" used to signify adventure, heroism and the great mystery of things. Now it usually signifies some lady in Hollywood who is about to acquire her sixth husband if she can unload her fifth.

Or look what has happened to the related word, "glamor." A few years ago a truly romantic writer like Conrad used "glamor" with reverence, and used it seldom, lest he waste and denature it on unworthy objects. In those days the adjective "glamorous" deserved a formidable noun.

Now any noun is glamorous if it wears a female shape and exposes it in the movies. Any noun is glamorous, indeed, whatever its shape, if it is photographed often enough in a bathing suit. Glamor, as our grandfathers knew it, is dead and struts about as a poor, bedizened zombie. In the same fashion "torrid" was a rather dull but honest adjective used by meteorologists to indicate a level of temperature. Dragged down to the level of those ruined nouns, it is attached in scandalous liaison to "romance" and "glamor," and measures the temperature of a motion picture siren.

"Fantastic" used to enjoy a general regard and authority. When a literate man said that something was fantastic he meant that it lived in the region of fantasy. Now anything at all, however commonplace, is called fantastic if you happen to like or dislike it sufficiently.

Why, you can't endure ten minutes of conversation on the street corner without learning that the weather, the price of sausages, the government's budget or the neighbors' new lawn mower is fantastic. Everything in sight is fantastic until no possible room for fantasy is left. If it is not fantastic it is "fabulous," in the mouths of men who never heard a fable and wouldn't know one from a lamp post.

Anyway, it is invariably "out of this world." Everything is getting so rapidly out of this world that I sometimes wonder what will remain here for us to live on. I was assured this very day that an omelet cooked by a friend's wife was out of this world. What world was it in — what far-off, glorious, scrambled world of omelets beyond all human experience?

We never read of any large public expenditure without being told in print that it is a "whopping total," though no total, as far as I know, ever whopped, even a little whop. When any candidate is easily elected he has received a "thumping majority," though no majority has ever been known to thump.

It is all very well to protest the admission of a parvenu and newly stuffed shirt like "psephology." But what we need still more is a strong deflationary policy to arrest the inflation and bankruptcy of the existing language, the debasement of the English coinage by Gresham's ancient law or pretty soon our best ten-dollar words won't buy a nickel's worth of human communication.

BRUCE HUTCHISON



The Common Man's Politician

Mr. Clement Attlee takes with him, in his retirement from the leadership of the British Labor Party, the respect and the good wishes not only of his countrymen, irrespective of party, but also of many people outside Britain. The whole free world owes to him a deep gratitude for the part he played in the darkest days of the war, when he was deputy Prime Minister and the essential complement of Mr. Churchill in Britain's coalition Government. No man could have played that difficult role with more devotion or more complete success.

This is the greatest part, but by no means the only part, of the democratic world's debt to Mr. Attlee. The British Labor party in the middle of the 'thirties was Her Majesty's Opposition in nothing but name. It had never held office except as a minority government, dependent on Liberal support, and the men who had led it then — MacDonald, Snowden, Thomas — had left it. What remained was less a party than a fighting ground for woolly idealists, embittered extremists, and solid but bewildered ordinary trade unionists. It is, perhaps, typical of Britain that in these circumstances Mr. Attlee became leader of the party without anyone being enthusiastic about him; and it is even more typical that the man chosen to lead a bitter and highly radical party was a man who carried to extremity such traditionally British qualities as the habit of under-statement.

That particular habit has always been the key to Mr. Attlee. No man warms less, or at least warms less visibly, to the great occasion. No man is more prone to deflate every issue and every person, including himself. And the result is that no man holding the highest office of state has ever been so consistently under-estimated, by his own supporters even more than by his opponents.

There is a type of politician's politician, most appreciated by the people on the inside, of whom Mr. Mackenzie King was an outstanding example. Mr. Attlee stands at the other extreme; he is the common man's politician, who often appals and infuriates the professionals and yet, by doing the apparently simple thing, in the end out-manoeuvres them all.

In one sense, no man was less a leader, no man more unlike his predecessor and successor in office, Sir Winston Churchill. But Mr. Attlee as Prime Minister had one strength denied to the greatest of living Englishmen: he was never indecisive, and rarely wrong, in his judgments of people including himself. He had full knowledge of his own limitations. He recognized early that the two powerful, constructive minds in his cabinet were Mr. Ernest Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps. And instead of trying to hold a primacy foreign to his nature, he was content to let those two lead in policies and concentrate his own energies on holding their colleagues together. The Bevin and Cripps policies which the lesser men disliked were the policies that saved the Labor party and carried the United Kingdom not too badly through the postwar years. It was only when Mr. Bevin and Sir Stafford Cripps had worn themselves out that Mr. Attlee's own grip faltered.

As an opposition leader, Mr. Attlee has in recent years been subject to much grumbling from behind. Yet he has achieved, in his own unorthodox way, a great deal. Tired, often dozing when he should have been on his feet fighting, he nevertheless has held his divided party together. He has used hints, forecasts and threats of retirement with extraordinary skill to force his followers to agree; and he has chosen the first moment of relative party unity to retire. He could not have gone earlier; he has not tried to hang on in face of the eager jostling of the younger men.

By that he has shown to the end a wisdom and a skill that is rarely achieved by the politician's politicians who, grown old in manoeuvring, manoeuvre too long. Retirement is, in public life, the decision that successful men most often muff by delay. It requires more greatness of spirit than almost any decision. And of that spirit, the "modest little man" of British politics has shown more than any of his contemporaries.

Newspapers

There is great merit in the tradition that at New Year we look forward and back, taking stock of where we are and making resolutions about where we are going. The merit is this: soul-searching is healthy only in small doses. The New Year tradition encourages us to think about ourselves for a day or two and to get on with more important thoughts and deeds for the rest of the year.

This is true for individuals. It is even more applicable to some kinds of institutions; and perhaps to newspapers most of all. The besetting sin of newspapers (which they share with politicians) is that they tend to take themselves too seriously. We hope that we are not guilty of this. And yet each newspaper has, after all, a personality and a tradition. It may be of some small interest if now and again — not at each New Year, but once in several years — a newspaper says something about itself.

There have been a good many controversies, in provincial and civic affairs, in Canadian national affairs, and in world affairs, during the past year; about all of them we have had our say on this page; and our say has generally meant the forthright expression of a definite view.

What is the point of all this argument and controversy? What, in particular, is the value of a newspaper being involved in it, of expressing opinions about so many things? There are several answers to that question, but one matters infinitely more than all the others. The controversy is the essence of a liberal democracy, and in that democracy daily newspaper comment is indispensable. The reason why it is indispensable is not that the opinions of a newspaper are necessarily any better than those of the next man. The reason is simply one of timing: a newspaper is organized, its editorial writers are trained, to express opinions quickly, close on the heels of events.

The primary job of the newspaper is to report the things that have happened in the past 24 hours. But how do people

react to that news? This is the concern of the newspaper's editorial page. The Government announces a policy, the politician makes a speech. Active citizens ask themselves, or each other: Is the policy right or wrong? Is the speech farsighted or narrow-minded? The primary function of a newspaper's editorials is to help people to think over such questions and make up their own minds. The newspaper's editorial opinion is not there to win friends and influence people. It is not there for the readers to agree with. It is there because its presence is the best way of encouraging further discussion, of stimulating further thought among as many people as possible. Its value lies primarily in the ability of the daily newspaper to jump in quickly — when, rather than where, the philosophers, let alone the angels, fear to tread.

It may be fool's work, though we prefer to think that there are more accurate analogies: that the good journalist is to ideas about public affairs roughly what the general practitioner is to medicine. He is not a specialist or a theorist. He has enough knowledge and capacity to make a quick diagnosis that is generally not too wide of the mark. But whether it be doctor's work or fool's work, our liberal democracy depends on the newspaper editorial. And depends on it increasingly. As our modern life gets more complex, as we become more administered, more and more effective power settles on the administrators and the men in office. The scales in any argument are more weighted in their favor; with increasingly complex issues, which only officials in the government service can have mastered in detail, effective criticism by opposition politicians is increasingly difficult.

A vigilant and vigorous press is therefore more than ever essential to the democratic debate on public issues that is the essence of a liberal society. The basic function of an editorial page is to subject public policies to a searching scrutiny, a scrutiny that is analytical regardless of the parties and personalities involved. It is to make that scrutiny promptly and express it forthrightly, while the subject-matter is still actively before the public mind, so helping people to do their

own thinking and talking and to reach their own conclusions. That is democracy and it is liberalism.

There should be no pretence that a newspaper's scrutiny of public affairs has any detached, objective quality. The newspaper that professes to be perfectly neutral between parties, to have no preconceptions, to be open-minded in all things — that newspaper either is dishonest or has nothing to say. Scrutiny should be open-minded, but it has to start from a viewpoint. Issues should be judged on their merits, but the judgment still involves standards; it requires some underlying philosophy of public affairs. Every editorial page rests on a political philosophy, a body of principle, broadly identifiable with some main strand in the political thinking and interests of its community.

True independence in a newspaper does not consist in neutralism; it means that, whether the newspaper be broadly conservative or socialist or liberal, it is independently so. Its judgments on each individual issue are its honest application to that issue of its general principles of public policy. They are based on viewpoints but not on party prejudices. They are judgments on the quality of political actions, not on the characters of the men who perform the actions. The independent newspaper is one that plays fair with its readers by truly concentrating on the issue it is writing about, without the subtle calculations of eventual political gains or losses, for parties or individuals, that necessarily influence the politicians themselves.

An independent newspaper is, in short, one that feels friendly towards one party or another but which gets greatly concerned in its own conscience if the professionals of that party feel very friendly towards it. The truly candid friend is rarely a friend at all in the eyes of the recipient of the candid comment.

There is another aspect of newspaper independence. A newspaper, like anyone else, wants to promote the causes it

thinks right. But that is not its main purpose. Our first duty lies in the active, free discussion of public policy among all the people who are interested in public policy and who have, in a democracy, an equal right to influence it. To provoke and help that discussion is the purpose of putting our opinions before our readers, the spirit in which we work. But we promise, having said this at the beginning of 1956, not to write about newspapers again in the near future; we hope usually to have more interesting fare for the reader.

Slow Boat To China

Mr. Pearson's statement on China, made to the House of Commons on January 31, may well give an impression that the Canadian Government has moved boldly forward only to shrink back. In a Vancouver address some months ago the Minister intimated that the time had come to re-examine the question of recognizing the Communist Government in Peiping. The problem has been duly examined by the St. Laurent Ministry and the decision is that this country will continue to withhold diplomatic recognition.

There are two issues to be considered here. One is a question of principle and one of timing. On the matter of principle, Mr. Pearson has retreated not at all. The Canadian Government continues to reject the emotion-charged argument of American politics that recognition would imply moral approval of a usurping Communist authority. It remains the Canadian view that recognition is a simple political act, the pre-condition of normal relations between sovereign states. The consideration which must be decisive, sooner or later, is the undeniable fact that the Government in Peiping is the effective ruler of nearly 600,000,000 people inhabiting the Chinese mainland.

But it does not necessarily follow that this is the best moment for action by the Canadian Government. We have no great stake in the China trade and there is no specific national interest which calls imperatively for Canadian recognition of the Peiping regime. The interest we have is the interest which we share with other nations in the maintenance of international peace. The question is: at what stage will Canadian recognition, by its influence upon other nations and especially upon the United States, best serve that purpose?

In the judgment of the Canadian Government, that time has not yet arrived. When Mr. Pearson spoke in Vancouver, it seemed reasonable to hope that the Geneva talks between the ambassadors of the United States and Communist China might yield results positive enough to incline the American Government to a more moderate course in the Far East. Instead, the Chinese have incensed Americans by their stubborn refusal to release U.S. nationals serving sentences in Communist jails. After five months the political talks are deadlocked and Mr. Chou En-lai, the Chinese foreign minister, is again threatening the United States in bellicose language. In these circumstances Mr. Pearson may have reason to fear that a Canadian act of recognition would encourage Chinese militancy while producing no worthwhile effect in Washington, and perhaps even impairing Canada's influence there.

It will be unfortunate if Americans read into Mr. Pearson's remarks anything more than a notice of postponement. There is certainly no change in the basic Canadian attitude. Indeed, to the extent that the Minister amplified Canadian policy on China, he did so in a fashion calculated to advance recognition by making it easier. His speech rather clearly foreshadowed a "two-China" policy by emphasizing that recognition of the Peiping Government would imply no recognition of its claim to sovereignty on Formosa. Despite the unpromising immediate outlook, this is in the end the most likely way out of the China muddle, not merely for Canada but also for the United States.

Liberalism Needs Better Liberals

A major theme of Conservative speeches is the need for a return to responsible government.

The Liberal party will be making a great mistake if in reply, it simply notes that Mr. Drew and his colleagues are exaggerating, are making no public impact, and concludes that there is nothing to bother about and no need to change. There is need.

The Canadian people may be too sensible to listen to Mr. Drew when he talks as if the present Government were a sort of totalitarianism in thin disguise. But, by the same token, the Canadian people are sensible enough to realize very well that our parliamentary system of government is not working as well as it should. And the reason for that does not lie entirely in the smallness and weak calibre of the Conservative opposition. Some of the reasons lie very clearly on the Government side of the House of Commons. It is most important for Liberals that these reasons should be listed, honestly examined, and ideas for correcting them sought, before they are crowded out by the irrelevancies and exaggerations that Mr. Drew may produce.

First, Liberal MPs on the backbenches have grown, as a whole, lazy. The Government having been safe and successful so long, they are far too ready to believe that not merely the Government collectively but individual Ministers are almost always right. There is far too little of the questioning from their own side that keeps Ministers on their toes. There is too much spineless acceptance of policies and too little thrashing to-and-fro of ideas.

Secondly, the present Ministers are, with very few exceptions, poor parliamentarians: not in the sense Mr. Drew alleges, that they despise and override Parliament; but in a technical sense. And the technical sense is here very important. A good parliamentarian is a man who is not overly concerned about seeming to be right every time on every detail. He cares less about his own dignity, in that trivial

respect, than about the need for genuine, democratic discussion promoting a collective wisdom. He knows that this means being tripped up sometimes himself; but he does not mind because he realizes that in the process he will lose less than he gains on other occasions. He is happy to encourage lively and vigorous debate, because he is confident of generally coming out of it pretty well. That fighting spirit has faded from Parliament. Far too much, the Government plays safe. Either because they are too pre-occupied with administration, or because they lack confidence in themselves, most Ministers do not take the trouble to conduct parliamentary business in the way that would give Parliament its full stature as the focus of political debate.

Thirdly, and most important, Ministers themselves have become somewhat slack about their collective responsibility for government policy. Just as backbench MPs take Ministers' policies too much for granted, Ministers take each other's. Too many matters get too far on the responsibility of the individual Minister, or of one or two Ministers; and the cabinet as a whole then fails to convey that sense of its collective responsibility to Parliament which is the keystone of representative government.

These faults are not remotely like the terrible things that Mr. Drew gets so incoherently indignant about. They are not the product of evil Government intentions. They have grown up because the Opposition is weak, and it has therefore been easy for Ministers to have a quiet parliamentary life. They are the penalties of the Government's success. But that does not free Ministers and Liberal MPs from the responsibility of reform. There is genuine public uneasiness about the condition of Parliament, And, whatever the origin of the faults, the Government will rightly get the blame if it allows them to continue. It has not made any onslaught on democratic responsibility, as Mr. Drew alleges, but by these faults it has contributed to the present weakness of Parliament. And to correct the faults is therefore the proper answer to Mr. Drew: an answer that should be given, for the sake of the country, however ineffective his actual campaign may turn out to be.

The Soviet Blind Eye

In their bid to extend Soviet influence in the countries of Asia, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev are relying heavily upon the principles of the late Mr. Phineas T. Barnum. At every stop on their tour of India they have decked themselves out in the apparel of the peace lodge, fondled white doves, sampled buffalo milk, exchanged gifts with maharajahs, and glowed with goodwill towards the neutral peoples. Russia, they explain, is still fired with the Geneva spirit, still determined to "fight" for peaceful co-existence. If things have gone wrong in the West it is all the fault of "reactionary circles" attempting to foment "war hysteria" and of NATO governments seeking to negotiate on the basis of "positions of strength."

To proceed thus on the assumption that a sucker is born every minute is no great compliment to Indian intelligence. While Mr. Khrushchev was thundering against the "enemies of peace" earlier this week, Mr. Chen Yi, deputy premier of Communist China, was in Berlin hurling a most warlike challenge at the United States. He threatened that, if the present negotiations with America break down, Communist forces will invade Formosa. To this end, he adds, railroads are rapidly being built across Fukien province, "numerous" airfields for jet fighters are under construction and an invasion fleet is being prepared.

Nothing could be more plain than the determination of the Chinese Government to negotiate from a "position of strength." But Mr. Khrushchev has no public word of rebuke for Russia's great eastern ally. If Deputy Premier Chen Yi means what he says, China is quite obviously daring the United States to a test of arms in Asia. But Mr. Khrushchev addresses his moral admonitions only to the West. From his silence about India's neighbour beyond the mountains, one can only assume that he regards Mr. Chen Yi, with his threats, his jets and his landing craft, as a peaceful practitioner of co-existence.

It may well be that in private the Soviet leaders are doing their best to restrain their over-reckless Chinese partners. But if so they have chosen a strange time to authorize a new series of hydrogen bomb tests. If the Chinese are bent upon warlike adventures they will hardly be cooled by a fresh demonstration of Soviet military might. It is, after all, upon the power of allied Russia that the Chinese Communists must ultimately rely.

Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Khrushchev have been accused by a spokesman of the British foreign office of uttering statements in India which are "thoroughly hypocritical". If they resent the charge, they can dispose of it very simply and effectively. Let them clear the reputation of the Soviet Government by recognizing honestly that China, by reverting to the bellicose posture of last spring, is again threatening the peace.

Powerful Liberalism

In his maiden speech in the Senate recently, Senator C. G. Power expounded his political philosophy. Senator Power is a Liberal. He told the Senate that his appointment to that body was "a Liberal appointment;" but he indicated that party affiliation will no more compromise his independence of thought in the Senate than it did in the House of Commons.

Senator Power made it quite plain that he is disturbed about the tendency of the cabinet to take more and more power to itself, to regard itself as infallible. Evidences of this trend are too numerous to be overlooked by even the staunchest Liberal; the most important examples of all arise from the Government presenting Parliament with a fait accompli, and demanding that the necessary legislation be immediately approved.

Senator Power noted that not many generations have passed since men struggled to destroy forever the doctrine of the divine right of kings. Cherishing these traditions and honoring the past champions of a free Parliament, he could not bring himself "to believe in or to support a tenet which practice and usage may elevate into a doctrine — that of the infallibility of the cabinet."

It is refreshing to hear a man who has been a Liberal politician for nearly fifty years, and who was at one time a member of a Liberal cabinet, express such sentiments. If there were more men like Senator Power in public life, their impact on government in Canada would be very great and very valuable.

In the eyes of some party supporters, it is true, Senator Power is talking sheer heresy. His political ideas are certainly in marked contrast to those of, say, Mr. Howe, who appears to have few doubts about the infallibility of any cabinet of which he is a member. At a recent Liberal dinner in his honor, the Minister of Trade was quoted as telling backbenchers that when the Prime Minister (which means in this case the cabinet) had decided on a course of action, it should be accepted as the proper policy by all true Liberals, whether they agreed with it or not. Once the party line was laid down "I don't care whether you are a member of the House of Commons or the Senate, that line should be adhered to."

It is true that we cannot have stable government if every member of a political party goes off on his own way on every issue. But there is a practical middle course between that extreme and the other, embraced by Mr. Howe. His philosophy is that no backbencher should admit to thinking for himself; that he should accept the decisions of Mr. Howe and his associates with a faith no less than absolute. We should look to the backbenches to produce not the political leaders of the future but perpetual sheep. The opposition groups, if Mr. Howe had his way, would not need to have any doubts about the future decline of the Liberal party. It would be quietly committing suicide by self suffocation.

Fortunately, successful parties never have operated on Mr. Howe's ideas and remained successful. It would be the end of free parliamentary government if they could. The true Liberal supporter will rejoice that we have men like Senator Power to whom the principles of good government mean more than a subservient toeing of the party line.

If Texas, Why Not B.C.?

Mr. David Lawrence, a rightwing columnist and editor in the United States, has put forward what is, to say the least, an original suggestion for breaking the deadlock in the United Nations over the admission of 18 new member states. Mr. Lawrence's proposal is that if Russia insists on the admission of the Mongolian People's Republic to the UN, then the state of Texas should be accepted also, on the ground that as strong an argument can be made for the admission of the Texans as for the Mongolians.

Mr. Lawrence argues that the Mongolian Republic (which he insists on calling by its old Chinese name of Outer Mongolia) is nothing but a puppet state dancing to Moscow-manipulated strings. Texas, on the other hand, was once an independent nation and even today has the right to fly its own flag by the side of the Stars and Stripes. Mr. Lawrence widens his case to point out that California also has a good claim for admission because in a few years it may have the largest population of any state in the Union.

That is an interesting argument and one that opens up wide possibilities. If the Texan claim is conceded, Mr. Lawrence will certainly have to brace himself for the admission of Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia, all of which are larger than Texas and equally independent.

But having established his case — to his own satisfaction, at least — Mr. Lawrence then moves out into a quick-sand that is very clearly terra incognita to him. He bemoans the fact that the United States has only one vote in the UN, whereas "Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa are not only full-fledged members of the United Nations but also are part of the British Commonwealth of states, headed up by the British Crown." The U.S., he feels, should have as many votes in the UN as the "British Commonwealth of states."

This statement provides Mr. Lawrence's readers with a wonderful insight into the ideas about the Commonwealth that must be seething about in his busy mind. Does he visualize the Commonwealth as a huge mass, moving in foreign policy unison? Or does he perchance see the Commonwealth as a collection of Outer Mongolias, none of which possesses any independence and each of which gets its orders direct from Buckingham Palace?

Mr. Lawrence's case for the admission of Texas to the UN can be excused on the ground that a little fantasy never hurt anybody. But his remarks about the Commonwealth cannot, coming as they do from a man of Mr. Lawrence's intelligence, be excused at all.

Blizzards Aren't What They Were

The snow may fall — even to a depth of 40-odd inches. The temperature may plummet — even to 20 and more below. But westerners never feel that winter is finally here until the first blizzard of the season sweeps out of the northwest. On that basis, winter has now arrived on the prairies.

As they shovelled their way out of five inches of soft drifted snow on Tuesday morning, Winnipeggers could feel thankful that they had missed the full brunt of the storm. Reports from Saskatchewan and western Manitoba told of the blizzard's toll — people dead, injured or lost in the whirling snow, roads and highways blocked, meetings cancelled, rural schools closed, trains and planes delayed.

Blizzards today are, no doubt, just as fierce as they were 20, 30 or 40 years ago. But somehow they don't seem to be, and we certainly make a lot more fuss about them than we used to.

Many of us can remember earlier days on the prairies when winter storms — in retrospect at any rate — were much worse than they are now. The snow fell faster and drifted deeper; the north-west wind howled longer and stronger; the temperature fell much farther. Some of us can recall driving home from school when the temperature was

(we think) nearly 40 below and we could barely see the horses' heads, let alone the tops of the fenceposts marking the side of the road. We can remember more than one neighbor who got lost in his own farmyard and who was found next morning frozen stiff.

But without accurate weather forecasts to warn us, and lacking radio to arouse us to what was happening, we took blizzards pretty much in our stride as an accepted part of the prairie winter. Either blizzards aren't what they were when we were a boy — or we are getting older.

Tall Totem

From one of the least known parts of this unknown country — Victoria, B.C. — comes news that its citizens are being asked to subscribe \$4,500 so that they may be the proud possessors of the tallest totem pole in the world. Behind the appeal is one of the city's newspapers which, last year, confined its promotional projects to persuading people to swim away from the city in the general direction of Port Angeles, Wash.

That Victorians, of all people, should succumb to the modern fetish of bigness, comes as a bit of a shock to other Canadians. Hitherto (at least if the despatches sent out from time to time by Mr. Bruce Hutchison are to be believed) they have passed their days happily pottering about their violet-filled gardens, watching seagulls, pruning apple trees and hewing wood. Now, alas, they appear to have been caught up in the mad rush of civilization and must have a totem pole that will be 14 feet taller than the one in the Ontario museum in Toronto.

A totem pole, as even inland dwellers are aware, is a tall cedar pole on which are carved representatives of the tutelary spirits of the tribe. It will be interesting to see which of Victoria's guardian spirits are honored on the 100-foot pole.

There will, of course, be historical figures, of which the Island has no dearth. If there is an animal spirit, it surely must be that of Caddie, the city's foremost if most elusive (illusive?) tourist attraction. In the ornithological line, the skylarks of Saanich will qualify. It is difficult to see how the axe-wielding Mr. Hutchison, the community's unofficial public relations officer, can be omitted. And certainly, inasmuch as the sponsor is the Victoria Daily Times, Social Credit Premier W. A. C. Bennett should be a cinch as low man on the totem pole.

"Beastly" Priestley

"Beastly" Priestley — as uncultured Canadians have been brash enough to call the author of books he thinks better than The Good Companions — suggests that Canadians haven't yet got enough "color, style and individuality." He looks to artists and writers to supply this lack.

If you disagree with Mr. Priestley, you expose yourself at once to the retort discourteous: the sort of argument which is so easy to think of that only great intellectuals like Mr. Priestley consider themselves entitled to be so mentally lazy as to use it.

The unspoken assumption is that colorful men like Mr. Priestley obviously could think of a better argument if they wanted to, but this one is all that you are worth. (This assumption is called "having style.") If you can't see that people lack color, you are colorless yourself. If you don't see the need for more individuality, it is because you are such a conformist yourself.

Maybe. Anyway, an argument with Mr. Priestley will get nowhere. In these columns, at least, we would not be brash enough to take him on — on his own ground of literature. And, to tell the truth, probably most of us agree that Canadian writing, at least, at present leaves something to be desired, in color and style and a few other things as well.

But Mr. Priestley claimed to be talking about Canada, not just about Canadian writing. Which is distinctly brash of

him. It indicates more about Mr. Priestley than about Canada. It indicates that of late years his field of vision has narrowed a good deal.

Time was when Mr. Priestley was very interested in politics; indeed, he was prominent in active electioneering for the British Labor party. Nowadays he sticks closer to the generalities of the intellectual magazines. And it is obvious that in Canada he looked at our writing but not at our politics.

No color? No style? No individuality? When in the British House of Commons did they last show as much of these qualities as we have seen at Ottawa in the past three weeks?

Think of it all: A Minister comes to the House and says "We've made a deal to lend \$80 millions to a private company, but by our agreement with this company the sovereign Parliament of Canada must pass the Bill by June 7th. Get on with it, you fellows." When did British politics last show such dash, such true style, such individuality?

And when in Britain did an Opposition, a weird assortment of two small parties at that, show such fight, such individual initiative, such ingenuity and color?

Canadians may not compare with Mr. Priestley's friends in their literature, but one can't have everything; and in politics, there's ten times the color.

In fairness, though, one must add this. If what is happening now at Ottawa could happen at Westminster, the reaction of the British people would be much the same as that of the Canadian people. They might think Mr. Howe's policy was probably better than anything the Opposition could offer; but their sporting instincts, their sympathy with the underdog, would respond to the fight the Opposition is putting up. They would be cheering to see the Bill delayed to June 8th, anyway.

Which is not very intellectual, or even logical. But perhaps it is a bit of the color that Mr. Priestley thinks Canada is ripe for.



The Men Of July 18

MADRID: Twenty years ago the Franco regime got its start. On July 17, 1936, a carefully prepared military revolt broke out. It was to lead to the overthrow of the Republic and the establishment of the Franco dictatorship — at the cost of a terrible civil war and a million dead.

The coup had been planned in the greatest secrecy. It was to be sparked in Spanish Morocco, where the rebels could count on the support of the local garrisons and native troops. Then, at dawn on July 18, the rising was to extend to the Spanish mainland.

The chief architects and executors of the plot were nine high-ranking officers. This is what each one was to do when the balloon went up:

General Jose Sanjurjo was to return to Spain from exile in Portugal to assume over-all command of the insurrection.

General Emilio Mola, military governor of Navarre and regarded by many as the "brains" behind the revolt, was to seize control in the north.

General Francisco Franco, military governor of the Canary Islands, was to fly to Spanish Morocco and head the insurrection there.

General Gonzalo Quiepo de Llano, commanding officer of the carabiniers in the Seville region, was to seize the province for the rebels.

General Manuel Goded, military governor of the Balearic Islands based at Palma de Mallorca, was to fly to Valencia and take charge of the rising in that area.

General Miguel Cabanellas, commanding officer of the garrison at Saragossa, was to seize control of the city and hold it for the insurgents.

Air Force General Alfredo Kindelan (then on the retired list) was to join the insurgents in Morocco and take command of the air arm of the rebel forces.

Colonel Antonio Aranda, at the head of the troops in Oviedo, was to take over Asturias province.

Colonel Juan Yague was to head the rising in Morocco pending the arrival of Franco and Kindelan.

Such was the plan. What actually happened, and what of the nine men entrusted with bringing off the coup? This is how they fared:

In the Spanish zone off Morocco, zero hour was five o'clock in the afternoon of July 17. The word was: "El diecisiete a las diecisiete" — "the 17th at 1700 hours." The intention was to start the rebellion at Liano Amarillo, in the foothills of the Riff mountains where most of the army was concentrated for manoeuvre.

But in the garrison town of Melilla, on the coast, word leaked out that something was brewing. The police began to investigate. Colonel Yague thereupon decided to strike immediately. Thus it was that the insurrection broke out at Melilla instead of at Liano Amarillo, at 4.10 in the afternoon of the 17th instead of at 5.

Early on the morning of July 19 Franco arrived in Morocco by air on a British - piloted plane chartered for the purpose. Several days previously he had shipped his wife and daughter off to France aboard a German freighter. At Sidi Ifni, a Spanish possession on the coast of Africa, where the small plane had to refuel on its flight from the Canaries, there was a tense moment for Franco. The airfield had remained loyal to the Republic. But nobody paid attention to the little man (5 ft. 4) in civilian clothes sitting in the plane.

Sanjurjo showed up at the rendezvous, a small grass field at Caiscais, near Lisbon, with an enormous suitcase. Ansaldo protested that the plane was too light to carry both the general and his suitcase. But Sanjurjo insisted on taking the suitcase because, he said, "my gala uniform is in there and I can't be expected to march into Madrid without it." The over-loaded plane failed to clear the field and the insurgents lost their designated leader of the rebellion.

Meanwhile General Goded took off from Palma by air on the appointed day but a last-minute change in plans took him to Barcelona instead of Valencia. Goded was arrested on arrival and shot. General Cabanellas in Saragossa fulfilled his mission, however, capturing the city for the insurgents. Quiepo de Llano was equally successful in Seville.

In Oviedo Colonel Aranda used a trick to seize the city. On the day of the uprising, July 18, he declared himself for the Republic and organized special trains to transport armed workers and miners to Madrid to defend the capital. When the trains were well on their way Aranda declared himself an insurgent and seized Oviedo.

General Mola was successful in Navarre and recruited forces which were to march on Madrid from the north while General Franco worked upward from Seville, his army steadily strengthened the while by Moorish troops and legionnaires transplanted from Morocco by Kindelan's air-lift.

Mola was later killed in an air crash, but not before achieving fame as originator of the term "fifth column." He broadcast over the Burgos radio that four nationalist columns were converging on Madrid and that a fifth column was in the city awaiting the signal to strike. As it turned out, this was a silly thing to proclaim because the Republicans thereupon sought out, arrested, and in many cases executed, anybody they suspected of being a "fifth columnist."

The military coup failed in its initial purpose: seizure of power at one swoop. The insurrection degenerated into a bitter civil war which was to drag on for nearly three years, a war in which Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy, supporting the Nationalists, and Soviet Russia, backing the Republic, were to use Spain as a proving ground for new weapons. But in the end the rebels won and the Republic collapsed.

Today, twenty years after, how many are left of the "Nine Men of July 18?" Only three. Two of them, Kindelan and Aranda, are living quietly in retirement. The third, General Francisco Franco, now 63, is holding down Spain's top job. The other day he gave himself a pay increase by signing a decree which boosts the Chief of State's annual salary to \$29,650.

RICHARD MOWRER

Steamboat On Main Street

On April 27th, 1897, Captain Joseph Connell put his arm out of the window in the pilot house of the SS Assiniboine and shook hands with an astonished resident of a second floor suite in the Alexandria Block, Emerson, who was leaning out gazing at the unfamiliar sight of a steamboat on the main street of his town.

The Manitoba Government sent the steamboat, in charge of representatives Mr. George Black and Mr. E. M. Wood, loaded with supplies and thirty cords of wood for the relief of stranded flood victims along the Red River to the International Boundary Line. When leaving Winnipeg on Thursday evening, April 22, Captain Connell said: "I am prepared to take this boat anywhere in two feet of water and am allowed to carry 150 passengers; 500 in case of emergency."

"The flood came like a thief in the night," said an old-timer at Morris. "We saw what appeared to be a cloud on the southern horizon. Then rivulets flowed across the fields, and, to our astonishment before ten hours had passed, we were in the midst of a lake, and farm machinery was damaged, if not carried off." The town was sitting in the centre of a large lake on which the waves rose and fell. All the familiar roads were out of sight. Only the treetops indicated the river banks, and the traffic bridge had floated downstream with just her upper framework showing. Three bags of mail had been taken on here by the steamboat.

Loaded Northern Pacific Railway cars had been seen on bridges to hold them down on Plum Coulee which was normally a creek but then a raging torrent.

Settlers living in partly submerged houses near St. Jean were removed to safer neighbor's homes and medical supplies left for a number of children ill with scarlet fever.

On April 9th, Grand Forks citizens had fought rising water and ice. By Tuesday, four days later, Emerson was aware

that an unusual amount of water was rising, and a storm broke on Saturday, lashing the river into foam with waves four feet high. After a lull of two days, it broke again with freezing rainfall. Warehouses, old landmarks, and bridges were smashed. There was considerable discomfort and inconvenience with some loss of life.

Trains and mail were held up with business at a stand-still. The Great Northern Railway turntable at St. Vincent, Minn., close to Emerson, Man., was swept away. A couple with three children had to wade through very cold water three feet deep for nearly a mile when their house collapsed. It was feared that supplies would run short. Senator Judson LaMoure of Pembina, N.D., across the Red river from St. Vincent, wired to Washington as follows:

"The storm of yesterday in connection with the flood has left over 200 people destitute along Red River in this country. Aid is needed at once. Can anything be done? The local committee is unable to render sufficient aid."

As a result of this wire, Captain Bruce Griggs brought the SS City of Grand Forks, up the Main street of Pembina on Wednesday, April 21st, six days before the SS Assiniboine landed at Emerson, three miles away on the Canadian side. Three days later Captain J. Elton brought the SS City of Grand Forks from Grand Forks, N.D., to Pembina a second time. The Captain said:

"The low-lying district from the Snake River to Pembina is appalling. It is one vast sea of desolation, wreck and ruin. In some cases the steamer was as much as two miles from the river channel. Barbed wire fences interfered materially with navigation across the prairies but some thirty families were supplied with provisions. Their homes were out on the prairie and unprepared residents were not used to floods."

The warehouse of the Minneapolis and Northern Company, located down the river about twenty miles north of Drayton, broke from its moorings and floated across the sea of waters which covered the prairies. A woman was drowned

at Morris. Buildings continued to float north, one from Grand Forks landing bottom-side up near St. Mary's cemetery in Fort Rouge, Winnipeg. The Canadian Pacific Railway could only reach the Joe bridge near Emerson but the mail from the south came from Grand Forks by hand-car and boat on April 22nd.

There had been great excitement at Emerson upon the arrival of the SS Assiniboine. A little boy fell off it and had to be rescued. Rowboats came from all directions to witness the scene carrying dogs as well as citizens. Finally, after six hours, it ran up Park street also to dry land for some horses, two of which were taken to Dominion City to carry on the mail service as soon as possible.

After staying at Letellier overnight, they arrived at Morris in a gale of wind. The storm created difficulties but they left the next morning, taking less than seven and a half hours to complete the journey to Winnipeg.

Had there not been a chance of striking snags and fences, the steamer could have cut off long bends by taking short cuts. The water dashed over the bow and in a few minutes the entire steamboat was coated with ice. All on board who were not working huddled around the stove and boilers, wrapped in blankets. In spite of these obstacles more livestock was added to the number on board already picked up along the route, to prevent them from perishing in the night. One farmer had blanketed his best horses with the family bedding.

The steamer's mission was timely and duly appreciated all along the route. She arrived back in Winnipeg, April 28th, to find the water stationary at 22 feet, $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, making another trip to the Boundary Line unnecessary.

MOLLY McFADDEN

Can This Parliament Function Again?

OTTAWA: Another week of unrelenting struggle in the House of Commons has left the pipe line still in doubt.

A week ago the Bill was in committee of the whole, subject to consideration section by section. Enactment of the Bill by June 7, the deadline with the Trans Canada company if the line to Winnipeg is to be completed this year, seemed impossible.

The Government made two moves to meet this situation. It adopted a precedent set by the Bennett Government in 1932, by which the entire committee stage could be taken under one closure motion, and it granted the Opposition two days of free debate on the various sections.

This was, in effect, an undeclared admission by the Government that its earlier policy of applying closure at the outset of debate was wrong. But at the same time the Government adhered to the time table. The impossible had once again become possible.

The position at the week-end was as follows:

The committee stage was carried under closure early on Saturday morning. The Bill now stands for third reading and notice of closure has still to be given. This means that two days of debate must ensue between the moving of third reading and the taking of the vote. If the debate actually gets underway on Monday, third reading will be late Tuesday night and the Bill will reach the Senate on Wednesday. The Senate would have until Thursday (June 7) to pass the Bill, and royal assent would follow at once.

But the hazards to be surmounted are beyond calculation. Over the week-end all the bright minds of the Opposition have been devising points of order, questions of privilege and other barricades.

Chief among these is a motion of no confidence in the Speaker. If this motion can be brought to debate on Monday,

one day will be forfeit. The Bill then could not reach the Senate until Thursday — the fatal day. But this is a situation in which prediction is useless.

Last week the temper of the House first improved and then worsened. The House became convulsed in fury on Thursday night and Friday when, if the Government was to win, it became necessary for Mr. Speaker to reverse his own ruling.

He did so, and the scenes that ensued, especially when he refused to hear members of the Opposition, are without parallel in our Parliament.

At one time, amid unimaginable disorder, Mr. Coldwell, Mr. Drew and a half dozen of their supporters left their seats, strode down the centre aisle to the table of the House, stood before the golden mace and denounced Mr. Speaker to his face. Such was the clamor that their words could not be heard — even though they stood, red - faced, shouting up into the microphones suspended from the ceiling.

It was this reversal of his own ruling that caused the Conservative and CCF members to refuse to vote on the important division that followed and which has led to the motion of "no confidence" in the Speaker — a rare proceeding in our Parliament.

Beyond this, the past week brought a sudden change in the behavior of Mr. St. Laurent. For the first time in this crisis he led the House and his party.

Further, as in the earlier stages of the debate, whenever the House discussed the pipe line Bill, as distinct from closure, the Government came off very well. This was particularly true of Mr. Howe's moving speech late Friday night. The pipe line Bill has stood up remarkably well under such scrutiny as it has received.

What of the future?

The mood of the House of Commons cannot be foretold. At the moment tempers are so inflamed that there would seem little hope of obtaining the degree of co-operation necessary if this House of Commons is to continue usefully to function.

It is worth recalling that it is not closure that has caused this crisis. Both the Conservative and CCF parties

agree that closure is legal under the rules and essential to the working of Parliament. It is the unprecedented way in which closure was imposed that has poisoned the atmosphere of the House.

Had there been a free debate and then closure — all would have been different. But to begin the debate with closure — to allow no time for free discussion — has resulted in incredible rancor, not feigned but real. The Opposition members feel a sense of personal outrage. At times their benches hum with anger, like a giant hornets' nest.

If the third reading of the pipe line Bill is achieved before Thursday, will the tension relax? Will the anger pass and the House begin to function normally?

Present indications are that the Conservative and CCF members, come what may, are determined to avenge what has happened by driving the St. Laurent Government to the country. They declare they will not rest until the people have passed judgment on the events of the past two weeks.

If this mood continues, and it has hardened as the pipe line struggle has deepened, the Opposition has an opportunity at hand. An interim supply Bill will have to be introduced immediately following the pipe line Bill.

The Government actually ran out of supply — that is, of money — on May 31. It is not thought possible for the Government to carry on without money beyond June 15. The supply Bill cannot be begun until the pipeline is through — June 5, at the earliest. There are five stages at which this Bill would require closure and, at two days each, that would mean June 18 before supply could be obtained, if the Government chose to use closure.

It seems unreal to be talking about forcing an election on a Government which has a majority of nearly 80. But the old hands around Parliament Hill believe that, the situation being as it is, the Opposition now have the power to do this if they are really prepared to accept the consequences.

It is still difficult to believe, however, that they themselves will feel ready, when it comes to the supply debate, to fight an election.

GRANT DEXTER

Indiscretions Of Mr. King

WASHINGTON: Mr. Mackenzie King was in a strangely indiscreet mood on the night of January 9, 1942 when he dined in Ottawa with the U.S. Minister, Mr. Moffat.

"The Moffat Papers" summarize part of Mr. King's conversation as follows:

"The group in the Department of External Affairs was peculiarly able and deserving of all praise. Robertson and Pearson were obviously his two favorites. He said, however, that they always wanted to go a little too fast. For instance, they were pressing him to establish Canadian legations all over the place. He was inclined to think that a legation would soon be opened in Moscow, and I suggested that Mexico might have some merits. He said yes, but he had no intention of spreading too fast, particularly as he did not have the men to fill these posts."

At this same dinner Mr. King was "bitter" about General de Gaulle. The Prime Minister, according to Mr. Moffat, went on to say that this was the only problem on which he and Robertson had materially differed. "Robertson and Stone had cooked up a plan of sending Stone to the islands (St. Pierre-Miquelon) in a corvette to take over the radio. He had approved Stone's going but had absolutely vetoed the corvette. He felt that if Robertson and Stone had had their way they, rather than Admiral Muselier (of the Free French forces), might have upset the equilibrium with repercussions all over the world. He thought that the realization of this had sobered them and that they had learned a valuable lesson without cost."

Surely this is an astonishing performance. Here we have Mr. King discussing in critical terms the personalities and advice of his close advisers in the civil service and making the U.S. Minister privy to his thoughts which, it is fair to say, he would not have revealed with this freedom to members of his own Cabinet.

Not content with this ill-omened discussion of civil servants, Mr. King went on to talk about Mr. Churchill in a way which must have surprised as well as interested Mr. Moffat. The conversation, according to Mr. Moffat, wandered over war aims and peace aims; and Mr. King said that Mr. Churchill was so concentrated on the war that he could not see that settling certain broad problems of the peace now would in effect help the actual war effort.

There is no suggestion of the magical wisdom by which this process was to be accomplished. In 1942 the allies were still fighting against desperate odds. In discussing trade policy, Mr. King said that of course Churchill himself was by instinct a free trader but as leader of the Conservative party he was bound to a large degree by its policy. Mr. King had told him that unless certain very big decisions were made there might be no party.

On one celebrated occasion, in a full length character sketch, Mr. Moffat had informed the State Department that one of the crowning assets of Mr. King was his profound sense of humility. One wonders whether Mr. Moffat felt the same way after this dinner meeting. Did anyone in the State Department ever believe for one moment that Mr. King was a humble man?

There are two astonishing bits of information in this book. One concerns the extraordinary commotion stirred up in the Canadian Government by the French seizure of St. Pierre-Miquelon and the fact that Mr. Hull almost resigned as Secretary of State because of this arbitrary act. Churchill saw the episode as a rather trumpery affair when compared with the sweep and magnitude of the war. Could not the Cabinet at Ottawa, in this time of troubles, have behaved with something of the same equanimity and taken greater risks for the common cause? Perhaps Mr. Robertson and Mr. Stone — and Mr. Power in the Cabinet — were not so wrong after all.

The other revelation is that the United States was more interested in the St. Lawrence Seaway in 1941 than was Canada. Mr. Moffat quotes President Roosevelt directly in these terms:

"If Canada can't accept the seaway at the moment, let it go. We'll agree to proceed with work in the International Section and once the dam is constructed, the completion of the seaway will follow as surely as day follows night. Personally, I think it will follow sooner than Mackenzie King thinks, as war developments may make it so obviously essential that we should be able to build ships in the Great Lakes that we'll be signing a supplementary agreement without political repercussions. But there's no point in forcing that issue now. We can't ask King to risk his Cabinet and it wouldn't be in our interest to do so. King has his limitations, but he is in the war to the hilt now and mustn't be disturbed."

The subsequent history of negotiations on the seaway certainly makes this passage curious reading.

But the most important part of the book deals with the Agreement in 1940 on common defence policies for the defence of this continent. Here Mr. King was at his superlative best.

Events had really taken charge. They swept away the timorous early doubts which had made it uncertain whether Canada could even send staff officers to Washington during this period of American neutrality. A joint defence board was established, by direct negotiations between President Roosevelt and Mr. King, and its influence helps to shape Canadian and American defence policy to this day.

Mr. Stimson, the American Secretary of War, could say of the meeting at Ogdensburg: "I felt that it was very possibly the turning point in the tide of the war, and that from now on we could hope for better things." It may help to recall the mood of the hour if one remembers that Mr. Wendell Willkie, the day of the Ogdensburg meeting, made his speech formally accepting the Republican Presidential nomination and Mr. Roosevelt was able to have some banter with Mr. King for having interned Mayor Houde of Montreal because he had urged Canadians to boycott the national registration.

By the way, Canadian and American officials agreed at Ogdensburg to work out plans for moving an American army of 300,000 men "at need" into Nova Scotia "without delay" to protect the Atlantic seaboard and they also agreed to discuss

"what Canada could do" in the event of a thrust towards Maine. How remote and attenuated these alarums now sound. But they once were oppressively real, as younger Canadians may tend to forget, and presumably these plans still exist to shelter our continent from any new scourge.

MAX FREEDMAN

A Causerie

A new biography by Charles Carrington (Macmillan) attempts a definitive judgment of Rudyard Kipling, his life and work, and incidentally documents his special interest in Canada.

To be sure, the young Kipling (author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" in his teens and world famous in his twenties) got off on the wrong foot with Canadians after his first visit here by calling their country Our Lady of the Snows—a reflection on our climate certain to arouse every board of trade.

But in middle age, his first careless rapture banked down into the steady fire of his genius, Kipling understood better than most natives the inner substance of Canada. And it was largely on Canada that he pinned his hopes for the future British Empire.

Most Canadians have read in his "Letters of Travel" some vivid descriptive writing about their country. Mr. Carrington reveals many private papers in which Kipling records observations never printed in his time. Thus in a note to Lord Milner, who was contemplating a Canadian tour, Kipling wrote a curious warning:

"You will have to face the impact of young, callous, curious and godlessly egotistical crowds who will take everything out of you and put nothing back. Their redeeming point is a certain crude material faith in the Empire, of which they naturally conceive themselves to be the belly-button. Tell

your bottle-holder to disconnect your bedroom telephone as soon as ever you get to a hotel. Otherwise you will continue to enjoy the horrors of publicity in your bath and in your bed. Allah knows I have long ceased to be a virgin, but I cannot help blushing when I am rung up by women — with nothing on but spectacles and a bath towel."

He liked Canadians, he was amazed at Canada's growth between his visits ("One advantage of a new land is that it makes you feel older than Time") but, observing the Imperial Conference of 1907, and especially the independent views of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, he began to fear the Empire's future.

After this conference Dr. L. S. Jameson, the imperialist premier of Cape Colony, wrote to Kipling that Laurier, the "damned dancing master," had ruined everything. Kipling also took a poor view of the great French Canadian and was appalled by his Reciprocity policy of 1911.

The English writer, now the leading Conservative pundit of his own land, seemed to regard himself almost as the vicarious conscience of Canada. The Canadian Conservatives sought and secured his public endorsement of their campaign against Reciprocity and when they won the 1911 election Kipling felt reassured.

His intervention into Canadian domestic politics angered many Liberals. Kipling was equally angered by a sneering reference to him, on a Liberal platform, as the "Poet Laureate of the Conservative Party." He threatened a libel suit but nothing came of it, for by this time, with a Conservative Government safely installed at Ottawa, the Empire seemed to be back on the rails. South Africa already was written off in his mind as lost (though he customarily spent his winters there in a house supplied by his friend, Rhodes), but Canada evidently understood the Empire's destiny.

Unfortunately Kipling was then getting his personal impressions of Canada from flying visits and from such expatriated Canadians as Andrew Bonar Law and a rising young man named Max Aitken, soon to become Lord Beaver-

brook. The close friendship between Kipling and Bonar Law is understandable and it was never impaired. The intimacy with Lord Beaverbrook was odd and ephemeral. When Kipling saw what the precocious youth from New Brunswick was about that association ended suddenly.

By this time the evolution of the Empire into the Commonwealth had passed Kipling by. While still the best read writer in the English language and constantly improving his craftsmanship until the day of his death, he had become, in politics, something like an historic relic — an irreconcilable Tory who regarded his cousin, Stanley Baldwin, as something of a radical.

But the ageing boy wonder from India never lost his early impression of Canada as a great nation of the future. Its distances, its loneliness and its people fascinated him. He saw in it lights and shadows, and a violent beauty, which Canadian writers have only begun to grasp and have yet to articulate.

He might not understand our politics but his genius illuminated our land. Canadians, it is safe to say, will be reading him and wondering at those gaudy murals painted with comet's hair when most of the native interpreters of Canada are forgotten.

BRUCE HUTCHISON

Where Strong Men Weep

Persistent reading of the sports pages of any newspaper may be difficult for many busy laymen, but it is rewarding. There, in the punchy prose of sports writers and the heartfelt phrases of coaches, athletes and managers, are recorded the enthusiasms, hopes and despairs of three-quarters of us.

The foreigner who wants to discover Canada would be wise to give some attention to the methods of tooth extraction practiced by Mr. Maurice Richard. The bewildered Euro-

pean in search of America could do worse than bend an ear to Mr. Al Weill, who manages Marcianos affairs, or to Mr. Stengel, the aboriginal yankee.

The sports pages seldom fail to illuminate some aspect of human life for the perceptive reader, because their writers are in a constant state of excitement. They live with an enthusiastic intensity that most of us can attain only on great occasions: when a war ends, or a queen is crowned, or a lake is swum across.

No one could be bored by the sports pages. Just this week, for instance, a well-known football coach said of his team after its seventh defeat: "I want a class football team. One with desire." Even the man who finds football boring should be fascinated by this. It is a statement worth thinking about, a fit subject for detailed study. But this coach has a gift for describing defeat in striking images which the uninitiated might think had nothing to do with sport. After its fifth defeat he said of his team: "Quite a few of the boys broke down in the dressing room after this one. They really wanted it bad."

This, too, must have touched the hearts of more than just people interested in football. With his gift for throwing off socially significant remarks like these, such a coach deserves a wider audience.

Footballers, with desire, who weep, or footballers who weep, with desire: either way they are comparatively new to Canada. Yet surely most of us must feel close sympathy with them. To thrill to the histrionics of Cecil B. de Mille or Mickey Spillane, as so many of us do, or to pant over the tribulations of Laura Limited, are experiences hardly different even in degree from weeping over the loss of a football game.

When so many of us nowadays adopt heroes who are not heroic, embrace values that are not valuable and believe in emotions that we don't really feel, is it so surprising that we make tragedy out of events that cannot, in any circumstances, be considered tragic?

Tears have always been honored by men of sensibility. The big round tears

Coursed one another down his innocent nose

In piteous chase

wrote Shakespeare 350 years ago. But could even Shakespeare, with his matchless imagination, have visualized the modern piteous chase down the powdered nose of a film star weeping for the nation's photographers as she announces her divorce, or down the broken (albeit innocent) nose of a footballer crying over his latest defeat?

One does not want to cry havoc about one's own age, which is after all only as good as we make it. But the modern image of a worried, chain-smoking coach crying, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," as he meets his boys in the dressing-room after a fifth, sixth, or seventh defeat on the field of battle, is something less than poetic.

Yet perhaps this is ungenerous. Perhaps it is the charping cry of a small thin voice, afraid of the modern Demos—shouting, laughing, chewing gum, jiving, flying at 600 miles an hour, and weeping over defeat. Terrifying, admittedly. But these days one is expected never to be afraid, even of the terrifying.

One thing this does prove: every day the sports pages contain something for everyone.

BOYCE RICHARDSON

Parkinson's Law In Canada

OTTAWA: Last November, the London Economist, with its editorial tongue in its cheek, propounded a new law of work — Parkinson's law.

The new law, stated simply, is this:

Work expands so as to fill the time available to do it in and there is no relationship between the work to be done and the size of the staff to which it is assigned.

This law is of general application. But its implications are particularly notable in the field of public administration

where competition is not a factor in keeping down costs.

In this regard, Parkinson's law may be stated in a little different and a rather more precise form: Government officials invariably want to multiply their subordinates and the more civil servants there are, the greater the amount of work they make for each other.

In its application, of course, this law of multiplication leads invariably to promotion. Thus, the path to success in the civil service is to increase the number of your subordinates.

While Parkinson's law dates from the fall of 1955, the phenomenon — that the civil service tends always to increase — has been well known for years.

Note this excerpt from the House of Commons Hansard of March, 1936, taken from the files of Wilfrid Eggleston, for many years a leading member of the press gallery. Mr. A. W. Neill, member for Comox-Alberni is speaking:

"What is the whole idea of a man when he gets into public service, but to build a bureau around himself? Give a man the job of shovelling snow between the East and the West blocks and then go away and come back in 10 years and you will not find him shovelling snow any more. He will be the superintendent-general of snow shovelling, with an office of his own and a deputy and an assistant deputy, an accountant and probably a purchasing agent, and we will be mighty lucky if he does not have a publicity agent as well."

That, of course, is Parkinson's law in action. While Mr. Neill did not realize its identity, he knew, as an old civil servant, how the law operates.

The Economist, of course, was exact in its analysis. It produced a vast, indeed an overpowering, mass of statistics to demonstrate the validity of the law.

To illustrate: While the number of ships and seamen in the Royal Navy have been greatly reduced in recent years, the number of Admiralty officials and clerks, (that is civil servants) has increased steadily and at much the same rate as other departments.

The Colonial Office shows exactly the same trend. While the colonial empire has been shrinking — owing to various

colonies obtaining self-government — the colonial office officials have multiplied at the rate common to the civil service generally.

With all this in mind, the writer undertook to find out if Parkinson's law applies to the Canadian civil service. A stack of Dominion bureau of statistics reports going back to 1939 was studied, but the results were confusing. The changes in departments were too frequent to permit fair comparisons.

Further study by the statisticians and higher government officials shows that the Canadian civil service, as distinct from that of the United Kingdom or the United States, has been subject to much greater fluctuations. Our departments of government have not yet reached a state of permanence with regard to function. Services continue with great frequency to be transferred from one to another.

A typical example is the immigration service which has at times been a department, a directorate and a branch.

When the constituent parts of the departments are so inconstant it is not possible to apply Parkinson's law in a detailed way. Undoubtedly it would have been interesting and salutary to have been able to show that the number of civil servants in the Immigration department has increased steadily notwithstanding fluctuations in immigration. But the raw material for such a study is not available.

To enable some comparisons to be made, the Government has produced a new and reliable set of figures on the federal civil service. Here are the total figures, which show very clearly what has been going on.

Total Number of Civil Servants

1934		47,231
1938		51,107
1945	/	138,702
1950		145,502
1951		146,537
1952		161,014
1953		165,420
1954		171,367
1955		181,913

Observe the operation of Parkinson's law. The civil service expands in depression (1934), in normal times (1938), in war (1945), in peace (1945-50) and in times of pienty (1951-55).

It expands because of the rule that work increases so as to fill the time available for its completion; that there is no relationship between the work to be done and the size of the staff to do it; that officials invariably seek to multiply their subordinates; and that here is the path to promotion and success.

Unfortunately the new statistics are spotty on individual departments. Only side glances are possible. It is clear however that National Defence had 8,000 civil servants in 1944 at the height of the war. In 1955 there were 8,200 — a remarkable fact.

GRANT DEXTER

So You Want To Be A Critic

So you want to be a critic do you? Well, go right ahead.

You are now entitled to walk into picture shows with a smile at the doorman instead of a ticket. You are going to be deluged with complimentary ducats to symphony concerts, Little Theatre performances, Jazz concerts, circuses, operas and tea fights.

Just think of it . . . a whirl on the artistic merry-goround and newspaper people lead such interesting lives . . . particularly the critics!

Eventually your ears will be battered, your spirits will be sagging, and your participles will be dangling. But you don't care do you? You've been seeing life.

You are, of course, aware that newspaper people are regarded as rather raffish, bohemian folk, quite useful at a

party as a curio and very useful at a public performance, particularly a good public performance when the resultant publicity will get people into the show.

After 27 years at the game, I am punch-drunk and reeling, I love every minute of it, and I don't envy for a moment the banker who does his banking, the clerk who does his selling, the actor who does his acting or the house-painter who does his painting.

Let them do their job and I'll do mine.

So far so good, but I forgot. You're the one who's the critic, but let me give you a few tips from a battle-scarred veteran.

First and foremost, get this into your head.

You don't know what you're talking about. You have never acted, you have never sung in opera, you have never suffered the way that lonely artistes have suffered. "None" and I repeat in the music of the immortal Tschaikowsky, "none but the lonely heart can know their sadness."

The lady who remarked, not so long ago: "Oh, that Frank Morriss, he's just a tired old critic," had something. She was miffed because I wouldn't weep over the sorrows of poor Olivia de Havilland, who was just a poor plain girl with a platinum hair-do, goo-goo eyes and \$175 suits.

The lady was living it up at a picture show, and she needed a critic like she needed a hole in the head.

It is the critics who land up with holes in their heads and the only consolation, according to my wife, Pat, is that if you do have an open spot in your cranium you can always wear a carnation in it.

You can be sure, now that you're a critic with all these free shows, that eventually you will be able to spot a phony touch in a play or a film with accuracy. But you can also be sure that a good portion of your audience won't.

They go to a show to be entertained, and entertainment means, in their books, a minimum of thinking. What was good enough in the show they saw 10 years ago is good enough for them today, no matter how often it has been repeated.

The best answer that any critic can think up, in rebuttal to his critics, is older than Joe Miller's Joke Book.

It is not as old, however, as the constant query that is thrown at him as a nifty that has just been invented.

Actors will say: "Could you give a performance like that?" and the urge to say "I'd be too ashamed to" is strong.

But you don't. Critics must wear a smile and remember that it's a free world, and that everybody is entitled to his opinion.

It doesn't matter if they don't know what they're talking about. They're entitled to their opinion.

So, bear that in mind when a coloratura soprano asks if you could sing Lakme as well as she does, a ballet dancer tenderly inquires whether you could do a couple of entrechats with a fouette thrown in.

Just give them the old answer that it's older than Joe Miller's joke book.

Look them straight in the eye and say: "Dear sir (or madam, as the case may be) I can't lay an egg but I know a bad one when I have it handed to me."

This will slay them. It will throw them in the aisle, or in the gutter, or on the carpet. Wherever they happen to be standing.

And please, remember, now that you are a critic, that you are free 24 hours a day, to interview contortionists, answer the telephone in the middle of a meal to tell a lady whether Jane Russell is really 65 years old, to attend performances until they start running out of your ears.

Or out of that hole in my head.

Class is dismissed.

Mistake Nearly Cost Him His Life

Carl C. Crossley made only one mistake in his 12-day Arctic ordeal. But it was a mistake that set him adrift on a tiny ice floe and one that he feared was going to cost him his life.

Telling about it Thursday after stepping down from an RCAF rescue plane at Stevenson field, the wiry 60-year-old Toronto bush pilot spoke quietly and matter-of-factly as he placed the blame for the worst of his trouble squarely on his own shoulders.

His words, slowed by obvious exhaustion, contained no hint of drama, but the story that unfolded in bits and pieces was as dramatic as anything in the annals of the north.

His survival Crossley described as an "act of God." Did he pray? "Of course I did, I did plenty of it."

Crossley's single error came on the day when he made an emergency landing on open water north of Southampton island, 1,100 miles north of Winnipeg. He taxied his plane onto an ice shelf and parked it in the wrong place.

From that simple beginning grew a tale of horror, the plane lost, and Crossley himself adrift miles from shore and never sure from one moment to the next whether his tiny refuge was going to turn over and slide him to certain death in the icy Arctic waters.

It all began May 19. Crossley, after waiting two months at DEW line Site 26 for good flying weather, finally decided it was safe to fly his pontoon-equipped Norseman to Churchill on the first leg of a trip to Toronto.

But the weather — "it's something you can't predict and can't control" — betrayed him. Only a few hours out from the DEW line site, he ran into strong winds and blowing snow.

His visibility poor and his gas running low, he cast about the desolate north shore of Southampton for a place to land and ride out the storm. Spotting a stretch of open water near the shore, he brought the plane down with no trouble. He taxied to a nearby ice shelf, pulled the plane up past a couple of pressure cracks and, a few yards from the water turned it around ready for a take-off when the weather cleared.

That's where he made the mistake. "I should have taxied another 500 yards and pulled onto the beach."

For, only a few days later, under the force of a southwest gale and tidal action the shelf broke up and set him adrift on a floe no bigger than an average living room.

But in those days, Crossley had no hint of danger. The shelf looked "solid enough to last a month."

He lived in the plane and sent out occasional messages over his aircraft radio. He busied himself by shovelling out a message — "NEED GAS" — in snow on the shelf.

If necessary, he had enough gas to try a flight to Repulse, the nearest point. But by the time the weather cleared Wednesday he found his battery was dead.

He was stranded until help arrived.

Two days later, the worst happened. Tearing winds and heaving tides began to tear the shelf apart under his feet. He had to abandon the aircraft. He felt sure that to stay with it would mean almost certain disaster.

Working against time he began to evacuate the plane. Piece by piece, he took food and equipment to what looked like a sound section of the shelf. He had no time to remove it to shore.

Even before he was finished, cracks in the ice became too wide to cross. In the plane, he left a spare pair of pants and a wallet containing his money.

Soon the section of ice bearing the plane split away from the shelf. Crossley's own floe broke free and both drifted away from shore.

Through the day he watched as the plane drifted farther away from him. At 2 a.m. last Saturday — visibility clear because there is no night in the Arctic summer — he saw the plane tilt wildly up on one wingtip and sink out of sight underwater. "I wouldn't have had a chance," he said.

What followed in the next few days was "pretty grim," Crossley said. The wind caught the tarpaulin he'd rigged as a shelter and pushed him offshore ahead of the other ice. He estimated he was pushed 20 miles out into the channel and another 50 miles along the shore.

The floe began to rock like a ship at sea. Spray spilled over the edges, drenching his parka and his two sleeping bags, freezing where it hit.

For sleeping, he stretched out in the two chairs he salvaged from the Norseman, wearing a civilian overcoat and covering himself with the frozen parka. He slept only in the daytime, eating at night when the temperature dropped — sometimes down to 20 above — in order to keep his body temperature up.

Worst of all, his matches had been soaked with the parka. He had no heat, no way of melting snow for water. He went without a drink for four days. He credits the water content of raw meat in his emergency rations with keeping him alive.

There was also the constant danger that the floe would "turn turtle" as floes often do. "I just wondered how long I could last."

But when the days looked good enough for search flying, he continued to grind out SOS messages on the Gibson Girl emergency radio he'd salvaged.

Even here, there were setbacks. Saturday, the kite he'd been using to lift the radio antenna plunged into the water and was ruined.

Then his luck changed. The wind switched and began drifting him back the way he had come. The floe was pushed near the shore of Southampton — only eight miles from the point where Crossley originally landed.

Tuesday he tried the radio again inflating one of two balloons in the emergency kit to lift the aerial and burning his fingers with a chemical used in the process.

For three hours, he ground out a regular signal one minute out of every 15. This time there was success. He heard an aircraft engine — "I knew what it was right away" — and rushed out to wave as an RCAF Lancaster swept low overhead.

From then on, planes circled constantly overhead. Late Wednesday afternoon, RCMP Otter appeared. "I saw it circle over the island and it didn't reappear so I knew it had landed," Crossley said.

"Then I saw men on the shore but I couldn't see how they were going to get to me. Then there was a voice behind me. I turned and saw one of the fellows had circled behind me in a canoe.

The rescuer, RCAF Cpl. Al Savage, picked his way across several yards of floating ice to bring a survival suit to the floe. Donning the suit and picking up his suitcase, Crossley followed Cpl. Savage back across the ice to the canoe.

Once ashore, there was still a four - mile trek overland to the rescue plane. Turning down offers from RCMP and airmen, he carried his own suitcase.

From there, there were stops at Coral Harbour where he got his first good night's sleep in 13 days; at Churchill where he picked up "travelling money" from his bank at Winnipeg where he faced a barrage of questions from newspaper, radio and television reporters.

He left on the 12.55 a.m. plane for Toronto and Friday morning was reunited with the wife he hasn't seen since last October.

Will Crossley stop flying now that his ordeal is over? "I'm not ready to starve yet," he told reporters.

FRED PIM

Just For The H Of It

Lord Faringdon refuses to say "a hotel." His motive is a noble one. To him, a phrase like that offends against the "graces of the English language." Single-handedly in the House of Lords the other day he battled for his principle against the forces of the Government and won. Against their stiff resistance he persuaded his noble colleagues to delete the common expression, "a hotel" from a bill (which had of course been written in the Lower House) and replace it with the more elegant locution, "an hotel."

In Lord Faringdon's determination to preserve the well of English undefiled, the careless critic might suspect a race of snobbishness. The critic could be wrong.

Lord Faringdon is a Labor Peer. In his veins the blue blood of his ancestors pulses in sympathetic harmony with the red blood of the common man. And the common man in England has, or has been said to have, some difficulty with the letter H; he tends to drop it. Such a man would say "otel" or "orse" or "unt." Now, to say, for example, "a 'unt," one would almost have to grunt.

This, Lord Faringdon is determined, the common man shall not be forced to do. He himself, one may be sure, can aspirate "hotel" or "horse" as well as a Canadian. But noblesse oblige, he inserts the "an" to put the other chap at ease.

This theory may or it may not explain Lord Faringdon's crusade for "an." But however that may be, one thing is certain he is defending a lost cause.

The common man, if such a being exists, is becoming more uncommon every day. He has mastered far too many complex problems to be long baffled by the letter H. The advocates of "an hotel" now find themselves defending not a living cause but a literary tradition, and, paradoxically, an aristocratic, strictly U tradition.

But traditions, even literary ones, must yield to time and change. Even on this page, for example, "historian" is the only aspirated word that still retains its elegant precursor, "an." "An historian;" it has a certain austere dignity that we are loath to tamper with. But Sir Winston Churchill is an historian, an historian who, one may be sure, has no intention of presiding at the liquidation of the "graces of the English language." Yet Sir Winston calls his new book

not "An History" but "A History of the English Speaking Peoples."

The relentless wave is gathering momentum, and time alone will tell how long Lord Faringdon and we can stand against it.

G. S. ROBERTON

Lenin Is A Dangerous Weapon

Washington: The State Department has published 18 documents recently obtained "through a confidential source" and relating to Soviet affairs in 1922-23. Only one of these documents — Lenin's testament — has been given general publicity in Russia. It has been available in the West since 1926. Thirteen other documents have never been published even outside Russia. Their significance, however, is marginal.

The State Department, which resorted to the unusual diplomatic procedure of publishing on June 4 a version of Mr. Khrushchev's speech before the last Communist party congress, continued to maintain the fiction that its circulation of the new documents was dictated solely by "the interests of scholarship and historical perspective."

This transparent device has deceived no one in Washington. Everyone knows that their publication forms another stroke in the diplomatic campaign expressly sanctioned by Mr. Dulles.

Russian specialists in the State Department believe that these 18 documents were distributed to delegates at the 20th party congress of the Communist party in Moscow on February 25 to give greater authority to Mr. Khrushchev's indictment of Stalin. The documents were marked "for the exclusive use of party organizations."

Publication in Moscow of Lenin's testament has provoked several questions which touch the roots of Soviet doctrine and strategy. Until now the criticism of Stalin launched by the new masters of the Kremlin has centred on Stalin's career after 1934. The new papers show that Lenin was very critical of the force and brutality used by Stalin and Felix Dzherzhinsky in suppressing the Menshevik regime in the Georgian Republic. Stalin himself came from Georgia.

Lenin wrote to Trotsky, whom he regarded as "probably the most able man" in the Communist Central Committee, that he could not count on the "objectivity" of these two men. He also charged Trotsky to present the case against Stalin.

Lenin's notes on the nationalities question have never been published in Russia but they have long been familiar to Western students of Communism. It is the view of Russian experts in the State Department that Mr. Khrushchev circulated these papers to party delegates to increase his own prestige by invoking the "cult of Lenin" against the "cult of Stalin," which he was seeking to discredit and destroy.

Still unanswered by the present documents are several questions about the course of Russian policy in its campaign against Stalin. Will Trotsky at last achieve his just stature among the heroes of the Russian revolution? Or is he merely being used as a convenient bludgeon against Stalin?

The tentative estimate here is that Trotsky will likely be praised as a leader who gave heroic service in the early years of the revolution only to fall later into errors of doctrine and to seek excessive power for himself.

Nor is there any assurance, in spite of Mr. Khrushchev's speech, that all the Communist leaders executed by Stalin will be restored to national respect by a deliberate act of rehabilitation. In speaking of the necessity of posthumous justice, Mr. Khrushchev referred only to a few of the leaders broken by Stalin's fear or hate.

About half of Russia's total population is in the 15 non-Russian republics. Any racial or home rule tendencies which would weaken the central power of Moscow would certainly

be welcomed here. Without too much assurance about quick results but with malice aforethought the State Department has therefore decided to drop this stone of dissension into the murky pools of Communist dogma.

Before Lenin's death in 1924 he sought much greater autonomy for the non-Russian states of the Soviet Union than has ever been granted them either by Stalin or by any of his successors. Mr. Khrushchev may have picked up a dangerous weapon in flourishing Lenin's document about greater freedom for racial groups.

It should be explained that Lenin wanted more autonomy for Ukrainians, Georgians and other racial groups not because he believed in human rights but because he was certain that this measure of carefully regulated independence would in fact bind these republics more effectively to the Kremlin's rule on all sovereign matters of Communist policy.

State Department officials, of course, vigorously pointed out that Mr. Khrushchev is now permitting his agents in Poland to behave with the same brutality and the same denial of democratic rights that marked Stalin's conduct whenever Communist despotism was challenged.

The ministerial responsibilities which have recently been shifted within Russia from the Government at Moscow to the constituent republics concern only the production of consumer goods and various questions affecting light industry. Lenin's formula for autonomy was never heeded before his death and it is still far from fulfilment now.

Lenin's testament will show Russian readers for the first time that he warned the Communist party against Stalin ten years before the fatal date of 1934, the period chosen by Mr. Khrushchev as marking the beginning of Stalin's defiance of the true principles of Leninism. In spite of Lenin's warning, Stalin contrived to strengthen his position among party leaders by his own dexterity and by Kamenev's support before the Central Committee of the Communist party.

MAX FREEDMAN

L. LeMoine FitzGerald

Of all men, the visual artist is in the happy position of dictating his own obituary. The writer comes close, though he must face the perils of generations of editors who may cut and change and bowdlerize; the musician further away because he is the constant victim of interpretation; but the painter and the sculptor, though they can be destroyed, cannot be mutilated successfully.

Thus LeMoine FitzGerald, who died on Sunday, is safe, safe from friends and enemies and critics. His memorial will always be the shy and sensitive paintings which over the years became his distinguishing mark as an artist. Style with him was a changing thing but the heart of his paintings—whether it be found in the soft and lovely "Summer" of the Hart House collection, the little work which is part of the present show at the Winnipeg Gallery, or the clear, clean "Doc Snider's House" in the National Gallery— is always this sense of withdrawal from and yet affection for man and nature.

Whatever the painting and whatever the subject, the words which come to mind are words like tender, poetic, gentle, atmospheric, all words which have been used about his paintings and all words which, looking back swirl around his memory and his works.

A member of the Group of Seven, he never really seemed a part of that talented group but more a solitary, introspective individual who found, through his work, a world more perfect than many of us would think the case, more warm, more friendly.

His was an ideal world and his realism an ideal realism and he never developed the harsh and lovely power which distinguishes the group as a whole. There was in his painting something of the Coleridge dream:

"... And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms

Come trembling back, unite and now once more the
pool becomes a vision."

— but with the exotic and stylized Coleridge mannerisms removed, the palace turned cottage.

LeMoine FitzGerald will be remembered here in Winnipeg, where he made his home, for his kindness and his modesty and for the help and encouragement he so often had ready for those who were struggling to find themselves in the medium which knew so very well.

His was a broad and intimate influence and he will be sorely missed; but he would be the first to say that his importance lay in his work, and that remains to be looked at and appreciated.

It would be a happy gesture to him if the Winnipeg Gallery were to stage a retrospective exhibition of his work in all its stages. He was, after all, the city's first painter. He deserves the tribute.

ANGELO

It Pays (Socially) To Be Ignorant

The age of automation is upon us, and with it the promise of more and more leisure. It seems to me that somehow we shall need all this extra leisure to revert to the primitive status of illiterate, unskilled laborers.

In my early youth leisure was a precious commodity. People labored for 12 and 14 hours a day, and then used their spare time to read carefully the newspaper, which was a fat volume crammed with long erudite articles on every subject of interest; or to gather of an evening in a pub to discuss public affairs, literature, or the theatre.

My grandfather, a village grocer, was thoroughly informed about the latest events in Constantinople, and his two sons — my uncles — taught themselves French, Italian,

and German. But grandmother's garden was always overgrown with weeds.

There are new books, nowadays, that one would like to read, new theories and reports one would like to study. A person may wish to brush up on one's French, or learn to read ancient Greek poetry in the original. But there is the back porch to be painted, the fence to be mended, the front steps to be repaired, the living room to be decorated, the garden to be weeded, and the lawn to be cut.

These tasks can be ignored only at one's social peril. The 20th century male can be an excellent accountant, a dedicated teacher, a clever engineer, or an experienced writer. He may hold a steady job and lead a sober life devoted to his family. All in vain. Except among the very rich, his social status no longer depends on accomplishments at work, but on how often and how well he wields the paintbrush or the hammer at home.

If a man is not an all-round handyman, his neighbors will sadly shake their heads: "His poor wife. He never does anything. Sits in a chair and reads." The eight hours of daily work no longer count. And to sit and read when there are manual tasks to be done is a worse social crime than wifebeating.

The consequences of a refusal to conform to this general pattern of illiterate laboring may be quite serious. The current concepts of mental health and mental illness in North America are based according to Professor Kingsley Davis "upon virtues that are dear to the heart of an acquisitive, industrial society." Lack of ambition (to mend the fence) may be considered as a "definite symptom of maladjustment." On the other hand, a well-adjusted personality results in habits of conformity.

I believe it is time to sound the alarm, as this view has now been endorsed by the Manitoba Government. On page 43 of the new "Drivers Handbook" the "husband who won't fix the furnace" is publicly held up as an example of a dangerous driver. By implication such a man is also officially branded as a bad husband. Incidentally, it is not Driver's or

Drivers' Handbook but Drivers Handbook. The Queen's English as printed by the Queen's Printer points to the future where we shall no longer be bothered by grammar. We shall no longer speak, but merely grunt.

Meanwhile, whoever is non-conformist enough to prefer aorist to the paintbrush is not only viewed askance by his neighbors, but also by the powers-that-be, and ultimately by the doctors. He is, in fact, well on his way to Selkirk.

And so, Bruce Hutchison notwithstanding, we shall ultimately reach the stage where the only cultured people will be the inmates in mental homes. The rest of this beautiful and fertile continent will be populated by beings rapidly reverting to the coelacanth phase. They will be able to fly jets and hurl nuclear weapons at each other, but their reasoning powers will have atrophied in the same way as did our tails when we left the trees.

F. S. MANOR

The Causerie

It is just about half a century since Lucy Maud Montgomery put the finishing touches on a manuscript that was destined to become one of the spectacular publishing events in Canadian literary history.

"Anne of Green Gables" ran into four editions and sold about 20,000 copies in the first six months, which was impressive enough. But that was only the beginning. It aroused a demand for sequels and similar stories, which kept the author busy writing the rest of her life. It was translated into many languages, was published in Braille, and it earned sincere and extravagant praise from eminent people. It is still selling by the thousands.

The story of this success has been frequently told. The versions exhibit a considerable amount of variety, and if

it now matters very much, which I doubt, it may be a very difficult thing to run down exactly what did happen.

The account which appears to have most frequently published is to the effect that L. M. Montgomery originally wrote the story as a serial for a Sunday School publication, basing it on an idea which she had earlier jotted down in her journal. This read as follows: "Elderly couple apply to orphan asylum for a boy. By a mistake a girl is sent them."

At all events, a manuscript was written. Popular account says that it was on an ancient typewriter which "never made the capitals plain, and wouldn't print 'w' at all." L. M. Montgomery is supposed to have offered it to a number of publishers, the exact number being a matter of some doubt. Hilda Ridley, in her recent biography (Ryerson 1956) says explicitly that she submitted it to (a) a newly established publisher, (b) an old, established firm, and (c) four that were neither old nor new.

All returned the manuscript whereupon, it was put away for a while, and later, "re-discovered by the author in an old-hat box in the clothes room." Now it was found interesting, and was sent out again in search of a publisher. This time it went to L. C. Page of Boston, who accepted it and in due course printed it, with the thrilling results already cited.

Miss Ridley, following a version which has been frequently given publicity, reports that "deciding to take a chance on it, the Boston firm bought Anne outright for five hundred dollars, an amount which seemed large to the author at the time."

L. M. Montgomery is the best source, of course, for the story of "Anne of Green Gables." In 1926, which was nearly two decades after the sensational first publication, she wrote, for a women's club in Prince Edward Island, an account which seems to confirm the source, at least, of the book:

"In the spring of 1904 I was looking over my notebook of plots for an idea for a short serial I had been asked to write for a certain Sunday school paper. . . Anne began to expand in such a fashion that she soon seemed very real to me. I thought it rather a shame to waste her on an ephemeral

seven - chapter serial. Then the thought came: 'Write a book. You have the central idea and the heroine. All you need to do is to spread it over chapters to amount to a book.

"The result was Anne of Green Gables."

That account was written, it seems, in 1926, By an odd quirk, I have recently had the privilege of reading an account of the book written in a private letter on the very day in 1907 when the contract with Page and Co. was signed. This supplies some details not found in any version I have yet read. It makes something of a mystery of the \$500 outright purchase, since it refers to something quite different, a contract on the usual ten per cent basis. However, that is a private affair of the author.

The letter was dated May 2nd, 1907, and was addressed to a literary friend in Alberta.

"Well," she wrote, "I must simply tell you my great news right off! To pretend indifference and try to answer your letter first would be an affectation of which I shall not be guilty. I am blatantly pleased and proud and happy I shan't make any pretence of not being so.

"Well, last fall and winter I went to work and wrote a book. I didn't squeak a word to anyone about it because I feared desperately I wouldn't find a publisher for it. When I got it finished and typewritten, I sent it to the L. C. Page Co. of Boston and a fortnight ago, after two months of suspence, I got a letter from them accepting my book and offering to publish it on the 10 per cent royalty basis.

"Don't stick up your ears now, imagining that the Great Canadian Novel has been written at last. Nothing of the sort. It is merely a juvenilish story, ostensibly for girls. . . I am not without hope that grown-ups may like it a little. . . the publishers seem to think it will succeed as they want me to go right to work on a sequel to it. I signed the contract today.

What a day: what a thrill; what history it made in that particular field of writing!

WILFRID EGGLESTON

A Century's Debt To Shaw

Paradoxical to the very end, George Bernard Shaw made it almost impossible to commemorate the centenary of his birth, which fell on Thursday last, for he was 94 years old when he died.

He nearly spanned the century with his length of days just as he filled it with the splendor of his wit. He lived from the enthronement of John Stuart Mill to the downfall of Karl Marx. He remembered an England which persecuted Ireland, which broke the spirit of young children in the misery of prolonged toil, which imprisoned women in the discipline of harsh convention, and which built squalid and shameful divisions between the estranged classes. He saw the glory of Kipling's Empire fade in the bleak equalities of the welfare state.

Yet he himself remained alert and memorable, the critic of the latest fallacy, the prophet of enduring honor, the living paradox able to resist the withering touch of time, to the last hour of his splendid and strenuous life. Even near the end there was still the promise of the morning as well as an autumnal sadness.

So abundant was his vitality, so distinctive and abiding his place in our intellectual tradition, that it is much easier to think of Shaw as our contemporary than as a master of English literature. Of what other writer could that be said with equal justice on his centenary?

It is one measure of his greatness that it is unnecessary to emphasize the early years of neglect and struggle in order to make more vivid the overflowing triumph. But we will be cruelly insensitive if we forget those hardships. He was a failure as a novelist; he was an almost equal failure as a dramatist, for long years were to pass before his first play became a success. During these lean years he was a working journalist, never feeling that he was a drudge, but serene and

proud in his conviction that he belonged to an honorable and creative profession.

Hazlitt said of Burke that he was "a man pouring out his mind on paper." So was Shaw. Hazlitt, a journalist all his days, could say of himself without boasting that he had "written no commonplace, and no line that licks the dust." Shaw too could claim that garland, and it was won on many a strenuous field.

Instead of being soured by poverty and embittered by adversity, he regarded both as harsh yet salutary spurs to that unexampled process of self-education in which he was perpetually engaged. As a journalist he wrote some of the best pamphlets since Swift; even his occasional pieces are touched with literary grace, and in the endless war against imposture and wrong he had enlisted for the duration, giving his sword to freedom and his shield as guardian to truth.

If he resisted the corrosions of poverty, he was equally invulnerable to the temptations of power. In spite of his passion for controversy it is almost impossible to find Shaw cultivating a vindictive grudge or furtive prejudice against anyone. These rank weeds could not grow where Shaw moved. Professor D. W. Brogan told me the other day that H. G. Wells (whom we both love) classified his private papers by quarrels. Shaw preferred to keep an inventory of his affections, not his antipathies. Never did any age have so merryhearted or generous a literary monarch.

As a reformer of the stage, Shaw struck hard blows, sometimes foul, at Irving and Beerbohm Tree, the actor-managers who resisted his innovations and resented the monumental intrusion of Ibsen. We have moved a long way from Shaw's triumphs now. We have the play of conversation rather than the play of ideas; and the tidy, well-constructed play, against which Shaw rebelled because he never could write it successfully, has again become the dominant tradition. But in a deeper sense the legacy of Shaw to the theatre can never be overthrown.

Old prejudices have lost their grip, consecrated customs have yielded to reason, ancient dogmas have forfeited their empire. Shaw made life itself the leading actor in all his plays. The theatre was transformed by his genius.

As a critic and prophet of social and economic change, Shaw must forever rank with the Webbs and with the other pioneers of the Fabian Society whose cumulative indictment shook the foundations of English capitalism and heralded a new age. No one will ever go to Shaw for guidance on specific political problems, for his advice was often vainglorious to the point of absurdity. He was an eccentric oracle but a liberating spirit. He will survive in the sweep and compulsion of his vision, and in the gaiety and gallantry of his personality, rather than in the hoarded little dogmas of any precise creed.

What are the qualities of a supreme writer? Let one speak, out of his rich Cambridge genius, to supply the illuminating answer. "To feel, and in order to feel to express or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end. A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow of trees on the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar; these and the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away, with its freight of music and light into the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale — to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature."

It is the ultimate paradox that Shaw, the dedicated innovator, lived to take his place in this proud lineage of English literature. That is why this centenary celebration is only the first instalment of his endless fame.

MAX FREEDMAN

The Battle Of Charlotte Street

With all respect to Mr. Pearson and his Department of External Affairs, it may be that they have been overlooking one person in Canadian public life who can really handle the Soviet Union. On New Year's Day, Ottawa's Mayor Charlotte Whitton held her own summit conference with the Russians, high above the Rideau River. And while it was not dictated so much by the cold war as by a hot fire, and the spirit of Ottawa turned out to be a much hosed-down version of its Geneva counterpart, the meeting contained all the drama of a top-level diplomatic skirmish, and more comedy than most of them.

One can sympathize with the Russians in their hour of trial by fire and water. The three-storey embassy at 285 Charlotte Street contained, no doubt, many secrets. The last time any of them got out (via Igor Gouzenko) the results were of some considerable interest. When the fire broke out on Sunday, one can imagine the consternation of the embassy inmates at the thought of rude Ottawa firemen running carefree through the sacrosanct building, splashing water on highly secret documents and perhaps lightly tossing out of a window the latest lists of Communist undercover contacts in Canada.

At first the Russians made a stand that was almost as inspiring as that made at Stalingrad, or at the United Nations against the entry of Japan — even to the point where one Russian tried personally to veto the Ottawa fire chief. They argued that diplomatic immunity surely extended to the point where a nation should be allowed to let its embassy burn down in peace, without being bothered by the unwelcome attentions of local fire-fighters.

But the Ottawa fire brigade was less concerned with what was burning up inside the embassy than with what might start burning up outside it. In the end, their superior numbers, inspired by the indomitable Mayor, triumphed. To be sure, by then the building had burned down. But although the patient died, the operation was, nonetheless, a huge success.

Through it all, Mayor Whitton did not lose her head. Diplomatic disputes require a high order of diplomatic skill, and to help her she called in Health Minister Paul Martin, newly returned from diplomatic triumphs at the United Nations, and various officials of the Department of External Affairs. From them she demanded a ruling on how far diplomatic immunity extends in a fire; or, in other words, at what point do the diplomats get out and the firemen get in.

So far neither Mr. Martin nor the Department appear to have come up with a satisfactory answer. The Mayor certainly will not rest until they do. In the meantime, the good people of Ottawa will undoubtedly agree that when, many years ago, the city fathers named the thoroughfare, on which the embassy stands (or stood), Charlotte Street, they named it better than they knew.

PETER McLINTOCK

This Business Of Rotating Speakers

OTTAWA: The pipe line debate is history and the House of Commons back to normal. But some consequences of the crisis will endure.

From the standpoint of Parliament the most important of these is an awakened interest in a permanent House of Commons Speaker, on the model of the Speaker in the British House of Commons. The speakership in the United Kingdom is permanent. Mr. Speaker is re-elected at each general election without opposition and at the end of his career retires on a generous pension. He is secure and independent and has been so for a very long time.

In Canada, from the outset in 1867, the practice, with few exceptions has been for the House of Commons to elect a different Speaker in each Parliament and to alternate between English and French. It is the supposed necessity of alternating that has prevented our House of Commons from adopting the British practice of having a permanent independent Speaker.

The result of the Canadian practice is to have a Speaker who is neither independent nor secure and whose future, when his single term is done, depends upon the Government that first put him in the chair. He may be given a diplomatic appointment or be brought into the Government. He may be made a judge or a Senator. Under these conditions, it is simply contrary to human nature to expect our Speaker to be unbiased in his decisions. He has no future that way.

The pipe line crisis was marked by several rulings by Mr. Speaker that were obviously wrong and which deeply offended the Opposition parties. A motion to censure him followed.

The debate on this motion has done much to advance the idea of a permanent Speaker. All parties realize that such a Speaker would have made a real difference in the crisis.

MacGregor Dawson in his book, "The Government of Canada," recalls that Sir Wilfrid Laurier said in 1909 that he had once approached Sir John A. Macdonald with the suggestion that the British practice should be adopted. Sir John did not favor it.

A year ago, on July 1, 1955, when the new House of Commons rules were being amended, Mr. E. D. Fulton, for the Conservative party, advocated the British practice, He said: "I suggest that this business of rotating Speakers every Parliament so that at the end of a Parliament he knows that he is dependent upon the goodwill of the Government for some appointment, is not a good one . . . After all, he knows that when this Parliament is over, he has to look to the Government for his next appointment."

Mr. Fulton's words were recalled and pondered in the debate on the motion of censure on Mr. Speaker Beaudoin on June 4 to 8. Mr. Drew, however, was very guarded in

what he said. "It has developed as part of their tradition in Britain," said Mr. Drew, "that the Speaker is not in any sense beholden to the Government for his appointment or his continuance in office." The practice in Canada, he added, was different.

Mr. Coldwell, for the CCF, was much bolder. He said that the time had arrived when this House might choose a Speaker who would preside over the House not for one Parliament but for a number of years Undoubtedly Mr. Coldwell, in saying this, spoke for the CCF.

Mr. St. Laurent, speaking for the Government, appeared to encourage the idea of a permanent Speaker. "We feel," he said, "that the views expressed by the leader of the CCF party . . . that it might be desirable for this House to have the speakership a permanent office that would go on from one parliament to another, are views that would still be valid at this time."

What Mr. St. Laurent failed to make clear was if he favored a permanent Speaker or was of the opinion that the present one did no wrong.

Mr. Harris, Minister of Finance, and leader of the House of Commons, is generally thought to have come down strongly in favor of the Canadian as opposed to the British practice. On close reading, his words, (page 4,811) do not bear this interpretation. Mr. Harris spoke strongly for alternating the speakership from English to French but otherwise expressed no view.

Alternating the speakership would not necessarily mean restricting the term of each Speaker to one Parliament. The clerkship of the House always alternated between English and French but always on a permanent basis. Some of the clerks have held office for more than 20 years.

Mr. Harris's words were more of a warning that a permanent Speaker would involve other and fundamental changes in the rules of our House of Commons.

Now that the pipe line crisis has blown over it is clear that nothing will be done at this time to change the prevailing practice. We will go on alternating the speakership with each Parliament from French to English. What is important, however, is that this system has received a hard knock. The weaknesses of a non - permanent, insecure Speaker have been revealed in a striking way. But it will take another crisis, maybe more, to bring about a reform which all members, privately, agree is long overdue.

GRANT DEXTER

Something Uncanny About The Dog

This is the season of the year when things go bump in the night, when ghosts and poltergeists prance in drafty halls, when piercing wails echo down the chimney, and strange apparitions dance in the pale light of the silvery moon on the snow outside.

It was in the light of the moon that I met my first, and thus far only ghost. The moon was there, but otherwise the scene seemed wholly unpropitious to a true ghostly atmosphere. The landscape was anything but wintry, and there was no house — ramshackle or otherwise — within the next 1,300 miles. Even the moon lacked the accustomed silvery quality. It was a tropical, full-blown moon with light so bright that we read by it before creeping into our sleeping bags to snatch a few hours of uneasy sleep.

We were a band of 50, one of three companies rushing supplies to Montgomery's forces, and we were completely lost in the vast Sudan desert. The North African campaign was over, and the Axis armies were reeling back under the impact of Monty's armor.

But we did not know it. We were in the middle of a trackless desert, without radio communications, and with maps long rendered obsolete by the wadis that shift their course every year, and that changed their direction many a time since the maps had been drawn 20 years ago. On that particular day we also lost touch with our two companies which remained behind. It was a trying day indeed. Steering in the deceptive light of early dawn, our convoy hit sandbanks and our 10-ton trucks, all fully loaded, remained embedded in the treacherous soft sand. The men spent most of the day digging their trucks out of the sand in temperatures of 120 degrees. They would place a sheet of corrugated iron — so hot that it could be touched only with thick gloves — under the wheels, drive over it and on for a few yards, only to sink again in the sand.

While this sisyphean task was in progress, the American colonel who commanded our mixed unit and myself drove some 200 miles around in our 4-wheel-drive truck, scouting for a way out of the sand trap. We found queer-shaped rocks, smooth as glass and dark as the devil whose own handiwork they seemed to be. But otherwise there was no sign of life anywhere, not even the occasional bones bleached by sun which we had seen elsewhere. This was truly the valley of death, of a cruel death wielded by merciless, tropical sun.

When we returned to our camp the sun had set, the brilliant moon had risen, and our men were in a much better mood than when we left them. All trucks were safely on firm ground, and we found a narrow, rocky path which next morning would lead us northwards.

So elated were we by this unexpected piece of good luck that we told our Italian cook to prepare a slap-up meal of spaghetti (which we had "liberated" in Eritrea) plus our last tins of bully beef. From now on it was going to be spam, but let the future take care of itself. So pleased was our colonel with the men that he raised the water ration for that night by a whole half pint.

Our camp was on a gently rising slope about a hundred yards from the sand bank. To the northeast were rocky hills. To the west was a 500-yard stretch of yellowish soft sand ringed by dunes that were held firm by desert vegetation now almost burnt to cinder.

The men disposed their camp cots in orderly rows, with an aisle in the middle. The colonel's and my sleeping bag were on the soft sand placed diagonally across the western end of the aisle.

The men were sitting on their camp beds, finishing their spaghetti, the colonel was peering over a map, while I was stretched on my sleeping bag, reading a book of poems. Suddenly I was distracted by calls in the camp: "Come here, pooch, have some spaghetti!" the men were calling to a black dog that was walking slowly down the aisle.

There was something uncanny about the dog as it walked past each man never sniffing at the bully beef — which after all was meat even though army ration — never responding to the attempts by the men to pat it.

Advancing slowly, the dog reached the west end of the aisle, stopped for one brief moment to give me a mournful look that sent shivers down my spine, and then trotted off towards the sand dunes.

The colonel, until now buried in his maps, looked up and broke the spell which held us all: "whose dog is it?" he demanded in the manner of an officer accustomed to get precise answers to reasonable questions. During the day the colonel and myself covered 200 miles completing a circle around the camp, and we never saw a sign of life, or even a possibility of life. Yet, if there was a dog around, and a dog that was not hungry, there should be people around too, and people was what we needed most. Somebody to tell us where we were. "We might be near this oasis," exclaimed the colonel stubbing his finger wildly at his map in the direction of a point which we had believed to be — and which actually was — 1,300 miles east.

"Follow the dog?" ordered the colonel. He might not have been the best of desert nagivators, but he could give a concise command. But the black shape on the yellow sands had vanished into thin air. There were clear tracks in the sand where the dog walked and we had no trouble following the tracks as they led towards the sand dunes.

Then, halfway between the camp and the dunes the tracks too disappeared.

We plodded on, knee-deep in sand, up to the sand dunes, but in vain. Beyond the dunes was only another expanse of sand, empty and desolate.

Worn out, dispirited, and puzzled we returned to the camp. Following morning, we delayed our departure until sunrise for another daylight reconnaissance. This time we had better luck. Among the dunes, half buried in sand, we found a small pyramid with ancient Egyptian inscriptions.

The pyramid was marked on our map, and, at last, we knew where we were. From then on it was plain sailing.

When I reached Cairo, I asked a well-known Egyptologist about that pyramid. He told me that we were travelling on the invasion route of the Persian king Cambyses, who after devastating Egypt had attempted to capture Abyssynia. Ours was the first army in 2,500 years to travel in the tracks of the Persian soldiers.

The pyramid? A mark of tragedy. There was trouble with a high-born Egyptian girl who was carried away by the Persian soldiery. She was brought before the king who ordered that she be punished in the ancient Persian way: two stakes were driven into the ground the girl was bound by her feet to the first stake and then bent backward until her spine snapped and, head down, bound by hands to the second stake. Left in the blazing sun, it took her three days to die. Her dog remained with her.

Later her father built the pyramid tomb and recorded the tragedy on the stone. But we could not read ancient Egyptian.

FRED MANOR

Richard As You Like It

The inhabitants of this woodland wilderness could be attracted to town at this holiday season only by a personage of the stature of William Shakespeare.

Learning that his "Richard III" was playing in the movies, we hauled up the boats, prepared extra meals for

the dogs, cats, birds and squirrels, hid the cabin key where anyone could find it, left a lantern at the end of the trail against our midnight return and set forth to discover the bard of Avon, whose name is vaguely known, even out here.

Mr. Horace Snifkin, our companion on this cultural expedition, is a scholarly Shakespearean of long-standing and for him Sir Laurence Olivier's majestic movie proved a complete failure. It was spoiled not by the procedure or the actors but by the audience. For we found ourselves seated between five small boys who ate popcorn with crackling relish and a gentleman and his wife with voices louder than Richard's.

The popcorn crackle and innocent whoops of the small boys on our right, the bitter comments of the elderly couple on our left, quite ruined the evening for Mr. Snifkin because he is a scholar. As an ignorant man I found these background noises a perfect complement to the dialogue on the screen and Shakespeare, I felt sure, would have been delighted. This was the sort of audience he collected in his Globe theatre, at a penny per person. Here were the groundlings enjoying themselves in their own fashion.

Therein, it seemed to me, lay the real importance of Olivier's movie — it reached the ordinary man and even the small boy. It proved that, properly played Shakespeare, is not the poet of the eggheads but the entertainer of the groundlings, as he intended to be.

Shakespeare would have sympathized also with the stout housewife on our left who remarked, in a shattering aside, that Anne was no lady to spit in Richard's face. Or again, when the housewife's husband (he was suffering from hiccoughs and sucked powerful peppermints to cure them) stated emphatically that he preferred Western pictures, Shakespeare would have conceded that viewpoint.

The appearance of that loose lady, Mistress Shore, produced a series of sharp wolf whistles from the small boys, an admiring hiccough from the husband and a sniff of moral indignation from the wife. She added, with a wifely dig, that he, of course, was interested in no actress but Miss Marilyn Monroe, in a bathing suit.

Mr. Snifkin was in despair by now and threatening to go home but this seemed to me the authentic groundling language of the Globe, unchanged in three centuries.

Then, as the little princes were exquisitely murdered, the wife wept shamelessly, the husband blew his nose and was miraculously cured of the hiccoughs, the small boys sat on the edge of their chairs and the ghost of Shakespeare smiled in the darkness.

It was the battle scenes that finally hushed the audience and, I thought, made Shakespeare sigh with envy. He could only march a few players across the stage, waving their tin swords, while Olivier could deploy a legion of extras across the countryside of Spain to create the field of Bosworth, in England; and if he had foreseen the possibilities of the motion picture Shakespeare unquestionably would have written those closing scenes quite differently, with additional lines for Richard, we may be sure, to pad out Olivier's prolonged dying convulsions.

Anyway, the husband observed at the end that the battle of Bosworth reminded him of his experiences in the First World War, though he was bound to say that his life as an infantryman was obviously much tougher than that of Shakespeare's soldiers, whose casualties appeared comparatively small.

The wife's considered judgment was that Richard deserved what he got and reminded her of a certain no-good brother-in-law in Saskatoon.

The largest of the small boys summed up his impressions by approving the play in general but regretting the absence of Mr. Gary Cooper, who would have done the thing much better. Besides Richard was obviously an inferior horseman.

Trudging homeward over a black midnight trail, Mr. Snifkin still complained that the audience had ruined everything. Shakespeare, flitting with us on a shaft of moonlight, assured me privately, however, that he was well satisfied to find that he had achieved his only purpose. He had written a smash hit for the box office and the groundlings would be on hand for his next show.

BRUCE HUTCHISON

Bang!

Scientists apparently are never content to let well enough alone, particularly when it comes to discovering ways of making a bigger and better bang. The Chinese had gunpowder, Sir Alfred Nobel came up with dynamite, scientists in the Second World War improved on conventional explosives before their colleagues made use of the atom. From the atom bomb we have progressed to the hydrogen bomb and now to the fission-fusion-fission bomb, which is more powerful than anything so far. And the end is not yet.

American scientists not long ago discovered a mysterious particle of "reverse matter" which they call the "anti-proton." Because matter as we know it is composed of atoms, which are in turn made up of ordinary protons, electrons and neutrons, the scientists are now off in full cry after the "anti-neutron." Its discovery, they say, is only a matter of time.

This talk of "reverse" or "left-handed" matter may, to the layman, sound very much like the verse about the little man upon the stair who wasn't there but who, one wishes, would go away anyway. But to the scientists it conjures up a picture that beggars anything yet dreamed of by science fiction writers.

If and when the anti-neutron is discovered, it will apparently lend weight to speculation that somewhere "out there" exist whole universes that are made up, not of matter as we know it, but of this "reverse" type of substance. And if one of these "reverse" universes should happen to run into a conventional universe like our own, they would not merely blow each other to bits, but would completely — in the very real sense of the word — wipe each other out.

One would not wish the scientists ill in their never-ending task of pushing back the frontiers of knowledge. But until we get such puny bangs as the atom and hydrogen bomb under control, most of us will no doubt be quite happy if the discovery of the anti-neutron is postponed for a while yet.

PETER McLINTOCK

Memories Of The Sublime

The other night I read aloud three chapters of "Treasure Island" to a little boy and girl. With a shock of pained astonishment I discovered that young Jim is an intolerable prig. Here is a book which is part of my life and yet, after a few years' absence, I found it strangely altered and altered for the worse.

Lately I have had bad luck with my old favorites. One of the few subjects on which I ever dare to disagree with Mr. Justice Frankfurter is the greatness of "Pickwick Papers." He thinks the book an interminable bore; and I have often believed that it is a radiant masterpiece.

Well, I have recently spent long weary evenings re-reading "Pickwick" and I now am convinced that the great judge is correct. The book is dull, unbelievably dull. I will never read it again.

I never cease to be surprised, by the way, at the diverse judgments pronounced on Dickens. Dr. Jowett considered him the supreme master of English prose, a verdict only somewhat less eccentric than Somerset Maugham's curious belief that Dickens was a mediocre writer.

I have also been disappointed in Hazlitt, the prince of essayists whose sentences ring forever in my mind with a reverberating glory. For some weeks now I have been reading his political essays, those fierce avowals of his radical creed and yet fiercer contentions with his enemies.

I doubt whether these books were ever much read and they have long fallen into oblivion. I found much splendor in them but huge unwieldy masses of declamatory folly and overwritten prejudice. I missed in him the unforced note of intellectual balance which forms the constant glory of Walter Bagehot.

Yet in a way I was glad I had explored these neglected by-paths. It helped to free me from my excessive idolatry of Hazlitt. One must read "Venus and Adonis to realize that Shakespeare was only a man and was capable of the grossest stupidities.

That wise and witty scholar, Augustine Birrell, cherished one ambition when he quit the dusty alarums and excursions of politics: he wanted really to read his Boswell. There was a note in his voice when he spoke of Boswell that recalled the urgent rapture with which J. L. Garvin praised Francis Thompson.

That is the way great books should be loved. I have been carrying Boswell around in my pocket for many days now and I am more than ever convinced that his life of Dr. Johnson is the most lovable book in the English language. Some day I hope to know that book with the precision and amplitude which once characterized Leslie Stephen and now marks R. W. Chapman.

Boswell's Johnson is one book which gets better on every re-reading. "The strokes of this mighty Samson, said Logan Pearsall Smith, "still reverberate in history; still he strides like great Hector sounding war's alarms among the dead; but we feel no pity for his victims. Time has changed into delight the terror of those lightning strokes of repartee; we listen safely across the intervening years to their thunder. But more than by his wit Dr. Johnson still lives for us, and his voice still reverberates in our ears, as the master and great monarch of wise sayings.

That is a memorable tribute. But is is hardly the equal of Hazlitt's inspired eulogy of Coleridge:

"Hardly a speculation has been left on record from the earliest time, but it is loosely folded up in Mr. Coleridge's memory, like a rich, but somewhat tattered piece of tapestry: we might add (with more seeming than real extravagance) that scarce a thought can pass through the mind of man, but its sound has at some time or other passed over his head with rustling pinions.

Or there is Macaulay's matchless tribute to Burke. "His reason, like a spirit in the service of an enchanter, though spellbound, was still mighty. It did whatever work his pas-

sions and his imagination might impose. But it did that work, however arduous, with marvellous dexterity and vigor. His course was not determined by argument; but he could defend the wildest course by arguments more plausible than those by which common men support opinions which they have adopted after full deliberation. Reason has scarcely ever displayed, even in those well constituted minds of which she occupies the throne, so much power and energy as in the lowest offices of that imperial servitude."

Or Gladstone's admiration for Jeremy Collier's sentence about Cranmer's bravery at the stake. "He seemed to repel the force of the fire and to overlook the torture by strength of thought." Gladstone counted this sentence "one of the grandest in English prose." He thought "Thucydides could not beat that."

Or finally, for a modern instance, there is Mr. Justice Holme's tribute to Willa Cather. "I think you have the gift of the transforming touch. What to another would be prose, under your hand becomes poetry without ceasing to be truth."

We have come a long way, to these memories of the sublime, from the first vagrant reminiscence of "Treasure Island." Of this vintage are even the casual delights of literature.

MAX FREEDMAN

The Struggle For Columbia Power

OTTAWA: The short debate in the House of Commons on June 27 and 28, and the conference last week at Victoria, B.C. between Hon. Jean Lesage, federal Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources, and Premier Bennett of British Columbia, form the opening phase of the U.S.-Canada negotiations on the Columbia river. The direct negotiations between Washington and Ottawa will not begin until after the presidential election.

Since these negotiations are the most important of their kind since the Boundary Waters negotiations which preceded the treaty of 1909 and the arbitration in 1903 which fixed the Alaska-Canada boundary, it is in order to keep the record up to date.

The Boundary Waters treaty and the Alaska boundary award were related. The decision on the Alaska boundary outraged Canadian public opinion. J. W. Dafoe in his life of Sir Clifford Sifton, refers to it as a "turning point in Canadian history." The Laurier Government determined in 1903 that Canada should never be so treated again and sought, and in large part obtained, in the Boundary Waters treaty an agreed body of rules or laws by which future controversies could be settled.

The instrument created to administer these rules or laws was the International Joint commission, the most successful body of international conciliation ever known.

The Columbia river is probably the greatest power river in the world, certainly the greatest in the western world. Its potential including both countries is perhaps 50 million horse power. It is a large river and it falls more than 2,700 feet from its beginnings in the Canadian Rockies to the sea in the state of Washington. The Niagara river in contrast falls only 300 feet, including the two sets of rapids.

Of the Columbia's total fall, 1,700 feet are in Canada and 1,000 feet in the United States. The United States section of the river has been largely developed in a series of great dams — Grand Coulee, Chief Joseph, Hungry Horse, the Dalles, Bonneville, and so on.

But the U.S. power interests cannot get the most out of their huge plants unless the flow of the river is regulated by dams on the upper reaches on the Canadian side.

Each springtime, the floods overflow the dams while, in the rest of the year, for lack of water, the plants operate below capacity. If the spring floods were impounded in Canada and fed into the river during the low-water months of the year, there would be no waste and these U.S. plants

would gain in output several million hore power without the expenditure of a dollar. It would be pure gravy.

The U.S. power interests have always believed that in course of time the upper Columbia would be harnessed to provide power for British Columbia and that, when this happy event occurred, the long awaited plum would fall into their lap. The Northwest States served by the lower Columbia have exhausted the easily got at power of the Columbia river system, south of the border. They urgently need more power and, failing help from Canada, are confronted with a painful choice. They must go in for high cost steam power or build dams on tributaries of the Columbia which will yield power, right enough, but high cost power and, even so, at the expense of drowning out large and valuable areas of land, national parks and the like.

The Canadian solution would spare them this decision. They would get the additional power they need without resort either to steam or their higher cost hydro sites.

What has happened to upset all the American expectations is that the International Joint commission has failed to agree on how the Columbia waters should be handled.

There is a record of strongarm dealing in the Libby dam case which will be summarized in a later article. But, apart from this, the Canadian section of the commission, under General A. G. L. McNaughton, has developed plans for diverting the flow of the Upper Kootenay river into the Columbia system, thereby greatly diminishing the power potential of the proposed Libby dam, and diverting the surplus water of the Columbia into the Thompson-Fraser systems. This would mean that the U.S. plants on the Columbia would never receive this water.

The commission, naturally, could not agree on these points. The U.S. section vehemently dissented.

And so, this spring, the Canadian Government agreed with the U.S. Government to discuss the future of the Columbia river directly. The matter has not been withdrawn from the Joint commission. The commission's studies are going forward. But, pending the discussions, there will be no at-

tempt by the Canadian section of the commission to make recommendations.

There is no reflection here upon General McNaughton and his colleagues in the Canadian section. This is not the first time the two sections have disagreed. Twice before this has happened.

On the first occasion — the St. Mary river case in Montana and Alberta — the two Governments agreed to a division of water. On the second — the Waterton Lake-Belly River case — the Canadian section made an independent recommendation to the Canadian Government which, despite the disapproval of the U.S. Government, Ottawa has accepted and acted upon.

Far from being a reflection on the Canadian section of the International Joint commission, the present deadlock in the Columbia river negotiations is entirely due to the skill and the resourcefulness with which the Canadian section discovered all-Canadian uses for water which, hitherto, has flowed into the United States.

Every trump card in the hand of the Canadian Government has been put there by the Canadian section. If it had not been shown that we could divert water away from the U.S. turbines, there would be nothing to negotiate, nothing to discuss. The Americans would merely have to wait until our need for power compelled us to build dams on the Canadian part of the Columbia — dams which in producing power for us would automatically control the flood water and thus benefit the U.S. plants on the U.S. side of the boundary.

The Canadian Government, as will be shown, holds very high cards in these discussions. But their strength can be nullified by the Bennett Government of British Columbia. The co-operation of Premier Bennett is essential to success. Otherwise, the federal Government, in seeking to safeguard Canadian interests, may become involved in a provincial rights wrangle with British Columbia.

This is why Mr. Lesage and his chief advisers have spent a week at Victoria. The prospects, as later articles will show, are not too favorable.

Death Of A Giant

A man with a mechanical saw attacked a huge Douglas fir tree near here today and quickly felled the work of several centuries. I counted the annual rings of growth on the butt and reached a total of 703 when those circular lines, the record of recent times, became too thin for the naked eye.

Through something over 703 years that tree had stood indestructible, until a revolving belt of steel ended its labors in less than half an hour. The man with the saw said that the tree stood in the way of his new garage and had to be removed.

He is a practical man, not given much to speculation and careless of history. But any historian would have found food for thought in the spectacle of that mighty stump, cleanly severed, and the prostrate mass of wood — enough material to build a house which might last, with care, for a single lifetime.

King John must have been signing a certain document on the island of Runnymede about the time when a seed sprouted on an unknown continent and a tiny sprig of green thrust itself up, among many others, from the floor of the jungle.

When Columbus discovered the new world the seedling had become a tree two and a half centuries old, had hardly reached its prime, was just getting into its stride and stood a mere hundred feet high.

When an English axe was severing the neck of a Stuart king the tree, safe from any axe stroke, was approaching healthy middle age. It had begun to decline at the time of Waterloo.

How often the tree had grasped the spring wind and transformed it into the music of the first harp, shredded it through innumerable fingers in the rustle and dry tick of summer and uttered the organ tones of the winter gale when no ear was present to hear it!

How many billion tons of water were sucked from the earth over the years and hoisted into the trunk and limbs no mathematician can calculate. How the tree extracted the soil's chemicals and rendered them into bark, cambium layer, heartwood and green needles no scientist has been able to guess. How such a frame could stand upright in the storms of seven hundred winters or support an overpowering load of snow on nothing but a frail network of roots no engineer or architect can imagine.

It could not have been an easy business. Around one tree stronger than its fellows countless competitors raised their heads briefly, withered in the shade of the giant and died. It ate their mouldering bodies with ravenous appetite and converted them again into living wood. Nothing but man could threaten that massive organism.

Man arrived late in the tree's life. The first human eye to see it doubtless belonged to some wandering Indian whose stone axe was too blunt for use on such formidable fuel. Then came a white logger with a steel axe, a cross-cut saw and a team of oxen, and he left his little mark. The gash of his axe remained on the trunk, almost covered over by the spreading bark. After a few futile strokes he had left the tree as too large for his tools, too heavy for his oxen. Later on some hunter had driven a spike into the wood, perhaps to hang up a deer while he skinned it. His spike had rusted away and broke in my fingers.

Nothing but modern man, with his high intelligence and cunning implements, could end the life of seven hundred years. This he proceeded to do and finished the job in twentynine minutes by my watch. The tree swayed with a scream of torn wood and wings outstretched. The man who felled it was well pleased with his work. He could now drive his car conveniently into the new garage.

BRUCE HUTCHISON

Popular Humor In Russia

Humor and wit are accepted devices and weapons in political discussion and argument. A witty remark or a humorous story often "drives home the point" more quickly and graphically than a long discourse.

Besides, when directed against the Government, political humor may give many people a feeling of gratification by providing a special opportunity for criticism and expression of dissatisfaction.

The last observation is especially true of a totalitarian country like the Soviet Union, where the usual democratic means for criticism do not exist. The official Soviet humor, as presented chiefly by the magazine "Krokodil," is intended primarily to foster the policies of the State. It is directed against the real or supposed enemies of the State, foreign and domestic, and against lethargy and irresponsibility displayed by lesser officials or workers in the carrying out of their tasks.

For example, officials of a collective farm become targets of ridicule because they cry in consternation that the harvest season cannot have arrived yet, since they are still engaged in drawing up their plans for it; or one is invited to laugh at an official praising a young, rather Bohemian-looking man, because "twice this week he has arrived at work on time."

It is only to be expected that the unofficial popular humor in the U.S.S.R. has been directed against the "powers that be." To a student of politics or a psychologist, it may provide some insight into Soviet realities. Here, therefore, are some examples of this unofficial humor, taken from different periods and relating to different aspects of Soviet life under Stalin.

After Lenin's death in 1924 a controversy raged between Stalin and Trotsky about the possibility of "building up socialism in one country," which Stalin advocated. After his victory over Trotsky in 1927, Stalin proceeded "to build socialism" in the U.S.S.R. through the Five Year plans and col-

lectivization of agriculture, which at first resulted in the worsening of the standard of living and much misery.

This was the time when some people, asked how they were, would answer "Better than tomorrow," or "As Lenin in the mausoleum" — which was then explained by saying, "They neither feed us nor bury us."

The following anecdote was created as a result of these circumstances:

A Stalinist and a Trotskyist argued about the possibility of building up socialism in one country. Unable to convince each other, they decided to take their case to a learned rabbi, known for both his wisdom and objectivity.

After listening to the arguments and meditating for some time, the rabbi said: "I think, comrades, that Trotsky is wrong and Stalin is right. Yes, it is possible to build socialism in one country. But while this is being done, the best thing to do is to live in another country."

During the Great Purge between 1936 and 1938 the powers of the N.K.V.D. police were such that hundreds of thousands of people were imprisoned and made to confess to all sorts of crimes. The tragi-comedy of this situation is expressed in this story:

A teacher of English asked a student, Ivan, who wrote "Hamlet." Poor Ivan was so ignorant that he thought that the teacher was referring to some anti-State pamphlet and therefore answered emphatically "I did not."

Since he persisted in this answer, the teacher sent for Ivan's father. However, the father was so confident of Ivan's truthfulness that to the teacher's complaint he replied, "Well, teacher, if Ivan says he did not write 'Hamlet,' all I can tell you is that he did not write it."

After this, the teacher's patience reached its limit and she reported Ivan's father to the authorities. Next day he was taken away by the N.K.V.D. After a week of investigation he confessed not only that he himself had written "Hamlet," but that he actually had it secretly printed and distributed as anti-Soviet propaganda.

It is well known that the glorification of Stalin, while he was alive, reached incredible proportions. Hardly any ach-

ievement could be mentioned without reference to Stalin, and his picture and statue could be found in all public places and in many homes in the Soviet Union.

The following anecdote is a comment on this practice: When the centenary of the death of the famous Russian poet, A. S. Pushkin, was being commemorated in 1937, a competition was opened for a statue in Pushkin's honor. Suggestions immediately poured in: Pushkin sitting, Pushkin standing, Pushkin thinking, Pushkin reciting his poems, and so on.

But who won the prize? A sculptor who proposed a sta-

tue of Stalin reading a little book by Pushkin.

The shortage of consumer goods has given rise to many jokes in the U.S.S.R. One, which appeared a few years after the war, goes like this:

Two men are discussing the international situation One, who is "in the know," says confidently: "Don't worry, comrade, in two years we shall have five atom bombs, specially made for the purpose, which we shall put into five suitcases and plant in the five largest American cities."

The other man casts a dubious glance at the speaker who retorts: "Why are you so pessimistic. Don't you think that we can produce five atom bombs in two years."

"I don't doubt that, comrade," says the other, "we can do that. But I doubt whether even in two years we shall be able to find the five suitcases."

The name of the daily newspaper of the Communist Party "Pravda," means "truth," while "Izvestiya," which is the name of the Government paper, means "news." The fact that the writing in both is often slanted and one-sided is expressed in the remark that "there is no pravda in Izvestiya and no izvestiya in Pravda."

D. NOVAK

The Rootless Land

One of the singular and unplanned by-products of central Canada's current anxiety to become solidified into a single slab of steel and concrete from the St. Clair to the St.

Lawrence is the disappearance of landmarks connected with one's youth.

The newest generations are going to have a different kind of problem to cope with, for it is doubtful if anybody under the age of ten, in, say, the metropolitan areas of Toronto and Montreal can possibly have early recollections of anything at all but masses of automobiles rushing past blocks of architecture resting on earth hidden under blankets of asphalt.

When I say that this sort of progress is unplanned, I do not mean that is is all without apparent point or purpose. In the case of my own family, for example, some higher power seems determined to destroy without trace every place of ancient memory.

Shady fields where we played have been replaced by treeless squares of faceless houses. Schools have been razed or altered beyond recognition. Quiet old streets meant for carriages and strollers have become expressways, mysteriously made narrower by the removal of sidewalks and the insertion of streams of traffic.

In accordance with scriptural prophecy, hills have been laid low and valleys exalted, and most of those so far untouched are concealed behind signs advising us variously that Beer is Best and The Lord is Coming — two matters which, as I recall, did not oppress us in our childhood.

The countryside, in fact, has changed even more than the cities. And, as we have observed on transcontinental motor trips, those who survive a day away from home can spend a night in any one of hundreds of motels constructed under a rigid and obviously planned code.

Wherever possible, motels must be situated at the bottoms of hills, where truck drivers cut their Diesels in, or at the top, where each transport celebrates its triumph over geography with a mighty clearing of sundry wind-blown passages.

People who callously wish to sleep must be sandwiched in sanitary and unsoundproofed layers between decent folk who are holding a wake for the day's highway victims. A bright and inextinguishable light, preferably flashing on and off, must be hung outside every window.

Heaters must hiss and putt, and furtive risings in the night be announced throughout the land by plumbing which roars and clanks like some wassailing knight in armor.

But while so many contemporary additions to the landscape have keen practical minds behind them, the overall picture seems to me to be one of confusion and inefficiency. For instance, anybody brought up in the old days in Ontario, when it was unusual to be involved in an auto accident, and scandalous to be seen in overt law-breaking, can hardly fail to be struck by the unco-ordinated but unanimous zeal with which motorists there today ignore laws, and signs acquainting them with laws.

Knowledgeable friends are inclined to give the nod to southern California over any part of Canada, but drivers in our two largest provinces, particularly in the metropolitan areas, are the most lawless I have encountered anywhere. An easy way to join the most exclusive social class in Canada is to stay a while in their company, only obeying laws and signs.

During several recent weeks, spent mostly in the Toronto-Ottawa-Montreal triangle — and not out of virtue but as an interesting experiment — we tried it.

Simple speeding, entering towns without decelerating, failing to stop at stop signs, and moving into intersections before red lights have turned green, are of course not uncommon in any Christian community; in many parts of central Canada they seem to be the rule rather than the exception. You can become accustomed to receiving glares and shouts because you are being finicky about the rules of the road.

But being passed on the right at high speed, where signs in generous profusion indicate that this is illegal, takes getting used to. So does being passed on the left by vehicles, when you have slowed down not merely as a mark of respect to 'Slow-School,' but because school is just out and the roadside is full of children.

I still feel surprised when I remember the policeman who, as a phalanx of us bowled along at thirty-five in a thirty

m.p.h. zone, encouraged us all with a wave of the arm to break the law just a little more.

That policeman, alas, is a fitting symbol of the whole business. Almost as if he were a federal cabinet minister, his primary duty of upholding the law has had to be sacrificed to expediency, for it is also his duty to keep the rush hour traffic moving.

When law-breaking is put on such a practical, impersonal, and even official basis, the frequency of fatal accidents cannot be blamed on anything more than ill fortune; and fortune, as Machiavelli remarked, is a woman, "and it is necessary, if you wish to master her, to conquer her by force.

NORMAN WARD

A Saga Of The Sea

The sea in this instance is Lake Winnipeg from a point near George's island to the northeast corner of Lake Winnipeg, near the mouth of the Nelson River. The time: September and October, 1899.

Selkirk was the home port of the Steamer Red River, a freighter owned by the late William Robinson, hauling freight to and from various points on Lake Winnipeg. The boat originally was built for a barge, but turned into a steamer.

There were two life boats, only one usable, and four fire pails. Inspection of boats at that time was nil, especially for the safety of passengers, as on different trips they had carried quite a few.

The lake on this trip was a placid body of water, even so calm that there was algae on the surface of the lake. We came home without any cargo. Being the latter part of September, we were anxious to get home and loaded for the last trip of the season, a full cargo of lumber, groceries and the three trunks for missionaries at York Factory.

By Oct. 3rd all cargo was on board, and then came the round up of the crew. The mate, a 300-pound Scot, when he

saw how much we were overloaded, refused to go, which turned out to be a blessing. In his place a far smaller man was found, and we were on our way by evening.

The second day out we stopped at Big Island and took on 15 cords of extra fuel for the boilers. On the bow, above deck, we had 300 sacks of sawdust along with the lumber to build a freezer in connection with a fish station near the mouth of the Nelson river. Our only passenger was a partner of the fish company.

We were travelling along good on Friday evening between nine and 10. I was lying in my bunk when the second engineer stopped by to chat. While we were talking I looked out and saw a beautiful display of the Northern Lights. I said, "look out for a storm before morning."

Sure enough, by midnight all hands were called out to throw off the cargo. The waves were dashing over the bow, soaking the sawdust and making it heavy as lead. Not used to that kind of work, in no time I had blisters on my fingers from handling the sacks of sawdust. The Captain was with us, too, working for dear life.

It was all to no avail, for one of the firemen came running, telling us to hurry to the lifeboat as the boat was sinking. The water was up over the boilers.

The captain got his compass and overcoat. I, being the cook, got a few victuals ready to throw in the lifeboat — a sack of flour, piece of beef, sugar, tea, crackers. When all was in the lifeboat, I didn't have time to get a thing from my bunk, so the Captain let me have his overcoat.

We were all ready to lower the boat but one of the ropes was knotted and hard to undo. I hollered. "Get an axe and cut it!" as we expected the boat to sink any minute. Finally all was okay and we were lowered into the water.

It was now 4 a.m., pitch dark, wind ablowing and waves getting larger all the time. The mate thought he knew just about where we were, so he said, "I wonder if we can't stay around long enough to see the boat go down, and when daylight shows up we could row over to the island."

Alas, he didn't count on such a big storm. So we were all settled in the lifeboat, four at the oars, four bailing out, one

lookout, and two at the stern seat — the captain who steered with an oar, and myself.

The storm got worse right along. When daylight appeared all we could see was water, and we had to keep the boat straight with the waves or we would have been swamped. We had on board within a few pounds of all that the boat would hold. Had the regular mate been with us, we would have foundered.

It was a grand and frightening sight going with the big rollers. One minute we would be up in the air on the crest of the waves, and next down in the trough, making us wonder if the boat would ever come up again, just like a big mountain of water ahead of you. There would be three big rollers and then the breaker, and often it broke within a few feet of our keel.

From where we left the steamer to where we landed was close to 60 miles. The storm was getting stronger all the time. When daylight arrived there was no sign of an island, only water, water.

By 1 p.m. the wind veered east one point which was lucky for us, as if it had been north one point we would have landed if possible, on a rough, perpendicular coast. As it was, we couldn't have wished for a more favorable spot.

About 3 p.m. we could see in the distance something like toothpicks along the coastline, so we knew then we were not too far from shore. The storm was slacking down and we were getting dry with the help of sun and wind. By 5 p.m. we hit shore, and the backwash gave us a good soaking as a parting gesture, but we were safe ashore at a point of the northeast shore of Lake Winnipeg, Montreal Point, a beautiful sandy beach, with shrubs and bushes close by.

There had not been one complaint of being hungry all day, everyone being too busy keeping the boat afloat. We soon had a fire going, with a ridge pole over it, which held a pot of clear water that one of the boys waded out into the lake to get. All we had in the way of eats was a sack of flour and a piece of meat — the rest had been washed overboard. I put the beef in a pail, and when it was cooked I mixed flour and water together, then mixed it with the liquid from the

beef. We had no salt or anything to mix with it, but we were thankful for it.

All was soon gone, and after eating, one of the boys gave thanks to God for our safe rescue. Then we found branches for beds around the fire, and all being tired, we were soon fast asleep.

Early next morning I was up and got a fire going down by the beach. I mixed some flour and water to make a bannock dough and put it to dry on a stick near the fire, not close enough to burn. Just as it was half done, two of the boys who had walked around the point spotted a steamer coming from Nelson river.

Thinking we might be able to hail them, we soon were all in our lifeboat and pulled out to see if possibly we could stop them. We had an old shirt hoisted on an oar but they either didn't look our way or thought we were Indians.

So we just kept on rowing, and it was a long Sunday row to the fish station, the one we were taking the cargo to. We arrived at 6 p.m. a very tired and hungry shipwrecked crew.

The boat we had seen in the morning arrived back that night, having gone to an island nearby to pick up fish. The next day after the fish had been iced and loaded on the boat, we were on our way home to Selkirk. Our captain got the skipper of the boat to go near where we were wrecked, as he had let the anchor out and knew the hull would be floating.

Sure enough, it was. All the superstructure had been washed away, but the hull was there, the hold full of lumber, groceries, and the missionaries' three trunks. The anchor was hauled up and the hull was towed to an island and left to be salvaged later.

A tug with a small crew was sent out to salvage what they could from the hull. While there, one day they were rowing out quite a distance, and picked up the three trunks. These were taken ashore, opened up and the contents dried.

I know of two others who were on this trip still living, one in Selkirk and one in Vancouver, B.C.

The Meaning Of Stalemate

Since the bomb dropped on Hiroshima there has been nothing short of a fantastic development in the science of warfare. There can be little doubt that science has effected a real revolution; nothing comparable happened between the days when men clubbed each other out of caves and those of thousand ton raids in the Second World War.

Men have fought in the belief that they could create conditions after the war more favorable to themselves than if there had been no war. Today it must be clearly evident, even to the people in the Kremlin, that on such terms no one can possibly win a war. To quote M. Spaak of Belgium, "The plain fact is that war no longer pays." Resort to ultimate war no longer means an exchange of damaging blows. It is plain and simple mutual suicide.

Let us be quite clear in our minds about the reasons for this. The atom bomb and its more sinister cousins, the thermo-nuclear types, can deliver destructive effects not in thousand ton measure, but (we had to borrow a new term for this) in megatons of effect — in million ton units of destruction. That these megaton units can be manufactured relatively cheaply does not make matters easier.

Secondly, and this is probably in the long run a more important factor than the megaton bomb, both sides will, in four to five years, be able to deliver these million ton parcels of destruction in guided missiles, spanning the oceans and the continents at speeds of 15,000 miles an hour. The vast ocean spaces between continents will become, in point of time, mere ditches.

What safety, what element of security can there be in such a state of science fiction come to reality? Curiously enough, it is in the very destructiveness of these weapons, produced by science, that our greatest hope lies. Our hope lies in a state of stalemate — an atomic stalemate.

Let us be clear about another fact. No nation nor group of nations can have a monopoly on the manufacture of these weapons. They represent the practical application of universally known laws of nuclear physics and no nation has a monopoly on nuclear physicists nor on the know-how to apply their findings.

On both sides the problems are being solved by well organized teamwork among competent scientists. The rate of progress is roughly proportional to the amount of scientific effort and expenditure of material. Occasionally in some area such a program will be accelerated by an exceptionally bright idea. But such ideas often occur to individual scientists in different countries simultaneously and independently of each other when the scientific background is ripe.

What is meant by an atomic stalemate? The term, which was first used in this connection by Winston Churchill, comes from chess. A stalemate occurs when neither side can move without putting its king in jeopardy. It frustrates the achievement of a clear victory. No one wins a stalemate, but then no one loses either. It is a permanent form of draw.

Furthermore we are at or near the stage where victory itself is too dangerous and where battling to a draw would involve too many losses. There seems no alternative but to accept a stalemate.

It is, of course, too much to expect that warfare is completely out of the range of possibility. There is always the chance that irrational men, lunatic men, stupid, foolish or desperate men may set off the holocaust. Churchill warned of "lunatics or dictators in the mood of Hitler in his final dugout." It is possible that Hitler, faced with self destruction in his "final dugout," would have launched the bomb and taken civilization with him to his crazy Gotterdammerung. Or even Stalin from accounts now appearing of his demented final years.

Short of this, local wars, so-called brush fire wars, or revolutions in which national interests are seriously involved, must still be reckoned with. But these in the shadow of the bomb are almost certain to be fought with now obsolete conventional weapons.

How else can man express his competitive spirit across the frontier of ideas; how else promote his legitimate aim to have his way of life prevail? When no point in this world is more than thirty minutes bombing time away from any other point — the world has suddenly shrunk to the dimension, not of one land, nor even of one country, but that of a single city. Suddenly the world has shrunk to the size of a city like Winnipeg. How do we in the city of Winnipeg, with so many differing racial and religious and national origins, manage to keep the peace and yet allow, in a framework of individual enterprise, free play for man's competitive nature?

It is certain that the basic aim of Russia is to convert the world to Communism. It is also axiomatic that the West will aim at a free form of society. What sort of competitive effort short of total war is open to both to achieve their respective aims?

Current hints suggest that the struggle will turn to economic rather than atomic warfare. A dam in a strategic under-developed area may be matched by a steel mill; an electrification program by a road building program; a fertilizer plant by a saw-mill and so on. The cold war as we have known it is due to become a contest of subtle pressures, most of it taking the form of a competition in good deeds.

This form of warfare offers a real challenge to the West and poses a real danger. The challenge is to our position in the underdeveloped, uncommitted areas. The danger is economic; we must substitute forms of gainful economic production for that large portion of our gross national output now accounted for by defence programs. Our survival depends upon our success in meeting the challenge and in mastering the attendant economic problems.

Beyond the stalemate — if we are successful in maintaining it for a dozen years — there are worth while prizes. There is the hope, a distant hope to be sure, that some form of accommodation will be found between the ideologies.

Such an accommodation was finally found as an alternative to the ideological warfare between Moslems and Christians and later between Catholics and the Protestants. It would not be unthinkable to bring about a "holy war" based

upon these profound ideological differences, even though the differences, in words at least, remain as strong as ever.

Today, in the light of this very great revolution in the science of warfare, there is no subject — none whatever — that has greater bearing on our security, in fact upon our survival, than this. What we as individuals think of the impact of science upon war and peace, is far more important in the long run than what we think about anything else.

ALAN A. KLASS

The Long Decline

"As good almost kill a man as kill a good book."

Milton's words should never be forgotten by a book reviewer. But, in truth, "The Conservative Party of Canada" is not a good book. Nor is it a bad one. The book is the work of a United States scholar and has been published in the United States and the United Kingdom. Since it contains no mis-statements of fact but much useful information about political parties it may be acceptable and stimulating reading for those who have only a passing interest in our politics. But for the Canadian reader, the book has few attractions and no rewards. The field has been covered much more thoroughly by our own historians.

It may be doubted if a first class study of a political party can be written by a scholar whose pulse does not respond to its appeal. Were Mr. Williams a Conservative, he would understand much that is inexplicable to him and he would forgive mistakes.

Mr. Williams goes so far as to say that after 1949 the Conservative party ceased to be the alternative to the Liberal party; that the alternative would be either the C.C.F. or the Social Credit parties. The event, however, will show that what Mr. Williams mistook for death was only paralysis.

The Conservative party is proof even against the leadership of the past 18 years.

Mr. Williams blames the decline of the party on its leaders. But it would be truer to blame it on the rank and file of the party. What the Conservatives have sought first in their leaders has been success of the polls. They were agreeable to the crucifixion of a leader the moment he failed to deliver. The Conservative party has proved itself lacking in the kind of loyalty that the Liberal party demonstrated for Mackenzie King after the Beauharnois scandal and the defeat of 1930.

And yet this does not get inside the party.

Mr. Williams describes Meighen as a brilliant intellectual, lacking in personal magnetism, ascetic, unbending, lacking the warmth of comradeship. This could be a standard quotation from Liberal campaign propaganda of the period. Actually it is untrue. An extreme partisan, yes. But Meighen did not lack magnetism nor warmth of comradeship. On the contrary, his followers adored him. In most respects he was an incomparable leader. His speeches in the House of Commons frequently brought wild scenes of enthusiasm, cheering, shouting, stamping, paper throwing — scenes which have been unknown these past thirty years. Mr. Williams is wrong in thinking that the cabal of Montreal millionaires and the G. Howard Ferguson coterie in Toronto expelled Meighen from the leadership. Meighen gave up the leadership because he chose to do so. Yet until this day he is the most potent Conservative in this country. At any time since 1927 (save the years of Bennett's leadership) until age gainsaid him, Meighen could have had the leadership back merely by crooking his finger.

Mr. Williams is also wrong in thinking that Meighen was surrounded by mediocrity in the session of 1926. A mong others he had Mr. Bennett — one of our greatest parliamentarians. Had Mr. Williams studied the 1926 crisis he would have discovered that Bennett had gone back to Alberta to take part in a provincial general election when King resigned and the Meighen shadow cabinet was formed. There was no air service in those days and before Bennett could get back

to the House of Commons to be Mr. Meighen's house leader, the Conservatives had been beaten and parliament dissolved.

Mr. Bennett always blamed himself for the Meighen defeat of 1926.

There are two points of interest here: If Meighen had won in 1926 or had remained in the leadership after 1927, the later years undoubtedly would have fallen out differently. But Meighen chose to retire and the reasons for this choice are not discussed by Mr. Williams. Certainly, the discontent within the party may be dismissed. A more likely explanation is that Meighen's pride was hurt. To the Conservatives of that day and especially to Meighen, MacKenzie King was a contemptible person — a man who had spent much of the war years in the United States, an opponent to conscription, an insincere, bogus radical. It may well have been inconceivable and intolerable to Meighen that the country could prefer Mackenzie King to a great war leader like himself. And rather than accept that verdict, Meighen chose to retire from public life.

Mr. Williams is equally unsatisfying on Bennett. He faithfully reflects the unpopularity of the Bennett government in 1930 - 35 — Bennett-burgs (jungle towns) and the Bennett-buggies (autos pulled by horses) — and he might have added the Bennett-coffee (scorched wheat) — but had he sampled public opinion more diligently he would have learned that R. B. Bennett is regarded as a great prime minister. Like Meighen he gave up the leadership. The 1938 convention would have re-crowned him if he had given the delegates the slightest encouragement. Here, again, a great crisis in the Conservative party is unexplained. Why did Bennett quit? Because of the defection of H. H. Stevens? Because of the other malcontents in the cabinet and among the rank and file?

Mr. Williams indicates no awareness of the riddle.

The writer has often listened to leading Conservatives discuss it, especially the late J. L. Bowman of Dauphin, the Speaker in Mr. Bennett's closing months of office, his close friend and one of the convention's emissaries to Bennett. It

is most unlikely that the party split is the explanation. Perhaps Bennett, having imperilled his health and his life in coping with the Great Depression, felt the public ingratitude as a lash beyond bearing. But against this is a speech delivered after his illness was on him — a little gem of serenity and faith in which he thanked the country for the opportunity of serving it in a time of great need.

Perhaps the blow which closed his career was the complete and indisputable failure of the policy of Protection. Mr. Bennett hazarded everything on high tariff. When he hoisted the rates in 1931 and again in 1932 he frankly told the House of Commons that the job was done. The unemployed would soon be back at work. The farm surpluses would speedily be sold and at profitable prices. The members could go home and await the future with absolute confidence. Mr. Bennett was an honest and sincere man. He never seemed the same after he rose in the Commons one bleak day towards the close of his term in office and said that he had found out that he could not "blast" a way into the markets of the world.

All this, of course, is supposition. But some explanation of Bennett's withdrawal from the leadership is essential to a history of the Conservative party. For if he had stayed, no one could doubt that our history would have been changed. The conscription issue would have arisen at the outset of World War II and not — because of no Conservative leadership — in November 1944, only a few months before the collapse of the Nazi armies.

On the return of Mr. Meighen to the leadership in 1941 Mr. Williams again is superficial. Here the best account in print is in Arthur Ford's "As the World Wags On."

On the Bracken and Drew periods, Mr. Williams does a fair job of reporting. These years are within current memory and need no comment.

As a history of the Conservative party from 1920 to 1949 this book is scarcely an introduction.

GRANT DEXTER

Manitoba-The Unknown Province

LONDON: Manitoba's people take some pride in knowing that western Canada's hard wheat is known in world trade as Manitoba No. 1 (or No. 2 etc). Northern. The fact that it is recognized in the United Kingdon as the best wheat available on the world market and is associated with Manitoba, should be of some value to the province.

Actually it may now be a bit of a disadvantage. R. Murray Armstrong, Manitoba's provincial agent-general in London, finds that the name of the wheat makes it more difficult for him to gain the attention of British industrial investors. They have a deepseated conviction that Manitoba is an agricultural province, and even statistics which show that the value of manufacturing in the province is two or three times that of agricultural production scarcely make an impression on them.

Unpalatable though the fact may be, Manitoba is not known in London financial circles as an industrial province and nothing has happened to bring it to their attention.

Alberta has had the dramatic economic explosion of oil discoveries. British Columbia has had its upsurge in industry, capped by Kitimat. Ontario has had the long-term advantages of being Canada's industrial capital — and claiming the rest of the nation as its market hinterland.

Manitoba lacks these claims to industrial splendor. Our industrial growth, though steady, has been almost surreptitious and apologetic. To convince those beyond the borders of the province that Manitoba is a burgeoning industrial community is a large job indeed.

Manitoba's agent-general has to do more than convince potential investors that Manitoba is good — he must convince them that it is better than other areas. And this includes all the Canadian provinces, the states of Australia and other regions all over the world. There are 30 offices in London representing various parts of the Commonwealth, all of which

try to woo British investors. At such a wooing party, it is difficult for Manitoba to appear with the largest bunch of roses.

That does not mean that there is any discouragement in the office of the Manitoba agent-general. Mr. Armstrong suggests, soundly enough, that it would be too much to hope for a sensational increase in investment in Manitoba within a period of months after the opening of the London office. Investment decisions are not made that speedily.

But progress is being made. While it is not possible to point to any increase in investment to date, the office has succeeded in getting would-be investors to travel west of Ontario — which they seldom did before talking to Mr. Armstrong.

The provincial office in London cannot, in any case, be properly considered to be separate from the Department of Industry and Commerce in Winnipeg. Rather it is the long arm of the Department. In Winnipeg the Department studies possible areas of investment. If a field is promising, it is examined in detail by a firm of consultants, who prepare data on the probable investment needed, sources of raw materials, probable outlets for the finished product and so on.

This material is forwarded to the London office. Mr. Armstrong writes to all the industrial people he thinks might be interested and calls on those who indicate that they are interested to the point of considering a branch plant, or of going out to Manitoba to look the proposition over.

Perhaps one of the most promising areas for investment in Manitoba today is the manufacture of plastic moulding and pipe. A detailed study of the possible new industry has been prepared and forwarded to London. Whether it will result in a new industry and a new payroll for the province only time will tell.

But the sharpest competition for the investor's dollar does not come from remote countries of the world but from Manitoba's neighboring provinces. Mr. Armstrong has found that it is not difficult to convince investors that it is a sound proposition to invest in Canada, but he has found it much harder to convince them that they should invest in Manitoba.

That is not because the investors are prejudiced against Manitoba. It is simply that they do not know anything about the province at all. They have to be convinced that they can accomplish anything by investing in Manitoba which they could not accomplish equally well, or better, by investing in Ontario or British Columbia.

But Manitoba may find the going easier in future. Canada's commercial colony in London is full of questions about prospective nickel developments in the north of the province. This could develop into another "Kitimat" and as such could help to break down the barriers of disinterest now holding back investment.

RALPH HEDLIN

Out Of Bounds

This year it was going to be different.

It wasn't that previous Miss Blue Bombers hadn't been nice girls. But this year, the whole business of choosing Winnipeg's representative for the Miss Grey Cup contest was going to be lifted "to an intellectual plane".

This was the message, brought with considerable excitement, to the Winnipeg school board meeting Tuesday night by H. Wainwright, of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers Quarterback club.

The Bombers, he said, did not want to pick a beauty queen in the old style. They wanted to "do something" for some deserving young Winnipeg lass, now blushing unseen.

To prove their serious intentions the Bombers had definitely decided to drop the word "contest," and to use instead the word "project."

The only girls allowed to project themselves into this project would be high school, Normal school, university or nursing students between 17 and 21 — and the lucky winnah, said Mr. Wainwright, would receive a \$250 scholarship, to be provided by the Blue Bombers, and presented to the winnah at a rally chaperoned ball, conducted with dignity.

The judges — "intellectual writers, artists, people known to everyone in the community," said Percy Genser, in elucidation — would take into consideration scholastic attainment, beauty, poise and talent. But this project would by no means be a beauty contest. No one could enter whose vital statistics showed less than a 67 per cent class average.

There would, said Mr. Wainwright, be no cheesecake, if he might use the term. "We do not want somebody that nature has been abundantly kind to, with all the curves under control, and a beautiful face, although that would be a wonderful asset," Mr. Wainwright said.

The winning of the Miss Grey Cup "project" would be incidental to the doing something for some deserving student.

If the winner left the city, added Mr. Genser, she would do so only with her mother or her father, and "she will not go away promiscuously in any way, shape or form."

All the Bombers wanted of the school board, said Mr. Wainwright, who had already met with high school principals, was their co-operation in accepting the offer of the scholarship, and help in soliciting entries through the schools, with the principals making the initial choice within each school.

The Blue Bomber delegaton withdrew, leaving the board to mull the thing over.

An hour or two later, it appeared that the board's mulling over had not worked to the advantage of the project, for which the distinguished support of the lieutenant-governor, premier, and three mayors of Greater Winnipeg had been cited.

G. T. MacDonell, assistant schools superintendent, said the school principals had for a long time considered it their duty to combat the tendency of mass media to create in the minds of youngsters the notion that facial beauty, charm and such superficial things were the most important things in life.

"Our concern is the beauty of mind," said Mr. Mac-Donell severely, "not form." But he added, softening slightly, the principals like to encourage the granting of scholarships, and they had agreed to this project, provided it could be handled so as not to give the impression that the school board was in the beauty contest business. But in plain truth, asked Trustee H. B. Parker, wasn't the educational aspect purely secondary? Sixty-seven per cent was much too low if they were in search of anything resembling scholastic ability.

"Simply high-pressure publicity," growled Trustee G. J. Reeve. "You can depend that there will be great pressure brought to bear to see that the winner stacks up physically."

Trustee A. Ross Little moved that the project be approved by the board, provided that all names forwarded from schools be approved by the principals first. Trustee K. E. McCaskill seconded this, for a trial period of one year.

This opened the debate and objections tumbled from trustees thick and fast.

Would the principals make their selections only on academic standing? asked Trustee Kenneth Bowyer.

"No," said Mr. MacDonnell. "We were assured that sheer physical beauty was not as important as personality and poise."

Trustee Joseph Zuken: "Do our principals have to be judges of beauty?"

Trustee Andrew Robertson said that if the Blue Bombers wanted to help some students who was university material, the qualifying mark should be put up to 80 or 85.

Trustee George Frith couldn't see any end to the complications. He already had visions, he said, of taxis drawing up to school doors, taking girls away for hair appointments.

"I'm afraid we are kidding ourselves," said Trustee Zuken. "This is a very important promotional idea by the Blue Bombers. But if they wanted to give a scholarship to the school district they could give us \$250 a year for that purpose, and it would be excellent public relations by them."

These beauty contests, he said, had a way of developing into "pretty shabby" propositions.

"Brewers give scholarships, but not on the basis of the amount of beer you drink," Trustee Zuken said. "The Blue Bombers do not operate their football teams on a basis of beauty. We shouldn't operate our scholarships on such a basis."

Trustee Kenneth Bowyer was worried about the embarrassing position that would arise when an entrant — "pleasing to the eye" — with a 67 per cent average, won out over another girl with 85 per cent. "How are you going to explain?" he pleaded.

Trustee Little, fighting a losing battle, said selection would really not be difficult for principals, and he thought this was a "not too odious way of picking up an extra scholarship."

His motion was lost, eight votes to five, and the board decided not to co-operate.

BOYCE RICHARDSON

As The River Moves In

Farmer Aron Hiebert tossed a sack of household articles over his thin but muscular shoulder and spat out the words of desperation.

"I'm going to get rid of this . . . place if I have to give it away," he swore, and moved toward his waiting truck.

Farmer Hiebert was evacuating his small home on the Assiniboine river, a few miles southeast of Portage la Prairie. He was moving out for the second time in as many springs.

It was Friday, and the electric clock in the Hiebert kitchen read 20 minutes to 12 — the time when the farmer had shut off the power. It was now about noon, and the river — stopped in its course by successive ice-jams — was pouring into the farmyard.

Barely two hours later, there was an inch of water on the kitchen floor.

The bitter little drama in the Hiebert kitchen was being played out in many other farms along the south river road. Not far away, the Sioux Indian village outside of Portage was almost deserted, its occupants evacuated to the army drill hall in town.

On one porch, though, an aged Indian presented an incongruous picture as he sat on his front porch, whittling while

the river moved inches from his feet. The road a few feet in front of him was buried in rushing water, huge chunks of ice tearing across it.

Through the area, in a jeep and on foot, moved a bespectacled figure in a black homburg, clerical collar, a station wagon coat with the tails tucked around his middle and white-trimmed hip waders.

Mayor H. L. Henderson was filling the post that occupies his time when he's not being a mayor, a minister or a potential member of the legislature — local civil defence director.

The jeep bounced across the steel bridge over the Assiniboine and turned down a dirt road. Yards further on, water covered it. The mayor jumped off and directed the removal of some livestock huddled on an "island" on the farm. . .

Down the water-covered road went jeep and mayor — and sometimes, when the driver wasn't sure of where the road was supposed to be, the mayor got out, hitched his coat-tails even higher, and led the way.

Farmer Alex Hryhorchuk was worried about his refrigerator. As the water seeped into the Hryhorchuk kitchen, the mayor directed the bringing in of wood blocks, and the lifting of the fridge atop them.

Then into the yard he went, and helped the farmer chase frightened chickens in the direction he wanted them to go.

Later in the afternoon, the mayor turned aviator and, seated beside the pilot in a small craft, dipped low over the area hit by the local flood caused by the ice-jams.

Twenty-odd miles further west, there was almost as much water but a good deal less concern.

Two creeks on either side of town had overflowed and joined forces — smack in the middle of MacGregor's main street.

Residents, who had the same thing happen to them on a smaller scale last spring, were taking advantage of the situation. Almost to a man, they were washing their cars.

Most basements along the street were full, but there was little water on ground floors. Sandbags were protecting the entrances to buildings, and a ring of them stretched around the Memorial hall. School had been closed all day. Gay youngsters were wading or riding bicycles through the foot-high water. Most businesses were closed, but a local butcher was providing service supreme. His customers stood a few yards out in the street and shouted their orders. Then the butcher came wading through a particularly deep puddle in front of his store and, smilingly, placed the packages in their hands.

"It'll be worse before it gets better," declared Alex Shaw, editor of the MacGregor Herald. He pointed to the still-white Carberry hills, to the south. "There's plenty of snow in them yet, and when it melts, it'll be coming this way."

Thursday night, he said, he and his staff of three wore hip boots in the Herald office as they wrapped the papers for mailing.

There had been little or no need for any evacuation, Barber Jack Lewis noted as he stood in the middle of Main street in a foot or so of water.

"There's nothing we can do about it but wait — and wash our cars," he said. And that's just what he was doing.

JOE GELMON

Abominable Showmen at Work

VICTORIA: The student of government will find nothing to interest him in British Columbia's current election campaign. The student of the theatre will find here a spectacle which Hollywood might well envy. If the leaders of Social Credit have not quite conquered the Everest of economic theory, they have made this election a contest of Abominable Showmen.

The Bennett Government obviously conceived the campaign, long in advance, not as a serious debate on public af-

fairs but as an entertainment, a super-colossal, tailored to fit British Columbia's mood of euphoria.

Instead of attempting the usual speaking tour of the province, Mr. Bennett left the platforms to his opponents, loaded two trains with honored guests and assorted stuffed shirts and took them for a gaudy ceremonial tour of the Government's Pacific Great Eastern Railway.

This spectacle was gaudy but strictly non-partisan. Mr. Bennett was careful to invite distinguished Liberal and Conservative politicians who, having retired, offered him no political danger. He introduced them at every whistle stop as his esteemed personal friends and thus lifted the tour above the sordid business of politics.

Even nature co-operated to make the procession spectacular. On the new section of railway from North Vancouver to Squamish a mountain slide held up the two trains for a day but while Mr. Ralph Chetwynd, minister of railways, suspected sabotage by the Government's enemies, Mr. Bennett was not in the least disturbed. That accident kept his show in the headlines.

Mr. Chetwynd had won \$800 worth of cowboy hats by betting that the railway would reach North Vancouver this summer and he continued to talk through all of them. Mr. Bennett talked about everything except politics. And to add a touch of good old western nostalgia, he permitted himself to be held up by mock train robbers and was photographed with a noose around his neck at the cowtown of Williams Lake.

Then, at Prince George, the present terminal of the rail-way, there was an all-night jamboree with dancing in the streets and the Government liquor stores kept open at all hours to assuage the thirst of the townspeople, who not only have a railway all the way to Vancouver but will soon see it extended into the Peace River country.

These pleasantries may seem to have little relevance to the election. Actually they represented Mr. Bennett's undoubted genius as a political showman for his whole purpose is to represent Social Credit as a people's movement interested only in their welfare, not in votes. The other parties can talk about such dull things as debt and taxes. The courts can settle the bribery charges against a former member of the Government — after the polls are closed. Mr. Bennett is concerned with nothing but progress and progress consists mainly of spending more money.

If the Government can be said to have any policy in the election it is to increase the highest per capita spending in Canadian history.

Among other things, he proposes to extend the P.G.E. northward into the Yukon, if the national taxpayers will pay part of the shot. He has rejected as unthinkable the Liberal party's modest plan to cut the sales tax from 5 to 4 per cent. He says that he is rapidly wiping out the provincial debt while borrowing huge new amounts in New York to pay for the railway extension, toll bridges, power plants and other public works.

The current figures of his revenue and expenditure, his debt and the large profits which he claims from his railway have not been revealed. As a result, the opposition parties literally don't know what they are talking about in the field of finance and the confusion of statistics pouring from the hustings would make any accountant despair. This is not a debate; it is a show, precisely as the master showman planned it from the beginning.

Among the minor actors is the lonely figure of Dr. Brock Chisholm, the world-famous authority on public health, who now lives outside Victoria and has been nominated as the Conservative candidate in Esquimalt.

His first adventure into politics seems to symbolize the entire tone of the election, for it was Dr. Chisholm, as every body remembers, who attracted world-wide attention by proposing to abolish the myth of Santa Claus. And Santa Claus, in the unaccustomed costume of Social Credit, his bag bulging with presents for everybody, is the presiding spirit of the campaign.

Mr. Bennett undoubtedly believes that neither Dr. Chisholm nor any other candidate will dare to shoot Santa Claus in the present Yuletide humor of British Columbia.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Saskatchewan's Half Century

Visitors to Saskatchewan during their Jubilee year may well be impressed at what they see. As they drive across the rich wheatlands, past kempt farmhouses, through snug little towns and thriving cities, they may find it hard to remember that, less than 80 years ago, the prairie grass grew high and the bison roamed the plains from which the harvest is being taken.

People who visit the wheat province just now are seeing it not only at the best time of the year, but at one of the relatively prosperous periods in its history. It is to be hoped that they will not fall into the error of judging Saskatchewan and its people only on the basis of what they see — the bumper harvest, the overflowing granaries, the bustling streets and stores.

For as Saskatchewan people are well aware, the history of their province is not one of easy prosperity. Saskatchewan is a province of extremes. Its story is one of ups and downs, of triumphs and defeats, or rejoicing and near-despair.

In the 50 years since it became a province, Saskatchewan has produced more than eight and a half billion bushels of wheat; it has earned its title of "the breadbasket of the world." In 1905, Saskatchewan farmers harvested more than 25 million bushels of wheat, an average yield of more than 23 bushels for every acre that was seeded. Since then, some years have been good, some have been bad. The peak came in 1952 with its harvest of 435 million bushels; the low point was in 1937 when the drought-ridden fields yielded only 36 million bushels.

No one who lived in the Saskatchewan dust bowl in the 1930s will forget those years. It was inconceivable then that, less than 20 years later, farmers would be complaining about too much rain. But nature is fickle, and on the Saskatchewan plains the trouble has often been too little, rather than too much, moisture.

To defeat the dry years, when they come again, the people of Saskatchewan have been building dams and irrigation

works, in which to conserve moisture for use when and where it may be needed. In recent years groups of farmers have hired cloud-seeding firms in an attempt to make more rain fall on their land. The significance of water to Saskatchewan can hardly be overestimated; and it cannot be more vividly illustrated than by the desire of all Saskatchewan people to see the South Saskatchewan River dam constructed.

Nature has had — and still has — other tricks up her sleeve with which to plague wheat producers. But progress is being made against these hazards. The danger from early fall frosts has been lessened by faster-maturing grain. New wheat varieties have — from time to time, at least — halted the rust plague. Chemistry has produced new weapons against crop-destroying weeds and insects, and fertilizers to enrich the soil. More efficient machinery and farming techniques have speeded up the farmer's work.

A similiar struggle has been going on for more than half a century against the economic forces which, the farmers felt, were arrayed against them. Discontent with early methods of delivering and marketing grain resulted in the formation in 1902 of the first prairie farm co-operative organization — the Territorial Grain Growers' Association. From that beginning, a network of farm organizations has spread across the prairies; and in Saskatchewan the co-operative movement has grown until Saskatchewan is sometimes called, with justification, "the co-operative province."

The dissatisfaction with the ups and downs of the grain industry and, in later years, the farmers' search for economic stability, also led to the formation of the Canadian Wheat Board, in whose hands they now entrust the selling of all their wheat.

The searching attitude of the Saskatchewan people towards their economic fate — even in prosperous times — has also conditioned Saskatchewan politics. It was largely political restlessness, particularly on the part of some war veterans, that turned out the Liberals in 1929, after they had been in office for nearly 25 years; and which returned them in 1934 after the depression had swept the province. Similarly

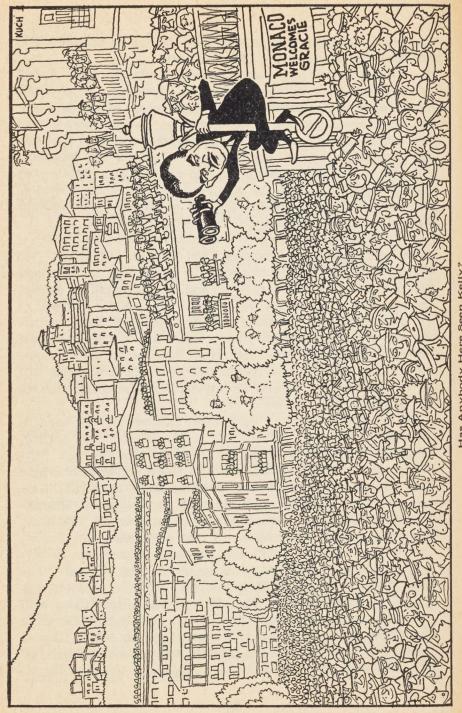
in 1944 it was the rural communities' hope of a new and better deal that brought the CCF to power.

Saskatchewan will continue to depend for much of her prosperity on agriculture. But in an attempt to lessen their dependence on one industry alone, the people of the province are working to diversify their economy. The southern plains are dotted with oil derricks and rigs and the hope is that one day Saskatchewan will come closer to her western neighbor, Alberta, in the production of oil and natural gas. Lignite coal has long been mined in the south-east corner of the province, and elsewhere on the plains deposits of common salt, sodium sulphate and commercial clay are being developed.

Much of Saskatchewan's wealth comes from the north—from her forests, her trapping and fishing industries, her mines. There is little doubt about the riches that lie untapped beneath the pre-Cambrian rock, and as the north is opened up, so will the province's wealth from this source increase.

Saskatchewan has some industry, although manufacturing as yet plays a comparatively small role in the provincial economy. But as the province grows, new industries are coming in, and the day may yet arrive when Saskatchewan will no longer have to depend on far-off manufacturing centres for much of what it uses.

The achievements of Saskatchewan have not all been in material fields only. When the province was first settled, people of many nationalities flocked in to take up land. Naturally they tended to coagulate into small settlements where their common traditions and customs were nurtured: Germans around Langenberg, Icelanders at Tantallon, Rumanians near Balgonie, Germans and Austrians at Ebenezer, French - speaking Canadians in the Gravelbourg district, Doukhobors around Canora and Kamsack, Ukrainians in various northern settlements; and so on. In the 50 years that have gone by, racial differences and frictions have disappeared in Saskatchewan. The old ways and traditions still add color to the province's life - and rightly so. But while the people today are proud of the country from which they or their fathers came, they are prouder still of being citizens of Saskatchewan and Canada. PETER McLINTOCK



FROM THE PAST

A Tragic Anniversary

September is a month of tragic anniversaries. Germany invaded Poland on September 1st, 1939; Great Britain declared war on Germany September 3rd, Canada did likewise on September 10th. But there is a still more tragic September anniversary. It was on September 18th, 1931 — ten years ago today — that the Japanese army staged the Mukden incident. This event created some immediate perturbation in the chancelleries of various nations; but there was nowhere the slightest realization of what the action of the Japanese militarists signified and portended. On that day, in that remote place, a fuse was lighted that has blown to pieces the world order that was envisaged in the Covenant of the League of Nations.

During its first ten years of existence the League was apparently making slow but steady progress; by 1930 there was a general belief, as expressed in publications, books and public declarations, that with the Pact of Paris supplementing the Covenant, war as an instrument of national policy had become obsolete. This hope rested on the engagement not to resort to war to which every nation in the world had subscribed and the belief that in Article XI of the Covenant a workable method for adjusting difficulties had been established, replacing the more drastic provisions of Article X and Article XVI. Article XI declared that "any war or threat of war, whether immediately affecting any members of the League or not is hereby declared to be a matter of concern to the whole League and the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations."

The handful of Japanese troops who took possession of Mukden ten years ago today reduced the Pact of Paris to a meaningless jumble of words and destroyed the League. This was not evident the day after the aggression, but it is evident now, looking back over a decade of ever-widening war and international anarchy.

Mukden was a challenge to the Covenant and to the Pact of Paris. If it had been met by the concerted action of the League and the United States, which while not a member of the League was the fashioner of the Pact of Paris, the world would have had ten years of deepening peace instead of a decade of mounting disaster. But the challenge was evaded and the responsibility can be pretty evenly divided between the United States and the League powers.

The action at Mukden may have been the deed of mutinous troops as was claimed at the time, or it may have been instigated by the Japanese Government, which seems highly probable in the light of Japanese policy as subsequently revealed. The pretence that the Japanese Government disapproved of the action and if left alone would deal with the matter in a satisfactory manner was successful in preventing joint representations by the United States and the League at a time when they might have been effective; and by the time, three months later, that the United States administration began to realize the seriousness of Japan's action, the chief League powers were indifferent to Mr. Stimson's proposal that the signatories of the Nine-Power Pact should be convened to deal with the matter. They preferred to leave the matter to the League; and the League which they controlled never went beyond words in deprecating Japan's course. Japan was completely successful in her plans to add to her empire the whole vast area of Manchuria which proved to be merely the beginning of a vast enterprise of conquest and aggression.

One of the early criticisms of the League advanced by Lord Morley and others was that it would tend to enlarge local conflicts into world wars. Against this was the conception that peace was indivisible and that if it were broken anywhere it would, given time, be broken everywhere. This opinion was first expressed, we believe, by President Wilson, but it is chiefly associated with the name of Litvinov. It was savagely attacked as an absurdity by all those who were resolved that the League of Nations should deny the role which it was brought into existency to play; but the soundness of the principle has been only too completely demonstrated by the terrible developments of the past ten years.

That Mussolini was encouraged to go ahead with aggressive designs against Ethiopia by the demonstration that the League would not protect its members and that the Pact of Paris was an empty shell cannot be disputed. With the invasion of Ethiopia the precarious peace of the world vanished; there has been since that day a continuing state of war in the world ever growing in range and intensity. The civil war in Spain began before the conquest of Ethiopia was complete; while it was in progress Japan thought the time had come to renew her march to the domination of the Far East; and thus the fire spread with consuming fury from country to country until the conflagration now threatens the whole world. The connection between the successive outbreaks of war is plain to view; the sequence is unbroken.

Japan, by her aggression of September 18th, 1931, denied her engagements as a member of the League, dishonoured her signature as a subscriber to the Pact of Paris, and repudiated the Nine-Power Treaty of which she was joint author. Japan thus became the first of the outlaw nations and, as such, impervious to every consideration but that of the mailed fist. When Sir John Simon said on behalf of Great Britain that he excluded every consideration of force and relied solely upon processes of conciliation, he sold the pass to the Japanese, who despised and rejected conciliation but, at least at that time, would not have dared to stand up against the invoking of either economic or military sanctions. September 18th, 1931, was a turning-point in history; it saw the beginning of the Second World War.

JOHN W. DAFOE

Horse Racing Returns To Winnipeg (1939)

There was one man making money by following the horses at the opening of the racing season at River Park yesterday afternoon. He was the fellow who was walking behind the team that was dragging the harrow. We are thinking of one man who went out to make a bet for his wife on a horse she fancied, but he thought he knew more than she did and put the money on another horse which didn't win, while the one of his lady's choice did.

Hence the harrow.

It was a fine afternoon, with about five thousand persons on hand with money in their pockets all ready to lose in order to show how hard up the country is. It was a sort of half holiday on account of the King's birthday, and we were going to send him a cable last night, only you can't send much of a cable for nineteen cents. It was a gay sight and we greatly enjoyed watching the high steppers, especially those that didn't have bits in their mouths. There are horses here from all over Canada and the United States, and the difference between the horses and the rest of us is that the horses know where they are going when they are being given a ride. They keep the horses in what is called the paddock before each race, and by paying a little extra you can go into the paddock and chew a piece of hay and try to look wiser than the horse trainers, which same is not possible. So much hay was chewed up by citizens yesterday that the horses were starting to complain about it. Another good thing about going in the paddock is that you can see what you're betting on, but you can't see very far. The track was said to be slow yesterday on account of recent rains, and the only thing that could run fast on it was your money.

We saw a rather pathetic thing as we were going into the grounds, which was a Scottish friend of ours who had walked in from Kildonan to see the races, and when he got there he was too tired to climb over the fence, so he missed everything but the exercise. It was encouraging, however, to see a Red Cross ambulance parked within the race track circle. It was kept busy during all the later part of the afternoon hauling off pocketbooks that had collapsed after they had been run over by the horses. A lot of them are not expected to recover.

The betting is done by what is known as pari-mutuel machines. The idea is that you can pay your money to the man at the machine and then another set of men pay it out to your friends and sometimes to persons you never saw in your life. The fellows who take your money seem pleased to take it and the fellows who pay it out seem pleased to pay it out, which is a way a lot of persons have with other people's money. There are seven races each day, which is plenty, especially if you happen to be a horse. The first race was won by a horse called Mazama, which is a Mexican word for Mazama. Little Evelyn would have won the race if she hadn't attempted to visit the neighbors while going around the corners. First thing of all she threw off Jockey Neal on his head and he was warned by the stewards that he would not again be permitted to dent the track like that. Our money was on a horse called Mountain Chief, who finished fifth or sixth and who now had our permission to go back to his mountain any time he feels like it.

The surprise of the second race was a horse belonging to the well-known James family, which also includes such famous members as Jesse, Frank and Lieut. T. W., who leads the Princess Pats band, which puts in its time at the races playing music and the betting machines. Regal Lodge was second and Ballota third. Ballota is a Peruvian word meaning Ballota. We were going to bet on a horse called Pie, which is a pretty soft name for a horse, but when the race came along we found that Pie had been scratched. Financial Rooster did not come up to scratch.

We were sure that Irish Bee would win the third race because he was ridden by a Mr. Green and is owned by another Irishman named A. Schwartz. That sounded good, but when you're betting on horse races sounds don't mean such a lot. All Irish Bee did to a lot of us was to sting us between the east side of the grandstand and the starting point.

One of the boys had a hunch to bet on Miss Prosperity in the fourth race because that's what he works at, but he took our tip and switched over to Seth's Bacon, and now he's thoroughly cured of the idea of taking any tips from us. Miss Prosperity won. Seth's Bacon ran good for a piece, but then the pace was too much and he frizzled out.

The fifth race was for the Winnipeg Electric purse of a thousand dollars, and it was the first time that we ever saw a lot of horses running for the street cars. The Falconer was heavily backed, but his transfer expired and he came home only third. The race was won by Wiltrude Wood, and after the race was over Wiltrude was brought in front of the judge's stand and a handsome young lady, whose picture will likely be in the papers, hung a wreath over the horse's eye in much the same manner as the Street Railway sometimes hang things on the eye of the city council.

Ald. Tom Boyd had a bet on this horse, being attracted by the orange cap which the jockey was wearing. We lost our money this time on a horse named Zapatos, which is a Czecho-Slovakian word meaning Zapatos. Zapatos ran so well that he is to be presented by the Street Railway with a strip of car tickets (red).

Among things we missed were our old friends Granny Lee, who is no relation of another well-known citizen named Granny Taylor, and also the man who used to stand by the bandstand and sing Mr. Joe Hearst's songs. Where is he singing now? By the way, where is Joe Hearst singing?

We think we will go out today and look up a horse named Hemlock, entered for the second race. Socrates never had any more trouble after the hemlock.

D. B. MacRAE

What Is History But Living? (1932)

"We were just living, we did not realize we were making history," said a Kildonan pioneer recently.

This present week, on June 15, the Canadian Seed Growers' Association will seek suitably to commemorate one act of unconscious history-making which took place 56 years ago on the banks of the Red River when the first shipment of wheat left the prairies for the outside world via that historic river and St. Paul, Minnesota.

For 63 years previous to that date, indeed from the arrival of the first Selkirk settlers in 1812, there had been a persistent effort to grow wheat. After almost incredible hardships and disappointments success had crowned the efforts, and the Red River valley was producing the finest hard spring wheat the world had ever seen.

The glow of this achievement was still fresh when suddenly came the call from the old province of Ontario for help. An almost total crop failure had left that province short of seed. Could Manitoba supply 5,000 bushels?

R. C. Steele of Steele Bros., Toronto, made a hurried journey by water and rail to St. Paul, Minnesota, and from that point to Winnipeg by team and lumber wagon, arriving October 12, 1876. No time was to be lost, river navigation might soon cease and thousands of bushels of grain could not be transported across the prairies by horse and ox team to St. Paul.

Imagine the excitement when on Friday morning, October 13, on the front page of the Free Press, even then a daily of two years' standing, this advertisement appeared:

"Higgins and Young and

Higgins, Young and Peebles
Will Pay Cash
For choice wheat to export
to Ontario, for nine days
80c per bushel."

The farmers with wheat did not think of making history, they thought of the 80c a bushel, which looked as good to them then as it would to the Manitoba farmers in this year of grace 1932. The burning question was how much could be gathered in the time mentioned in the advertisement?

It is not difficult to visualize the scenes of that week. Hurried consultations in farm homes as to how much they could spare and how it could be got to McMillan's Mill, the place of assembly. Oxen, Shagaunapi ponies and the few teams of horses then in the settlement were all pressed into service. How the primitive wagons and Red River carts must have squeaked and groaned under their heavy loads as they bumped over the rough prairie trails, skirted the sloughs and by sheer manpower were dug or lifted out of many a deceptive mud hole!

By Saturday, October 21, 857 1-6 bushels were gathered, cleaned, sacked and loaded and on their way and as Dr. D. A. Stewart has so aptly said, formed the "first trickle of a mighty stream, a very river of wheat from the western prairies for the bread of the world."

History had been made.

Twelve good men and true supplied that wheat. Next week at the corner Post Office (now Lombard) and Mill streets their names will be perpetuated in bronze on the face of a 12-ton monolith of native granite erected on the water front and on a portion of the site of McMillan's Mill through which the wheat passed to the boat.

One of the twelve men, in the person of Alex Gibson, will be there to see this belated tribute paid to that epoch in western history.

There will also be present Richard (Dick) Spears of Springfield, who as a teen-aged lad drove the covered wagon

in which the family had arrived over the Dawson route two years before, with his father's (John Spears) contribution of 44 bushels. Dick Spears of 1876 did not get much thrill out of driving 15 miles over a rough road and around many sloughs to reach the Winnipeg of 1876; but Richard Spears of 1932 is taking a very keen interest in the coming commemoration and has supplied the committee in charge of arrangements with many details of what actually took place at the time the wheat was shipped.

He realizes now that when he, with his covered wagon, escaped the final peril of upsetting in the huge mud hole that formed part of Main Street in 1876, in front of the present City Hall, he was on the first lap of a trail of progress and development which would carry the names of Canada and Manitoba round the world.

It must not be thought, however, that even in 1876 Winnipeg and Manitoba were quite oblivious to the importance of that first shipment of wheat.

The Free Press on Monday morning, October 23, 1876, carried a very full account of what had taken place and rightly emphasized the fact that it was "seed" that had been shipped and, as it has done thousands of times since, not only praised an achievement but issued a warning. It said in the first paragraph: "This (the shipment of wheat), a not unimportant item in itself, is fraught with the most important results to the agricultural and business interest of the North-West, inasmuch as it represents a prospective demand for our choice grains to supply a much more profitable market than one for mere milling purposes." And again: "One thing, however, our farmers will have to look to; the cleaning of their land from noxious weeds, the presence of whose seeds with the wheat grains materially affecting the value especially for seeding purposes. It is also important that their crops of wheat should be as little mixed as possible, the different kinds together, though all good in quality, reducing the market value."

How wise the warning was, and how sadly it has been neglected only the docking bills of the past 50 years would fully disclose. In spite of mistakes the farmers of western Canada, the women no less than the men, have wrought valiantly; have endured, and are even now enduring, hardships as good soldiers.

On Wednesday, when His Grace Archbishop Matheson dedicates the great granite monolith at the junction of Lombard and Mill streets he will not only dedicate a memorial to the first shipment of wheat from the West but a memorial to the faithful work of all men and women who on the farms of Canada have laid broad and deep the foundations on which our Dominion rests.

E. CORA HIND

Bagpipes Of Dunvegan (1936)

On August 3 the London Times printed a descriptive report of the unveiling of the memorial cairn at Dunvegan, Skye, to the MacCrimmons, a family which has won celebrity in the annals of Scotland by its dexterity with the bagpipes.

The reporter who did the job for the Times was suitably under the influence of the Skye atmosphere when he hammered out his account of the performance, as the following descriptive passage indicates: "It was a grey misty morning when Macleod left his castle at Dunvegan and sailed across the loch to Borreraig, where the memorial cairn stands. The greatest pipers of the day had come to take part in the ceremony and during the sail across the dark loch the strains of the pipers carried far across the sea and land. The chief and the pipers landed at Borreraig and climbed the hill where the cairn stands in view of the blue Cuillin and the bens of Harris."

The blue Cuillin and the bens of Harris! That does it quite successfully: picks you up and sets you on the back of fancy's eagle, who spreads his wings and soars across the world to Skye, and the Isles, and the "West Coast" while your heart beats twice. Our dear granitic sentimental homeland.

The Times man continues to pour it out. He relates an old story about the MacCrimmon who was king of the pipers kissing the unfortunate hand of Charles II, at Stirling in 1651, and immediately composing then and there the "classical pibroch" called "I got a kiss of the King's hand." Charles, with Oliver hunting him, slipped away from Stirling to his forlorn nine years' exile in Europe, but the MacCrimmons' skirl went echoing over the bens and lochs, and has done so ever since.

We do not make any pretense about bagpipe music. Our origins are Lowland. Such pipe music as we have heard has mostly been played indoors. We agree it has great "arousing" possibilities. One of our early friends won championships for piping, and has spent whole evenings playing the chanter for us. But, there you are. Birth north of the Highland line is essential for an unforced sympathy with the bagpipes. Our friend was a Coll man, and learned his music from the screaming seabirds and the Atlantic waves as they wailed in the caverns of Coll or droned on its summer sands. We were raised amid asphalt surroundings and the symphonies of street cars and factory whistles, and this destroved our ear for pipe music. But in the literary sense, as objects of romance, dreams and legends, our admiration and feeling for the music of the Gael is second to nobody's; and that includes, of course, the instrument itself.

One of our earliest recollections is of the pipers who played for pennies in the Glasgow streets. They were badly run-down fellows socially, and often so full of whisky they couldn't walk straight. They were held up to our young eyes as examples of what drink could do to a man, and "drunk as a piper" was the last frontier of alcoholic possibility. But those pipers were a nice spot of color on the causeys.

They wore the bolt, the moth-eaten Balmoral or Glengarry caps; sporrans draped their scandalous middles; their stockings were tartan too, with a broken-cased old skean-dhu stuck in them. Frequently they couldn't raise a Highland coat, and had to top their kilts with some wretched tweed

jacket; but though they were in the very lees of Fortune's runnel those gangrel pipers had an air, and to see one of them strutting back and forth, his fiery face puffed up behind the chanter, blowing out strathspeys and marches, while his woman, poor soul, tried to collect an odd penny from the passer-by, had something very heroic and touching about it.

This is why the Lowland Scot unquestionably accept the Highlander's barbaric pipe as the national instrument. Not for its musical charm, heaven save us, but as a heroic symbol. All the past of Scotland seems to rise again in gallant style at the incantation of the pipes. There was surely a piper at Bannockburn. It was the pipers who heartened Bonnie Charlie's regiments on their crazy foray into England, and who sounded the wild laments in every glen in the Highlands after Culloden. The pipes were played on the eve of Waterloo, as Lord Byron describes in his striking verse. Piper Findlater, with his legs shot through, skirled up the Cock o' the North while the Gordons stormed the heights of Dargai in the Indian hills, a long cast from dewy Dunvegan of the mists. And today you can find memorial cairns of later date that all over the Scottish countrysides, both north and south of Stirling, for Highland lads and Lowland lads who went into battle together to the strain of the pipes.

The bagpipe, we seem to remember, was once declared during the troubled times of the Eighteenth Century to be a weapon of war, and the London Government made attempts to abolish both the pipes and the kilt. With complete unsuccess. North and South Scotland grew together in understanding and interest, and the type-figure which emerged as the distinctive Scottish symbol was the kilted Highlander, blowing for preference into his famous pipe. The clans had triumphed. It was Rob, and not the douce law-abiding bailie who took the world's fancy, and Scotland's too. The shiftless, unreliable, and dangerous "romantics" came out on top again, as they have always done, in the affection of posterity.

And what do we find now? Britain's most noted newspaper giving picturesque reports of ceremonial unveilings at Dunvegan to the memory of a family of bagpipers; and not

a Scot the world over, come he from Forth, or Tweed, or Spey, or Clyde, but will read of it with interest. The savage old prohibitions against the Highlanders have long ago been composed by the ministrations of time. Away north of Stirling, on a jagged peak of the Grampians high above the green shoulders of the Ochils you might imagine a tremendous figure in kilts, with swelling cheeks, filling all Scotland with a weird, shrill, astonishing, arousing music. He would be the national genius of the country and of the race; playing the bagpipes. MacCrimmon's progeny still going strong.

THOMAS B. ROBERTON

Return Of The Wanderer (1949)

A man I know showed me recently a book sent to him halfway across the continent by a friend who had picked it up in the shop of a secondhand books dealer. It was a book which had been borrowed from him many years ago, and which the borrower had failed to return. On its title-page he had written his name and the year he bought it, as has always been his practice with every book he buys.

I told him he should now have embossed on its flyleaf a copy of the inscription he would find in one of Christopher Morley's early books "The Haunted Bookshop."

"I give humble thanks for the return of this book, which, having endured the perils of my friend's bookcase and the bookcases of my friend's friends, now returns to me in reasonably good condition. I give hearty thanks that my friend did not use the book to set his burning cigar on, nor as a teething ring for his mastiff.

"Now that my book has come back to me, I rejoice and am exceeding glad. Bring hither the fatted morocco, for this my book has returned again. "Presently, therefore, I may return some of the books that I myself have borrowed."

The reference to the parable of the prodigal son is obvious. But calfskin would be a more appropriate binding for that book returned from its wanderings — though, having been helpless in the hands through which it had passed, from one to another, it could not rightly be called a prodigal.

Of some of the readers of these words it is probably not untrue at times, as it is not untrue of their writer, that we have on our shelves books we have borrowed, and have been intending for weeks and months to return to their owners—but have not yet returned. And, likewise, books which we have lent have not been returned to us.

Books are of various values, of course, but in regard to them, as in regard to other belongings, we cannot well apply too rigidly the advice which Polonius gives to Laertes.

Books can be the most precious possessions that come to us in our lives, especially in the young, formative years of our mental and spiritual development and the growth of our minds and character. Osler held close to him all his life the copy of Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," one of the greatest masterpieces of English literature, the Religion of a Physician, which he first read when he was seventeen, and thereafter resolved to devote his life to the study and work which made him the greatest figure in the medical world.

To return to the borrowing and lending of books, what fitting words of condemnation can booklovers find for borrowers who lend books to other borrowers, and so the books travel farther and farther on their way from their owners?

One who has suffered from the wrongdoings of such borrowers has been moved in spirit to break into rhyme against them—

They borrow books they will not buy, They have no ethics or religions. I wish some kind Burbankian guy Would cross my books with homing pigeons.

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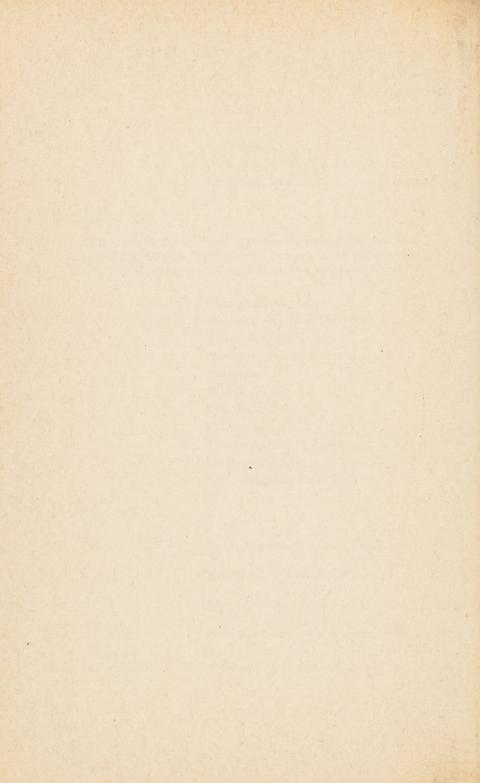
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ROBERTON, THOMAS B.





The selection of these few articles from the hundreds of columns published throughout the year, has not been easy. A governing factor in the selection has been to decide what might be of interest a year or two years later. For this reason emphasis has necessarily been on the feature or essay-type of writing as well as editorial page pieces. Understandably, therefore, little recognition is given to the many competent writers of the Free Press news staff whose duties lie chiefly in the speedy accurate recording of the immediate daily events.

Again it would be impossible to have everyone agree as to which particular pieces should be included in a volume such as this. Also in selecting articles for the "Bookshelf" Free Press, some consideration has been given to the varied interests of our daily subscribers. For these reasons some balance of fare has been attempted between such assorted topics as history, sports, politics, literature and light-hearted whimsey.

Since its earliest days, the Winnipeg Free Press has been particularly noted in Canada for the number of colorful and gifted writers who have been members of its editorial staff. As a small tribute to Free Press writers of other years we have included in this volume a small selection of articles—"from the past." Such names as John W. Dafoe, D. B. MacRae, E. Cora Hind, Thomas B. Roberton and W. J. Healy will require no introduction to our older readers and it is hoped these few pieces will also provide pleasure for many of our newer friends.

It is our hope, that in future volumes, we will be able to include more of these pieces from the past and so create a more enduring pleasure.

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When searching for some half-remembered article, through the massive bound volumes of old newspapers, one is inevitably struck with the realization of how perishable are the writings of the daily press. Day after day thousands of words from the four corners of the earth, from our legislatures, the law courts, the sports arenas, the financial markets, and all the drama of our city streets are raced into print to meet the deadline for some edition. Minutes later the printed columns are rushed by truck, train and bus to the hundreds of carrier boys and news vendors so that the news will reach the reader almost before the ink is dry.

To bring about this daily phenomena, every agency of speed is employed. Teleprinters, radio, long distance telephone, wire photo, automobile and aircraft—all vie with each other to race the vital words to the news desk. The demand for quicker delivery of the news never ends. How strange it is that these same words and paragraphs which were so terribly urgent and important, suddenly, within a few short hours, are largely dead and cremated in the newspaper library to gather dust.

It is true that many of the events which are recorded each day can have little value or effect in the years to come. Much of the hurried writing, to satisfy modern demands, also must be bare statement of facts. There can be little room for literary essays.

Despite this, it is our belief that over the months there is much in a daily newspaper that deserves a better fate than the waste basket or incinerator.

It is for this reason that the Free Press has arranged the publication of this small volume of selected pieces taken from our issues of the past twelve months. This is not an attempt to condense or review the news events of the past year, nor does it necessarily represent the best writing. It is simply a selection of articles on a variety of subjects by a number of Free Press writers which are reproduced in book form for more permanence and leisure reading.